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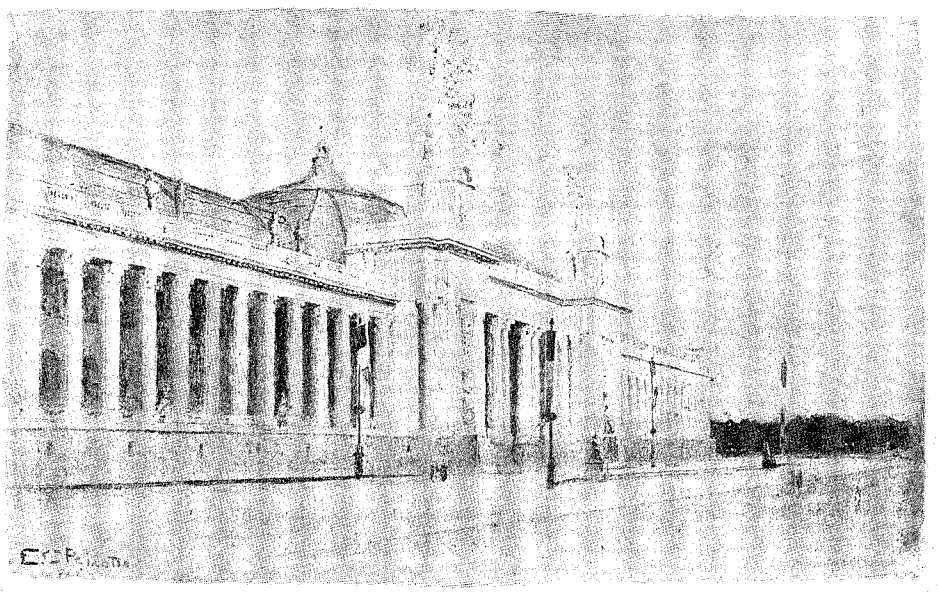

The Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.

SOME PICTURESQUE SIDES OF THE EXPOSITION

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS

By E. C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS

AS a whole, the Paris Exposition could not be planned so as to present such a splendid *coup-d'œil* as did the Court of Honor at Chicago. Our World's Fair had the advantage of unlimited space with the opportunity of spreading in all directions. As Paris wished to have her Exposition within her own walls, she was obliged to take the largest open spaces which the city afforded and to connect them as best she could. The broad waterways of the "White City" suggested the possibility of using the banks of the Seine far more than they have ever been used before. The quays have been widened and in places raised to the level of the avenues which border them; hence the river may be called the main thoroughfare of the Exposition. Otherwise the space is the same as that occupied by the Exposition of 1889, with the added area embraced between the old Palais de l'Industrie, now removed, and the Place de la Concorde. On this piece of land the two

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

A Windy Day on the new Alexandre III. Bridge.

The Invalides and the new palaces on the esplanade are seen in the distance.

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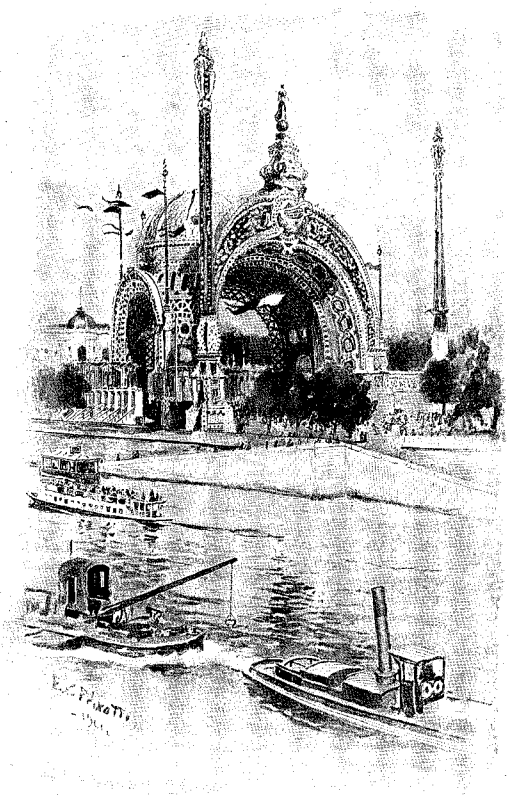
great art palaces and the monumental entrances have been erected facing the very centre of the city.

The Porte Monumentale on the Place de la Concorde, the main entrance to the grounds, is a surprising gateway, designed, however, with the greatest care and ingenuity to meet the requirements of the vast crowds which will pass through its wickets. In architecture it is a pure fantasy, and unlike anything we know of outside the fairy realms of the spectacular stage. In fact, the French architects have not taken their buildings too seriously. They seem to feel that an exposition is a festive occasion, best expressed in a series of palaces of original design, with plenty of color, ornament, and bunting. They have given their imagination free rein and have treated their designs with such exuberance that they have broken down all academic tradition and given birth to a set of buildings which are picturesque rather than architectural. The color used further enhances this effect, for, though the material is "staff," the wall-spaces are not left white, as in Chicago, but are plentifully relieved by pale tones and brilliant spots of color and gold. Though these edifices strike a strange note in stately Paris, it is not a displeasing one.

The great feature of this Exposition, and the one which will have a lasting memento to the city, is the opening of the new avenue which connects the Champs-Élysées with the Esplanade des Invalides, a magnificent avenue, broad and spacious, its vista closed by Mansart's beautiful gilded dome. On the left of the Avenue Nicholas, stands the Petit Palais, and opposite, the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, which is intended to take the place of the Palais de l'Industrie. In it will be held the annual Salons, the Paris Horse Show, and all the great fêtes. This year it is to house the fine arts. It is a most imposing palace, in form like the letter H. Its main façade, fronting the new avenue, is a noble design, marred perhaps by the projection of the central portion, thus breaking the fine length of the colonnade. In detail it is bold and strong, better in this regard than the rest of the Palace. Its lofty glass roofs and dome are a triumph of engineering skill. The Petit Palais, though by one of France's foremost architects, has not worked out as satisfactorily.



Monumental Entrance Gate which Faces the Place de la Concorde.

In plan and interior arrangement, however, it is a most interesting composition.

The Avenue Nicholas II. is connected with the Esplanade by the new Pont Alexandre III., a bridge as wide as a boulevard, leaping the river in a single span. Aside from its own architectural embellishment, which enriches its arch without masking its constructional features, this bridge is adorned at its four corners by pylons. These are each composed of four columns, engaged at the angles of a square pier, each pier ornamented with symbolic sculptures and surmounted by figures in gilded bronze representing Fame and Pegasus, very bold

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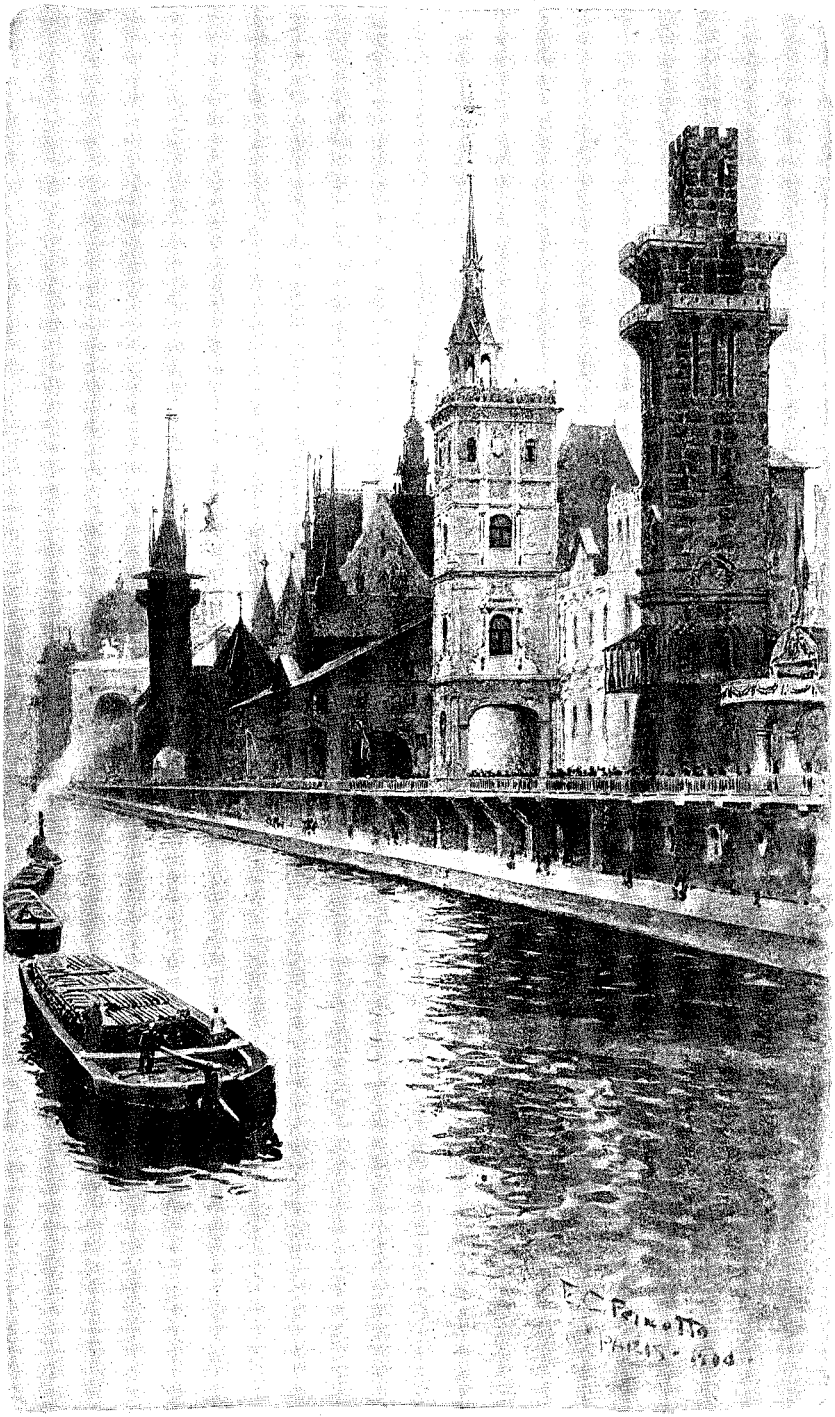

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Pavilions of the Foreign Powers.

The large dome is that of the United States Building.

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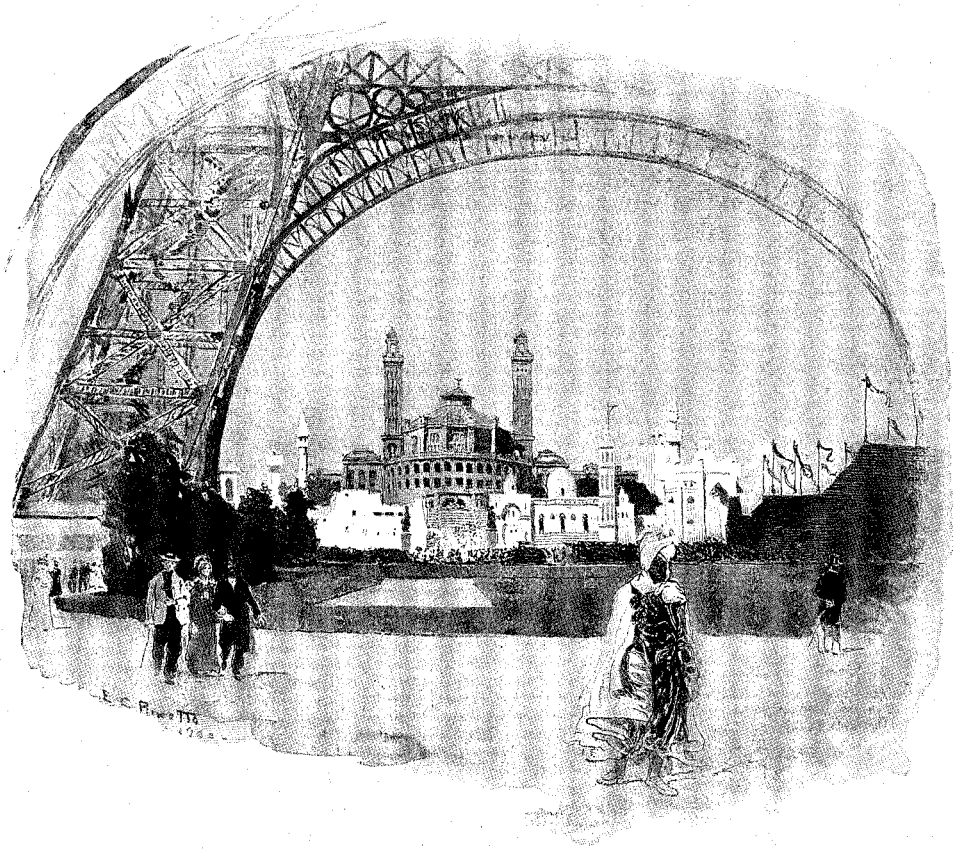

The Orient in Paris—the Trocadéro from under the Eiffel Tower.

and full of movement. The span is strengthened at each end by solid, rusticated foundations, and the entire construction, with its approaches, is of such richness that it certainly ranks among the very finest of city bridges.

Across it, the Esplanade des Invalides has sprouted into long lines of mushroom palaces, of doubtful architecture, bristling with domes and cupolas, and gayly decked with gilding, flags, and banners. These buildings have been crowded so close to the central avenue as to partially hide the view of the Dome, but this fault will disappear after the Exposition.

Down the river lies the main bulk of the fair, and we may plunge into its labyrinths as we will.

The buildings on the left bank first claim our attention by the extreme variety of their sky-line. Great clustered domes and towers, Renaissance balustrades, feudal battlements, gothic pinnacles with every form of finial and weather-vane, cut their silhouettes against the sky. These are the pavilions of the foreign powers, each characteristic of its own country. Several are direct copies of notable buildings, as, for instance, that of Belgium, which is a direct cast of the Hôtel-de-Ville at Oudenarde. The entire building, interior and exterior, was shipped in sections from Brussels to Paris and set up here by Belgians. In fact these buildings were all erected by native workmen, specially sent to Paris for the purpose. It was most interesting to study the different modes of construction; to see the Norwegians climb about on their lofty palace of native pine, without the aid of a stick of scaffolding, to watch the Russians in fur caps and belted blouses set up the great Muscovite towers, the Italians casting the numerous statues for the decoration of their niches. Both Italy and Spain have built beautiful palaces, and it is to be regretted that the United States

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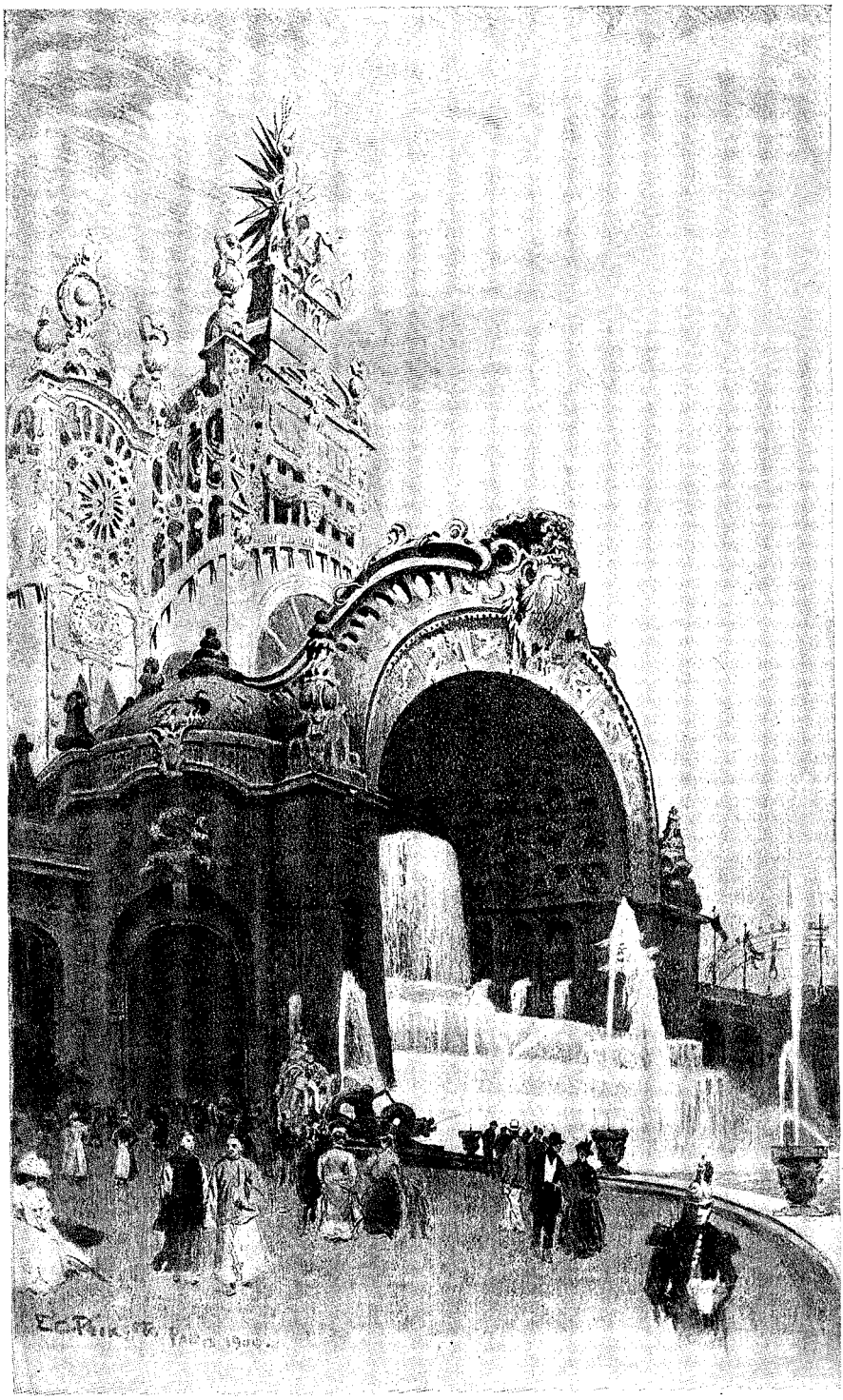

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Château d'Eau and Palais d'Électricité.

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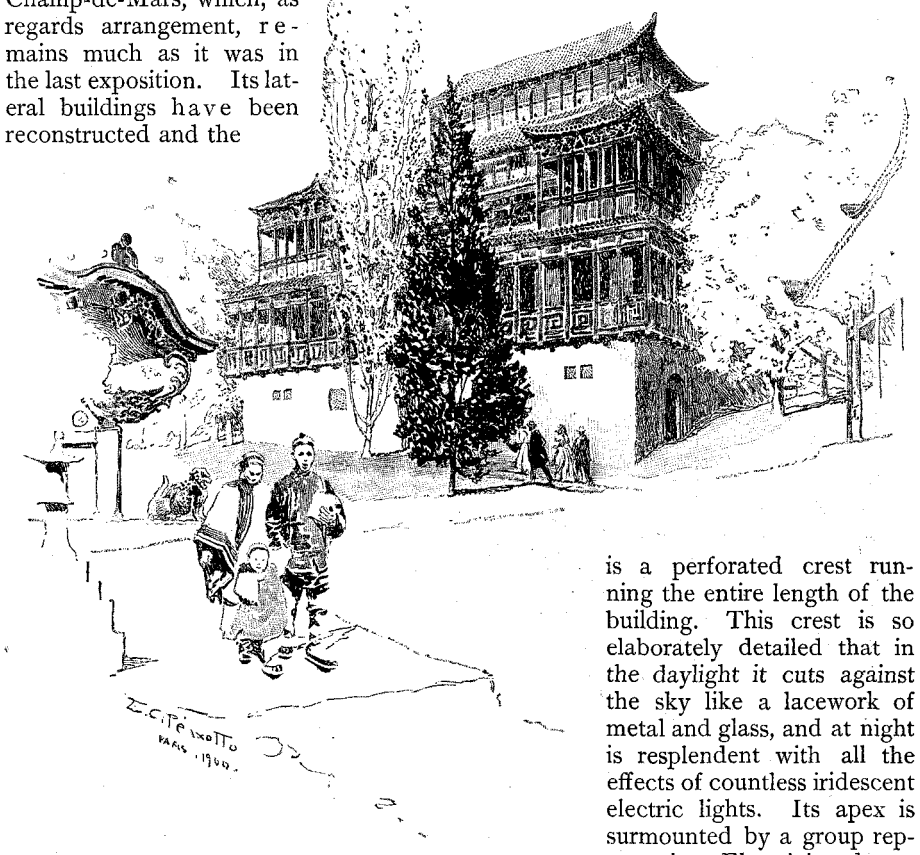
makes no better showing among her poorer neighbors. I feel sure that every American will share a sense of disappointment on seeing our government building. Let us hope that its interior will make up in interest what its exterior lacks.

It is but a step from these foreign pavilions to the Champ-de-Mars, which, as regards arrangement, remains much as it was in the last exposition. Its lateral buildings have been reconstructed and the central dome has given place to one of the most unique features of the fair. The Château d'Eau and the Palais de l'Électricité here form a most extraordinary group. The former has for its principal motive a gigantic niche, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. From a grotto placed high in this niche, a torrent of water leaps forth and is augmented by six smaller streams flowing from lesser niches. The water then falls over a series of terraces into a great basin beneath. Spouting jets enliven its descent; fantastic monsters, nymphs, and tritons disport themselves in the foam.

Behind the great grotto towers the gigantic mass of the Palais de l'Électricité. Its designer has conceived a fairy-like construction of the most surprising originality as new and modern as the element for which it stands. Its principal feature is a perforated crest running the entire length of the building. This crest is so elaborately detailed that in the daylight it cuts against the sky like a lacework of metal and glass, and at night is resplendent with all the effects of countless iridescent electric lights. Its apex is surmounted by a group representing Electricity drawn by a horse and dragon relieved against the splendor of a huge sun. To give an idea of the height of this building, it may be said that the feet of the statue stand on about the same level as the top of the towers of Notre Dame!



The Imperial Chinese Village.

As we return through the gardens of the Champ-de-Mars and pass under the Eiffel Tower, a strange picture bursts upon us. Under the shadow of the Trocadéro, and dominated by its mass, an oriental city is clustered, brilliant, dazzling white in the sunshine, its flat domes and

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

A Street in "Vieux Paris."

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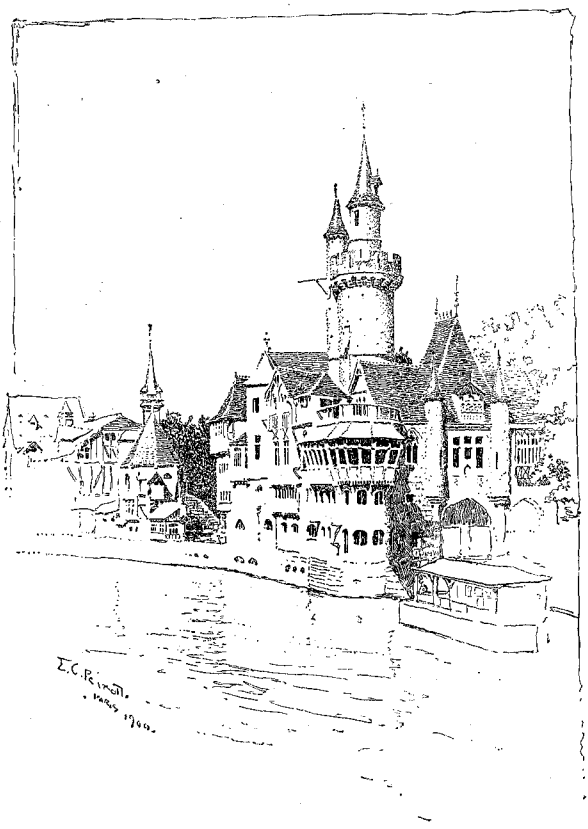
minarets gleaming crisp against the sky. Here are grouped the Colonial buildings, both French and foreign, the two most conspicuous being those of Algeria and Tunis. Farther up the incline of the Trocadéro gardens stands the palace of Siberia, Asia, a most beautiful collection of buildings, rich, almost barbaric in detail, and brilliantly colored. Under one of the great towers is the entrance to the exhibit of the trans-Siberian railway. An express train stands waiting, and we take our places in one of its luxurious coaches. Thus comfortably seated, we see, by means of a clever device, a panorama unfold itself; villages, towns, the steppes, rugged mountains succeed each other until finally the train stops. We alight and exit by a door opposite the one through which we entered and find ourselves in a Chinese station, in the Chinese section of the Exposition. A quaint corner it is too, this Chinese village with a bit of a palace, several most elaborate houses and gates, little bridges over tiny streams, all enlivened with the gaudy reds, greens, and yellows which we know so well in our American Chinatowns. Thus for the first time has China come out of her shell and entered the lists of a European exhibition.

The Towers of the Siberian Palace.

Rising from the very water's edge, below the Pont de l'Alma, le Vieux Paris has been placed. This reconstruction of old Paris is founded on the same idea as that which was carried out in "Oude Antwerpen" in 1894, and since then in old Berlin, etc. "Old Paris" is quite a little city. Its steep roofs, its quaint half-timbered houses, its *tours en poivrières* and richly wrought weather-vanes form a most attractive picture from the river. Its entrance is a sombre gate, the Porte St. Michel, decorated with the arms of the city; through it an irregular little square is reached. The old houses about it are partially hidden by well-disposed masses of foliage; a charming Virgin and Child, relieved against a background of azure, sown with the lilies of France, look down from their niche, while high above tower the weather-worn stones of the castle. Two winding streets now diverge, one filled with attractive little shops, the other leading down toward the river. The entire little city is inhabited by people appropriately costumed and living the life of other days. Tall houses of timber and



A River-front of "Old Paris."

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plaster, with the quaint carvings and steep gables of the fifteenth century, thrust their upper stories out over the streets. In the Place de l'Église, tiny houses and shops, with slate and shingle roofs, cling to the buttresses of the tasteful Gothic church, whose wooden belfry soars aloft, queer-shaped yet slender and graceful. Ually we catch glimpses of winding stairs in tiny tourelles, of little excrescences of houses clinging to the larger edifices, of clock and belfries piling up in most picturesque confusion. Add to this the minstrels seated at the street corners, lute in hand, the armored soldiers swaggering about or ogling the pretty *bouquetières*

A Bit of the Swiss Village.

A broad flight of steps now ascends and leads to the old theatre. Mediæval plays will here be given and pantomimes varied with some remarkable concerts.

From the theatre we pass through another gate into Renaissance Paris. Its streets are bordered with houses à la Louis XIII., of brick and stone with grotesquely carved keystones and caryatides. In the Sainte Chapelle near by, fine church music will be rendered by well-known organists and such celebrated organizations as the choir of St. Gervais. "Old Paris" was planned by A. Robida, who is one of the authorities on mediæval France and a clever artist as well. We recognize the artist's touch at every corner. Continual—all the life of other days—and the picture is complete.

To most people, and certainly to those artistically inclined, some of the chief attractions of any great fair are centred in the "side-shows." This year, as might be supposed, there will certainly be no stint of *spectacles pittoresques* in Paris. There is, however, no "Midway," no one street upon which all attractions congregate, but they tempt the tired wanderer at every corner. Many are clustered on the edges of the Champ-de-Mars, and of these, two of the most attractive are the Tour du Monde and the Swiss Village.

The former was designed by Louis Dumoulin, whose pictures of the Orient

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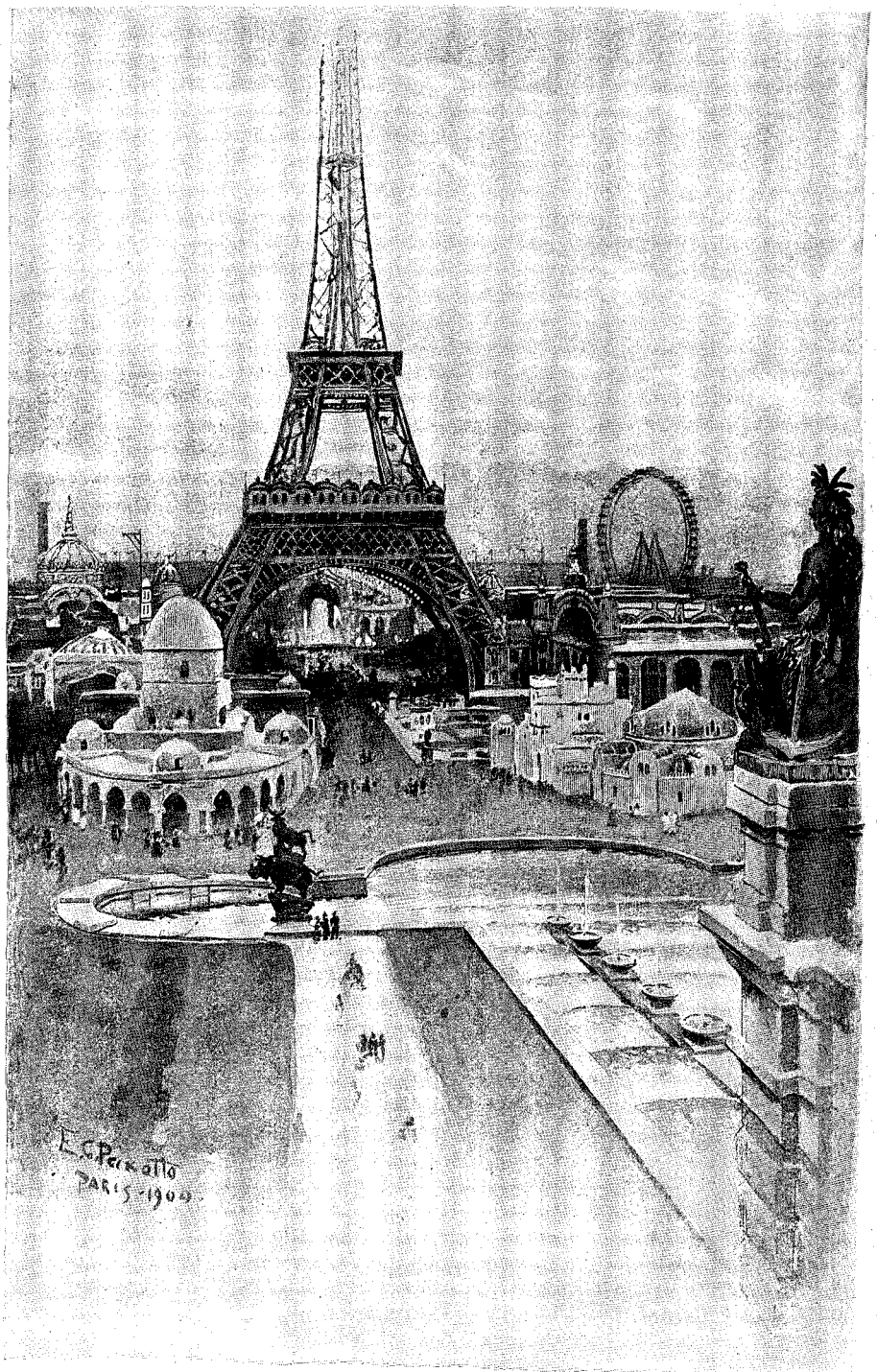

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Looking Toward the Champ-de-Mars from the Trocadéro.

The white building on the left is that of Algeria, on the right, Tunis. Through the arch of the Eiffel Tower the Château d'Eau is seen.

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are famous. Its exterior is a strange jumble of the architecture of all the East — Hindoo, Chinese, Siamese — making, however, a very effective mass. Its interior is in the form of an immense panorama, with the added attractions of living figures in native dances, etc.

The "Village Suisse" is a true bit of the Alps. It occupies a very large area under the shadow of the "Great Wheel of Paris," better known to us as the Ferris Wheel. Half of this space is taken up by the village itself—full of charming bits: little shops and market-stalls, roughly carved châlets with huge projecting eaves and shingled roofs; even the goats and cows browse in the little lanes. The other half is arranged as a true piece of Swiss landscape. The illusion is complete and it is hardly possible to realize that one is in the heart of Paris. It seems impossible that these towering masses of rock, these patches of grass with stunted pines, are but combinations of art and nature and not the *bona fide* thing. Even the tailings of a big landslide are imitated to the life. But we might wander along through other attractions quite as unique and quite as artistically managed.

Many of these will not be seen to their best advantage until, as the summer advances, the Exposition is in full swing. As yet the *life* of the thing is lacking. This, however, will be much as it was at the last fair, and we remember how all the world was then to be seen in Paris.

Some of the most beautiful of this summer's sights will be the night illuminations. Paris, of all places, knows best how to arrange her night fêtes. Who of us, who saw the *fêtes vénitiennes* in 1889, will ever forget them? The bridges covered with festoons and pyramids of many colored lights, the trees hung with orange lanterns, the great buildings outlined like fairy palaces, the river a moving mass of quivering reflections, the sky illuminated with bursts of rockets and iridescent balls of fire. Since then much has been done to perfect the wonders of electric lighting, and the fêtes of this year promise to eclipse even those of eleven years ago.

The River at Sunset, the New Bridge in the Foreground and the Foreign Buildings on the Left.

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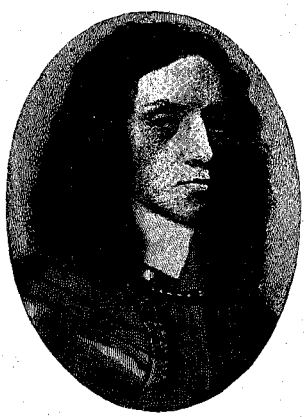

John Hampden.

From the miniature by S. Cooper at Windsor Castle.
By permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

OLIVER CROMWELL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

V

THE COMMONWEALTH AND PROTECTORATE

AFTER the battle of Worcester, the authority of the Commonwealth was supreme throughout the British Islands. This authority, as yet, reposed wholly in form, largely in substance, with the remnant of the Long Parliament. This remnant, derisively called the "Rump," differed as widely in power and capacity from the Parliament led by Pym and Hampden, as the Continental Congress that saw the outgoing of the Revolutionary War differed from that which saw its incoming. Defections and purgings, exclusions first of whole-hearted Episcopalian Royalists and then of half-hearted Presbyterian Royalists, had reduced it to being but the representative of a faction. It had submitted to the supremacy of the army by submitting to the exclusion of those members to whom the army objected. Then it had worked for some time hand in hand with the army; but, now that war was over, Parliamentary representatives of the Independents feared more and more the supremacy of the military, or Cromwellian, wing of their party. It was the army, and not the Parliament, that had won the fight; that had killed one king, and driven another, his son, into exile; that had subdued Scotland and Ireland, and stamped out the last vestige of Royalist resistance in England. Yet it was the Parliament, and not the army, which in theory was to fall heir to the royal power.

Moreover, Parliament, thanks to its

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past history, had become as little as the army the legal embodiment of the power of England; and what was more important, there was even less general acceptance of it as the proper representative of power, than there was general acceptance of the army. The army, even where hated, was feared and respected; the Parliament was beginning to excite no emotion save an angry contempt. There were men of honor, of note, and of ability still left in the Parliament; but its vital force was dying.

Conscious of its own weakness before the people, the Parliament was most reluctant to face a dissolution; most eager to devise means by which its rule could be perpetuated. The army, no less conscious of the hostility felt for it by the Parliament, was just as determined that there should be a dissolution and an election of a new Parliament. In the approaching conflict the army had an immense advantage, for, while the Parliament was losing its grip upon the Independents, without in any way attracting strength from the Royalists, the great mass of the Independents still firmly regarded Cromwell as their especial champion.

This was the case, not only in England, but elsewhere. One of Cromwell's letters of about this time is to the New England clergyman, John Cotton, in answer to one which showed the keen interest taken in Cromwell's triumph by his fellow-Puritans, who, across the Atlantic, had begun the upbuilding of what is now the giant republic of the New World. The letter is marked by the continuous use of scriptural phrases and protestations of humility, so ostentatious and overstrained as to convey an uncomfortable feeling of hypocrisy; yet, without doubt, there was a base of genuineness for these expressions. Beyond question, Cromwell felt that he was doing the Lord's work; and was sustained through the tremendous hours of labor and peril by the sense of battling for justice on this earth, and in accordance with the Eternal Will of Heaven.

In dealing with Cromwell and the Puritan Revolution it must ever be kept in mind, before judging too harshly the actors, that the era saw the overlapping of two systems, both in religion and in politics; and many incongruities resulted. It was the first great stride toward the practical achievement of civil rights and individual liberty as we now understand them. It was also the era in which the old theological theory of the all-importance of dogma came into sharp conflict with the now healthily general religious belief in the superior importance of conduct. Of course, as is invariably the case in real life, the issues were not sharply drawn at all points, and at some they were wholly obscured by the strong passions and ambitions which belong, not to any particular age, but to all time.

After Worcester, when Cromwell had returned to London, he one day summoned a conference at Speaker Lenthall's house of the leaders of the Parliamentary army to decide how the national destiny was to be settled. He hoped that they would be able to form a policy among themselves; but the hope proved fruitless. Some of the members wished an absolute republic; some wished a setting-up of what we would now call a limited monarchy, with one of the late king's sons recalled and put at the head.

Nothing came of the conference, and Parliament went its way. It had at last waked to the fact that it must do something positive in the way of reform, or else that its days were numbered. It began with great reluctance to make a pretence of preparing for its own dissolution, and strove to accomplish some kind of reform in the laws. At that time the law of England had been for generations little more than a mass of ingenious technicalities, and the Court of Chancery had become the synonym for a system of interminable delay, which worked as much injustice as outright spoliation. Even yet, there is always a tendency in the law toward the deification of technicalities, the substitution of the letter for the spirit; a tendency which can only be offset by a Bench, and indeed a Bar, possessing both courage and common-sense. At that time, the condition of affairs was much worse, and the best men in England shared the popular feeling of extreme dislike for lawyers, as men whose trade was not to secure justice, but to weave a great web of technicalities which completely defeated justice. However,

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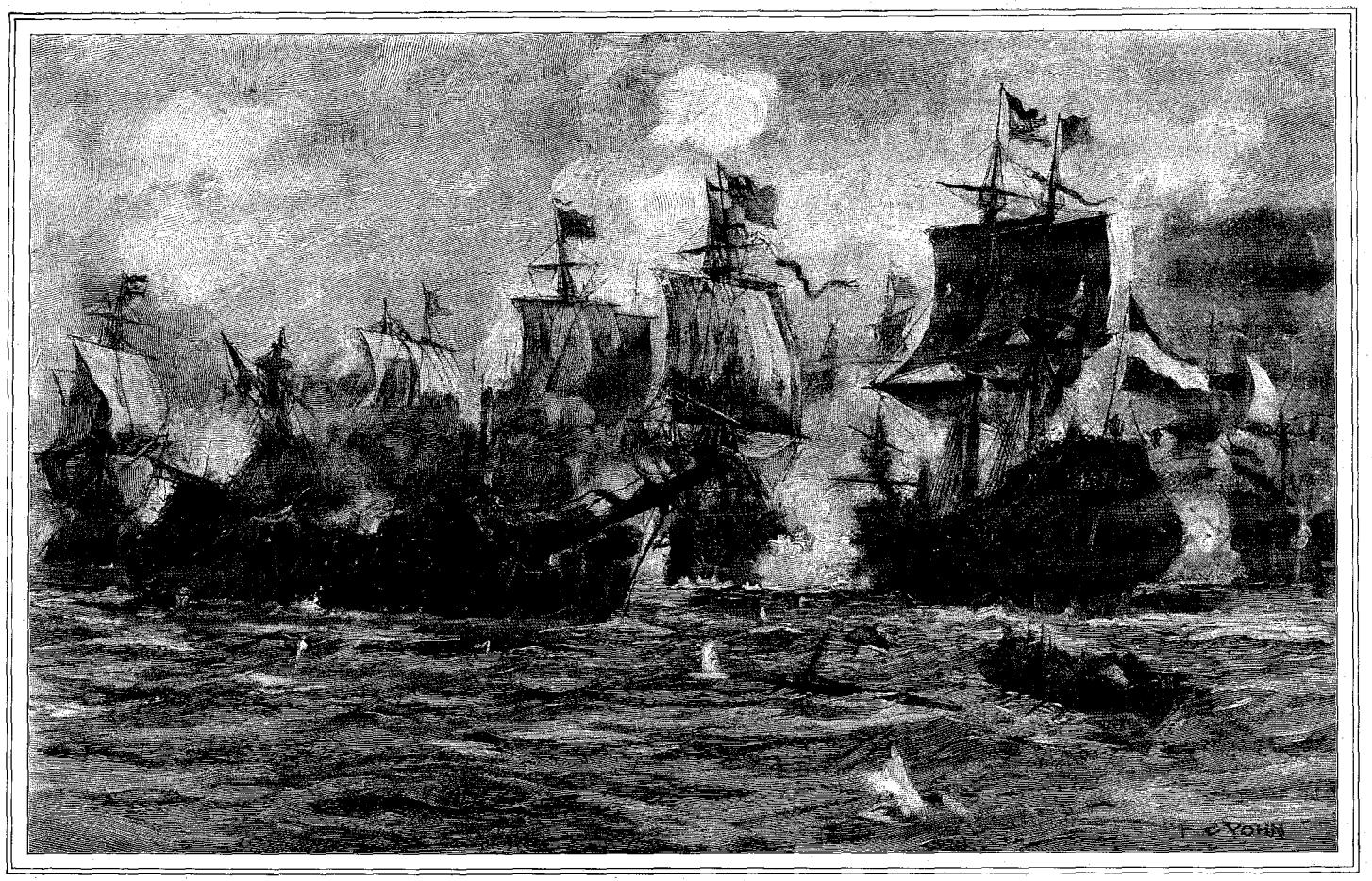

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Blake s Victory Over the Dutch Fleet, 1653.

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General Fleetwood.

From a painting by Walker. By permission of Sir Charles Hartopp, Bart.

reform of the methods of legal procedure proved as difficult then as it ever has proved, and all that even Cromwell could do was to make a beginning in the right direction. The Rump was quite unable so much as to make this beginning.

The Parliament obtained a momentary respite by creating a diversion in foreign affairs, and bringing on a war with the Dutch. Throughout the first half of the seventeenth century, the Dutch were the leading mercantile and naval power of Europe, surpassing the English in trade and in colonial possessions. Unfortunately for them, their home authorities did not believe in preparedness for war; and the crushing defeats which the boldness and skill of their sailors had enabled them to inflict on the Spaniards, lulled them into the unwholesome faith—shared at times by great modern mercantile communities—that, by simple desire for peace, they could avert war; and that if war came, they could trust to their riches and reserve strength to win. Accordingly, in time of peace they laid up their warships and never built a fighting navy in advance, trusting to the use of armed merchant vessels and improvised warcraft to meet the need of the hour. England, on the contrary, had a large regular navy, the ships being superior in size and armament to the Dutch, and the personnel of the navy being better disciplined, although none of the English Admirals, save Blake, ranked with Tromp and De Ruyter.

The cause of the quarrel was the Navigation Act, passed by England for the express purpose of building up the English

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Admiral Robert Blake.

From the portrait at Wadham College, Oxford. By permission of the Master of Wadham.

commercial marine at the expense of the Dutch. The latter were then the world's carriers on the ocean. They derived an immense profit from carrying the goods of other countries in their own bottoms from these other countries to England. The Navigation Act forbade this, allowing only English bottoms to be used to carry goods to England, unless the goods were carried in the ships of the country from which they came. This is the kind of measure especially condemned by the *laissez-faire* school of economists, and its good results in this case have always puzzled them; while, on the other hand, its success under one set of conditions has been often ignorantly held to justify its application under entirely different conditions. In other words, like the system of protective tariffs, it is one of those economic measures which may or may not be useful to a country, according to changes in time and circumstances. In the Cromwellian period it benefited the English as much as it hurt the Dutch, and laid the foundation of English commercial supremacy. Another cause of war was the insistance by the English upon their right to have their flag saluted by the Dutch as well as by other foreign powers.

There followed a bloody and obstinate struggle for the mastery of the seas. Battle after battle was fought between the Dutch and English fleets. The latter were commanded by Blake, Monk, Dean and other officers who had won distinction ashore—for the process of differentiation between military service on land and on the sea was far from complete. The

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fighting was most determined, and the Dutch won two or three victories; but they were defeated again and again, until finally beaten into submission. The war was one undertaken purely from motives of commercial greed, against the nation which, among all the nations of continental Europe, stood closest to England in religious belief, in form of government, in social ideas, and in its system of political liberty. Cromwell hated the thought of the two free Protestant powers battling one another to exhaustion, while every ecclesiastical and political tyranny looked on with a grin of approbation. He wished the alliance, not the enmity of Holland; and though when the war was once on he and those he represented refused in any way to embarrass their own government, yet they were anxious for peace. The Parliament, on the other hand, hailed the rise of the Navy under Blake as a counterpoise to the power of the army under Cromwell. One effect of this Dutch War was to postpone the question of the dissolution of Parliament; another, to cause increased taxation, which was met by levying on the estates of the Royalist Delinquents, so-called.

By March, 1653, the Dutch had been beaten, and peace was in sight; but before peace came, there was an end of the Rump Parliament. The discontent in the army had steadily increased. They wished a thorough reform in governmental methods; and with the characteristic Puritan habit of thought, wished especially to guarantee the safety of the "Godly interests" by a complete new election. On the other hand, the Parliament was scheming how to yield in name only, and not in fact, and had hit on the device of passing a Bill which should continue all the members of the existing Parliament without re-election; and, moreover, should constitute them a general committee, with full power to pass upon the qualifications of any new members elected. This, of course, amounted to nothing, and the army would not accept it.

Many conferences of the leaders of the two sides were held at Cromwell's house, the last on the evening of April 19, 1653, young Sir Harry Vane, formerly one of Cromwell's close friends, being among the number of the Parliamentary leaders. Cromwell, on behalf of his party, warned them that their Bill could not be accepted or submitted to, and the Parliamentary leaders finally agreed that it should not be brought up again in the House, until after further conference. But they either did not or could not keep their agreement. The members of the House were obstinately resolved to keep their places—many of them from corrupt motives, for they had undoubtedly made much money out of their positions through the taxing of delinquents and otherwise. In short, they wished to perpetuate their government, to have England ruled by a little self-perpetuating oligarchy. Next morning, April 20th, Parliament met and the leaders began to hurry the Bill through the House.

They reckoned without their host. Cromwell, sitting in his reception-room, and waiting the return of the conferees of last evening, learned what was going on, and clad just as he was, "in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings," followed by a few officers and twenty or thirty stark musketeers, he walked down to the House. There he sat and listened for some time to the debate on the Bill, once beckoning over Harrison, the Republican general, his devoted follower. When the question was put as to whether the Bill should pass, he rose and broke in with one of his characteristic speeches. First, he enumerated the good that had been done by Parliament, and then began to tell them of their injustice, their heed to their own self-interests, their delay to do right. One among his eager listeners called him to order, but no appeal to Parliamentary forms could save the doomed House. "Come, come!" answered Oliver, "we have had enough of this; I will put an end to your prating!" With that he clapped on his hat, stamped on the floor with his feet, and began to rate the Commons as if they were disobedient school-boys. "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer; you have sat too long for any good that you have been doing lately; you shall now give place to better men!" And Harrison called in the musketeers. Oliver then continued, enumerating the sins of the members, some of whom were drunkards, some lewd livers, some corrupt and unjust. The house was on its feet as he lifted the mace, saying:

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Drawn by Seymour Lucas.

Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament.

Having commanded the soldiers to clear the hall, he himself went out last, and ordering the doors to be locked, he departed to his lodgings.—Hume and Smollett's "History."

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"What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" and gave it to a musketeer; and then, turning toward the Speaker: "Fetch him down!" and fetched down he was. Gloomily the members went out while Cromwell taunted Sir Harry Vane with breaking his promise, ending with: "The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!" So ended the Long Parliament and, asserted Oliver, "We did not hear a dog bark at their going."

Tomes have been written to prove whether Oliver was right or wrong in what he did at this time; but the Rump Parliament had no claim to be, either in law or fact, the representative of the English people, or of any part of them that really counted. There was no justification for its continuance, and no good whatever could come from permitting it to exist longer. Its actions, and especially its obstinate determination to perpetuate its own rule, without warrant in law, without the even higher and more perilous warrant of justice and national need, rendered it necessary that it should be dissolved. At the time Cromwell, without doubt, intended that it should be replaced by a genuinely representative body; and if he had possessed the temper, the self-control, the far-sighted patriotism, and the personal disinterestedness which would have enabled him to carry out his intentions in good faith, without thinking of his own interests, he would have rendered an inestimable public service and might have advanced by generations the movement for English liberty.

In other words, if Cromwell had been a Washington, the Puritan Revolution might have been made permanent. His early acts after the dissolution of the Long Parliament showed a sincere desire on his part, and on the part of those whose leader he was, to provide some form of government which should secure justice and order, without leaving everything to the will of one man. His first effort was to summon an assembly of the Puritan notables. In the interim he appointed a new Council of State, with himself as Captain-General at the head. The fleet, the army, and the Independents generally, all hastened to pledge him their support, and England undoubtedly acquiesced in his action, being chiefly anxious to see whether or not the new Assembly could formulate a permanent scheme of government. If the Assembly and Cromwell together could have done this—that is, could have done work like that of the great Convention which promulgated the Constitution of the United States—all would have gone well.

In criticising Cromwell, however, we must remember that generally in such cases an even greater share of blame must attach to the nation than to the man. Free government is only for nations that deserve it; and they lose all right to it by licentiousness, no less than by servility. If a nation cannot govern itself, it makes comparatively little difference whether its inability springs from a slavish and craven distrust of its own powers, or from sheer incapacity on the part of its citizens to exercise self-control and to act together. Self-governing freemen must have the power to accept necessary compromises, to make necessary concessions, each sacrificing somewhat of prejudice, and even of principle, and every group must show the necessary subordination of its particular interests to the interests of the community as a whole. When the people will not or cannot work together; when they permit groups of extremists to decline to accept anything that does not coincide with their own extreme views; or when they let power slip from their hands through sheer supine indifference; then they have themselves chiefly to blame if the power is grasped by stronger hands. Yet while keeping all this in mind it must not be forgotten that a great and patriotic leader may, if the people have any capacity for self-government whatever, help them upwards along their hard path by his wise leadership, his wise yielding to even what he does not like, and his wise refusal to consider his own selfish interests. A people thoroughly unfit for self-government, as were the French at the end of the eighteenth century, are the natural prey of a conscienceless tyrant like Napoleon. A people like the Americans of the same generation can be led along the path of liberty and order by a Washington. The English people in the middle of the seventeenth century might have been helped to entire self-government by

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Drawn by Frank Craig.

Cromwell Installed as Lord Protector at Westminster, December 16, 1653.

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Cromwell, but were not sufficiently advanced politically to keep him from making himself their absolute master if he proved morally unequal to rising to the Washington level; though doubtless they would not have tolerated a man of the Napoleonic type.

The Assembly gathered in July, 1653. It was called the "Barebones" Parliament in derision, because one of its members—a Puritan leather-merchant—was named "Praise-God-Barbon." The members were men of high character, of much religious fervor, and, for the most part, of good social standing. They were actuated by sincere religious feeling, but they had no political training whatever. They were not accustomed to make government move; they were theorists rather than doers. Religious fervor or mere fervor for excellence in the abstract, is a great mainspring for good work in politics as in war, but it is no substitute for training in either civil or military life; and if not accompanied by sound common-sense and a spirit of broad tolerance, it may do as much damage as any other mighty force which is unregulated.

On July 4th, Cromwell opened the Assembly with a long speech, which, toward the end, became a true Puritan sermon; a speech which had in it a very high note of religion and morality, but which showed a growing tendency in Oliver's mind to appeal from the judgment of men to what he esteemed the judgment of Heaven, whenever he thought men were wrong. Now, it is very essential that a man should have in him the capacity to defy his fellows if he thinks that they are doing the work of the Devil, and not the work of the Lord; but it is even more essential for him to remember that he must be most cautious about mistaking his own views for those of the Lord; and also to remember that as the Lord's work is accomplished through human instruments, and as these can only be used to advantage by remembering that they are human and, therefore, imperfect, in the long run a man can do nothing of permanence, save by joining his zeal to sound judgment, moderation, and the desire to accomplish practical results.

The Assembly of Puritan notables was no more competent to initiate successful self-government in England than a Congress of Abolitionists in 1860 would have been competent to govern the United States. They did not lack in lofty devotion to their ideals, but their methods were impractical. Cromwell professed to have resigned his power into their hands, and they went at their work in a spirit of high religious enthusiasm. The "instrument," under which they were summoned, had provided that their authority should be transferred to another assembly elected under their directions; in other words, they were to form a constitutional Convention. They undertook a host of reforms, largely in the right direction. Among other things, they proposed the abolition of the Court of Chancery, the establishment of civil marriage, the abolition of tithes, and of lay patronage. The clergy and the lawyers were cast into a frenzy of alarm over these proposals, and the landed proprietors became very uneasy lest some of their own unjust vested interests should suffer.

Now, all this was most excellent in point of moral purpose, just as it would have been absolutely right, from the abstract ethical standpoint, if the Constitution of 1789, or the Republican Convention of 1860, had declared for the abolition of slavery in all the States. Of course, if the Constitution had made such a declaration, it would never have been adopted, and the English-speaking people of North America would have plunged into a condition of anarchy like that of the aftertime South American Republics; while, if the Republican platform of 1860 had taken such a position, Lincoln would not have been elected, no war for the Union could have been waged, and instead, of slavery being abolished, it would have been perpetuated in at least one of the confederacies into which the country would have been split. The Barebones Parliament was too far ahead of the times, too indifferent to results, and too impatient of the limitations and prejudices of its neighbors. Its members were reformers who lost sight of the fact that a reform must be practicable in order to make it of value. They excited the utmost suspicion in the community at large, and Cromwell, whose mind was in many respects very conservative, and who was an administrator rather than a con-

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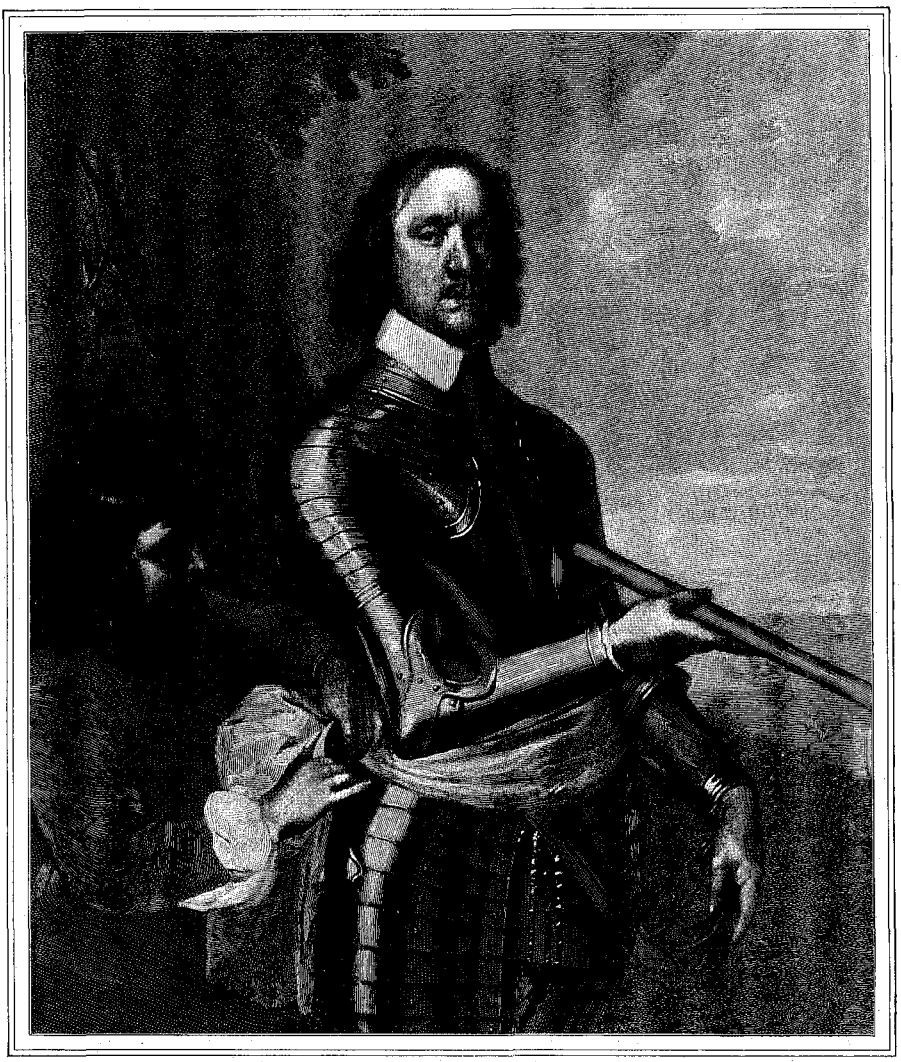

Oliver Cromwell.

From the painting at Althorp by Robert Walker. By permission of Earl Spencer, K.G.

structive statesman, shared the general uneasiness. He shrank from the acts of the Barebones Parliament just as he had shrunk from the levelling tendencies of the Republicans. The leaders of both had gone too far in the direction of speculative reform. Cromwell erred on the other side and did not go far enough. It is just as necessary for the practical man to remember that his practical qualities are useless or worse than useless unless he joins with them that spirit of striving after better things which marks the reformer, as it is for this same reformer to remember that he cannot give effective expression to his desire for a higher life save by following rigidly practical ways.

Cromwell, in his opening address to the Convention, had been carried away by his religious enthusiasm, and in a burst of strange, rugged eloquence, had bid his hearers remember that they must "hold themselves accountable to God only;" must own their call to be from Him, and must strive to bring about God's rule upon earth. When they took his words literally he became heartily uneasy, as did the great bulk of Englishmen; for, of course,

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there were limitless interpretations to be put as to the proper way of being "owned" by God, and Oliver was not in the least inclined to accept the interpretation adopted by the Barebones Parliament. He wished administrative reform in Church and State, but he had little sympathy with what he deemed revolutionary theories, whether good or bad.

The Convention gradually grew conscious that it had no support in popular sympathy, and dissolved of its own motion, after having named a Council of State, which drew up a remarkable Constitution under the name of the "Instrument of Government." This Instrument was adopted by Cromwell and the Council of Officers, and under it a new Parliament was convened. Even yet, Cromwell, and at least the majority of the army, shrank from abandoning every effort at constitutional rule in favor of the naked power of the sword. Nevertheless, Cromwell had even less fondness for the rule of a Parliament elected under any conditions he was able to devise. He realized that the majority of the nation was against him, and dreaded lest it might take steps toward the rehabilitation of the monarchy. In his address to the Barebones Convention he had dwelt with special emphasis upon the fact that a Parliament elected merely by the majority might not be nearly so suitable for doing the Lord's work as such an assembly as that he had convened.

In short, all his qualities, both good and bad, tended to render the forms, and the narrowly limited powers, of constitutional government irksome to him. His strength, his intensity of conviction, his delight in exercising powers for what he conceived to be good ends; his dislike of speculative reforms and his inability to appreciate the necessity of theories to a practical man who wishes to do good work; his hatred of both King and oligarchy, while he utterly distrusted a popular majority; his tendency to insist upon the superiority of the moral law, as he saw it, to the laws of mankind round about him—all these tendencies worked together to unfit him for the task of helping a liberty-loving people on the road toward freedom.

The Instrument of Government was a very remarkable document. It was a written constitution. Cromwell and his soldiers desired, like Washington and his fellow-members of the Constitutional Convention which framed the government of the United States, to have the fundamental law of the land put in shape where it would be accessible to all men and where its terms would not be open to doubt. Such a course was absolutely necessary if a free government, in the modern sense, was to be established on radically new lines. It has not been rendered necessary in the free England of to-day, because, very fortunately, England has been able to reach her freedom by evolution, not revolution.

The Instrument of Government confided the executive power to a Lord Protector and Council; Cromwell was named as the first Protector. The legislative power was assigned without restriction to a Parliament elected by constituencies formed on a new and equitable franchise, there being a sweeping redistribution of seats. Parliament could pass a Bill over the Protector's veto, and was to meet once in three years for at least five months; but it had little control over the executive, save that with it rested the initiative in filling vacancies in the Council. The Protector was allotted a certain fixed sum, which made him largely independent of the Parliament's action. Nevertheless, the Protector was under real constitutional control. Religious liberty was secured for all congregations which did not admit "papacy or prelacy," the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics being excluded from this right just as they were excluded from the right of voting, rather as enemies to the Commonwealth than because of their mere religious beliefs. They were regarded as what would now be called, in the political terminology of continental Europe, "irreconcilables"; and the mass and the Prayer Book were both prohibited. Until the first Parliament met, which was to be on the anniversary of the Battle of Dunbar, on September 3, 1654, the Protector and Council were to issue Ordinances with the force of law.

The Constitution thus had very many points of difference from that under which the United States grew into a great nation. Yet it ranks with it rather than

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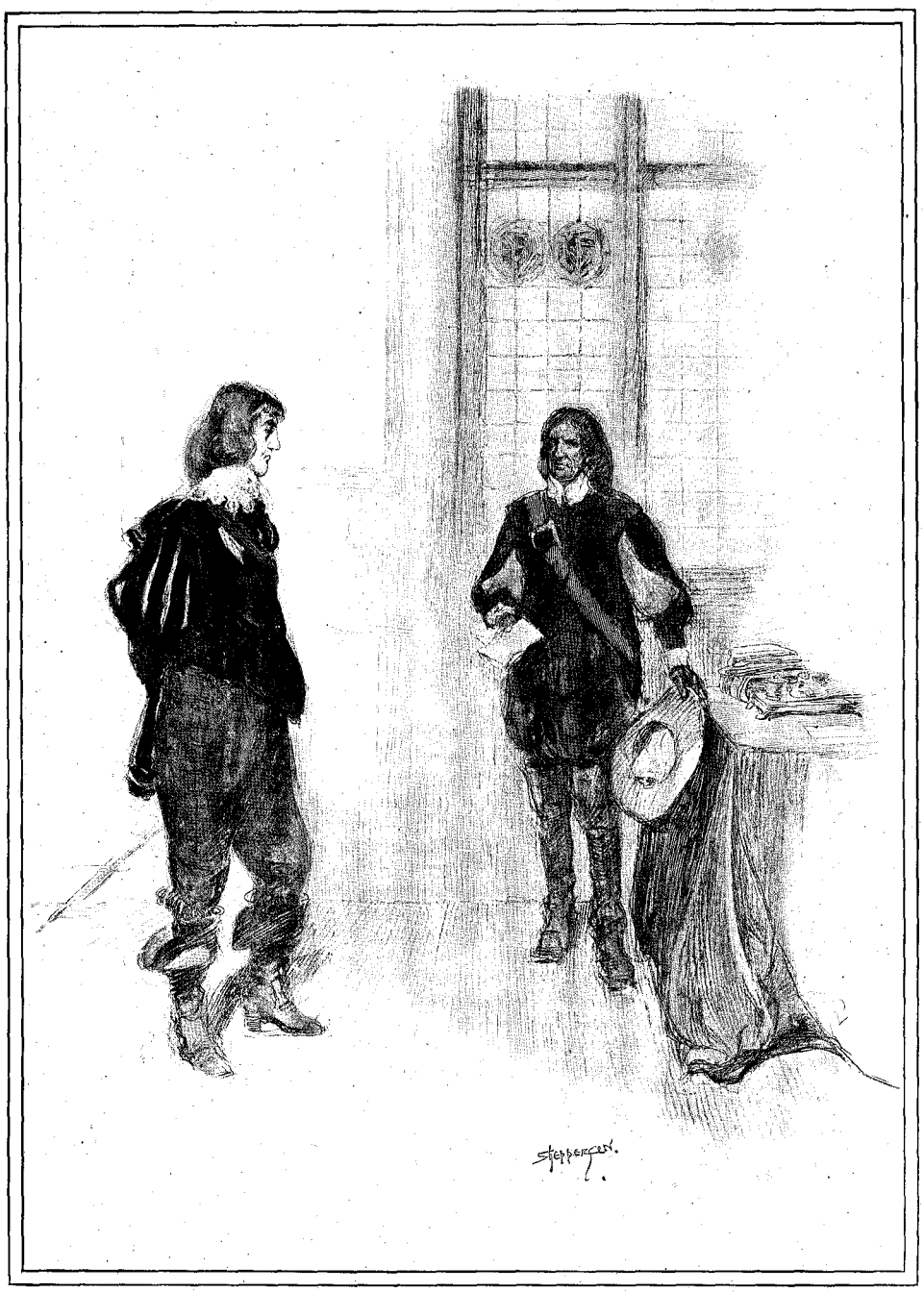

Cromwell Accusing the Duke of Richmond of Treachery.

The Duke had Cromwell's permission to travel abroad providing he gave his promise not to see young Charles Stuart, the heir to the throne. When he returned Cromwell, whose secret emissaries kept him informed of every movement, accused him of treasonable conduct, and upon his denial he pulled the Duke's hat from his head and tore from the lining a letter from Charles.

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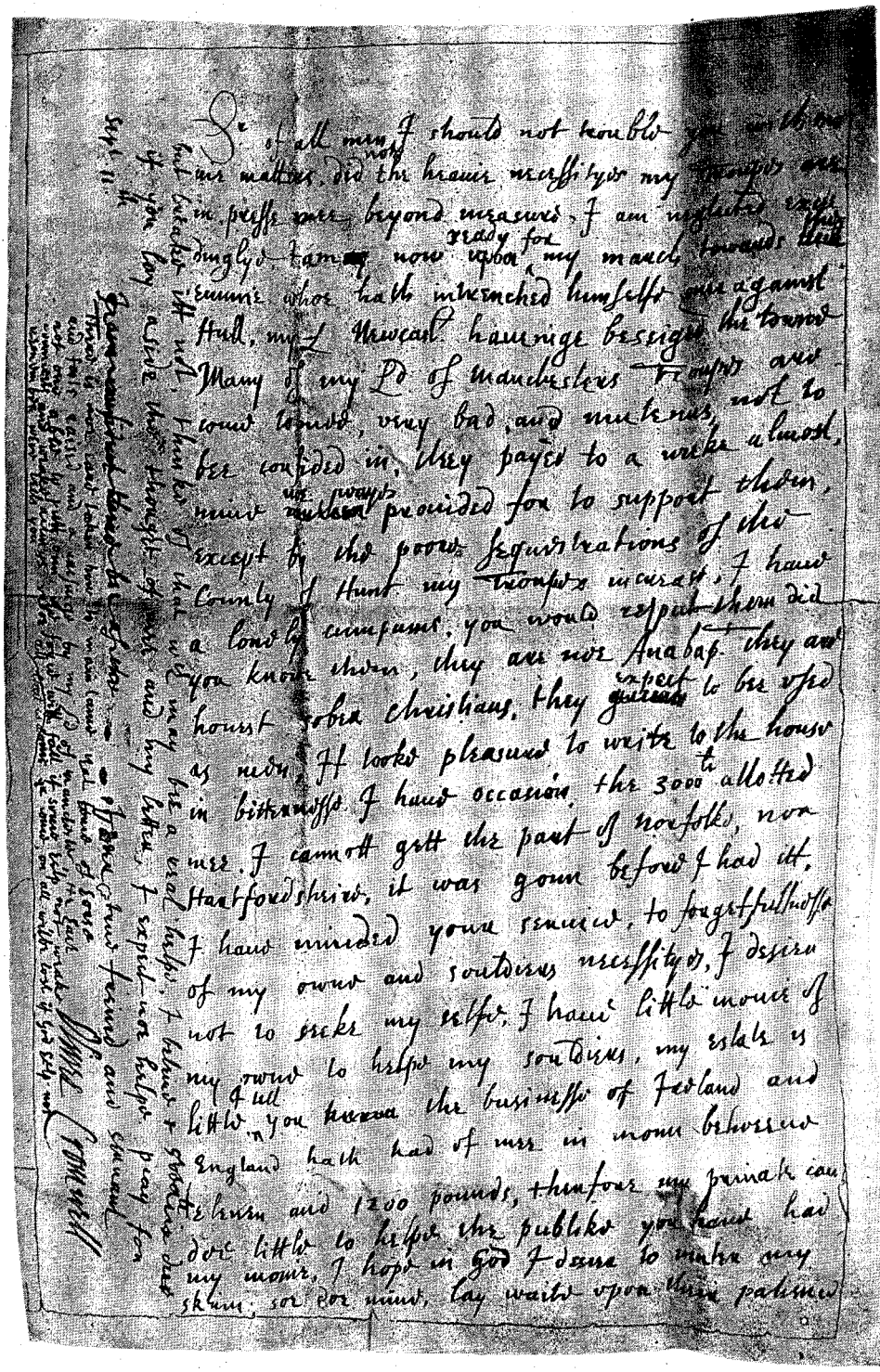

Letter from Oliver Cromwell to Sir E. Hartopp, Second Baronet, dated September 11, 1643.
From the original manuscript, hitherto unpublished, by permission of Sir Charles Hartopp, Bart.

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with the system of Parliamentary supremacy which was ultimately adopted in England. It was, of course, less popular, in the true sense, than the government of either the United States or Great Britain at the present moment. Oliver later on insisted on what he called the "Four Fundamentals," which answered to what we now style Constitutional Rights. His position was strictly in accord with the American, as opposed to the English, theory of embodying, by preference in some written document, propositions which neither the law-making body nor the executive could modify. It was not to be expected that he should hit on the device of a Supreme Court to keep guard over these propositions.

On December 16, 1653, Oliver was installed at Westminster as Lord Protector. The judges, the army, the fleet, the mass of Independents, and the bulk of well-to-do citizens, concurred in the new departure; for the Protectorship gave stability, and the election of the new Parliament the assurance of liberty. There were plenty of opponents, however. The Royalists were implacable. The exiled House of Stuart, with a baseness of which their great opponent was entirely incapable, sought to compass his assassination. They could in no other way hope to reach the man whom they dared not look in the face on the field of battle. Plot after plot was formed to kill the Protector, but the plotters were invariably discovered and brought to justice; while every attempt at open insurrection was stamped out with the utmost ease. To the Royalist malcontents were added the extreme fanatics, the ultra reformers of every type—religious, political, and social. These were at the time more dangerous than the Royalists, for they numbered supporters in the army, including some who had been prominent friends of Cromwell up to this time, like General Harrison. It was necessary, therefore, to arrest some of the most turbulent agitators, including preachers, and to deprive certain officers of their commissions.

The Protector and his Council acted wisely in their ordinances, redressing in practical shape many grievances. The Barebones Parliament had striven to abolish the Court of Chancery outright, and to hand its power over to the judges of the Common Law, which would merely have aggravated the existing hardships by checking the growth of the principle of equity. Oliver acted more conservatively, in fact, altogether too conservatively; but still he did something. In the Church government, also, a good deal was accomplished by the appointment of commissioners of good character to supervise the ministers, while allowing each to organize his congregation on any lines it chose—Presbyterian, Congregationalist, or Baptist. Dissenters were permitted to form separate congregations—"gathered churches" in the phrase of the day—if they so desired. Of course, this was not by any means complete religious toleration, but it was a nearer approach to it than any government in Europe, with the possible exception of the Dutch, had yet sanctioned, and it was so far in advance of the general spirit of the time that the new Parliament—a really representative body—took sharp exception to it. In point of religious toleration Oliver went just as far as the people of his day would let him—farther than any other ruler of the century was willing to go, save only Henry IV. of France—and Henry IV. really believed in nothing, and so could easily be tolerant, while Cromwell's zealous faith was part of the very marrow of his being.

Cromwell also concluded peace with the Dutch. Before the Long Parliament was dissolved it had become evident that the navy would ultimately conquer this peace for England; but the stubborn Dutch had to undergo several additional defeats before they would come to terms. Blake, the great admiral, had no particular admiration for Cromwell, but finally threw in his lot with him on the ground that the fleet had no concern with politics, and should limit itself strictly to the effort "to keep foreigners from fooling us." Monk was the admiral most in view in the later stages of the Dutch War. When it was over, he was sent back to keep the Highlands in order, which he and his fellow-Cromwellians did with a thoroughness not afterward approached for a century. Scotland was now definitely united to England.

The new Parliament consisted of 400 members from England, 30 from Scotland, and 30 from Ireland. They were elected

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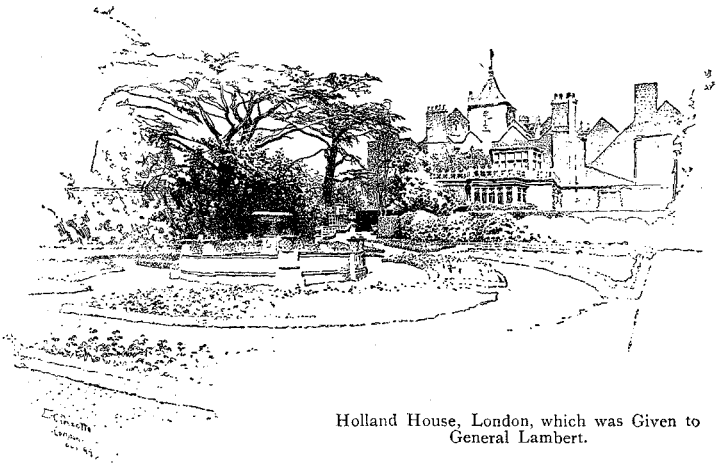

Holland House, London, which was Given to General Lambert.

by a general suffrage, based on the possession of property to the value of £200. The Parliament thus gathered was representative in a very wide sense. Nearly two hundred years were to elapse before any other as truly representative was to sit in England. The classes whose inclusion would certainly have made trouble were excluded; and, while the suffrage had been extended, and gross inequalities of representation abolished, there had been no such revolutionary action as to introduce suddenly masses of men unaccustomed to the exercise of self-government. Indeed, the House had arbitrarily erased from its roll of membership the names of a few ultra-Republicans. It was chiefly Cromwell's own fault that he failed to get along with this Parliament, and, therefore, failed to put the government on a permanent basis of orderly liberty.

At the beginning, everything seemed to go well. He opened the Parliament with one of those noteworthy speeches of which some seventeen have been preserved; speeches in the proper sense, unquestionably better when spoken to listeners than when read by critics, but instinct with the rough power of the speaker, permeated with religious fervor and sincere striving after the right; and even where the reasoning is most wrong-headed, containing phrases and sentiments which show the keenest insight into the needs of the moment and the needs of eternity as well. The sentences are often very involved, it being quite evident that the speeches were not written out, not even deliberately thought out, in advance; for Oliver, even as he spoke, kept dropping and rejecting such of his half-finished utterances as did not give sufficiently accurate or vehement expression to his thought. Yet they contain abundance of the loftiest thought, expressed in language which merely gains strength from its rude, vigorous homeliness. For generations after Cromwell's death, the polished cynics and dull pedants who abhorred and misunderstood him spoke of his utterances with mixed ridicule and wrath; Hume hazarding the opinion that if his speeches, letters, and writings were gathered together they would form "one of the most nonsensical collections the world had ever seen." We could far better afford to lose every line Hume ever wrote than the speeches of Cromwell.

In his opening address he pointed out that what the nation most needed was healing and settling; and in a spirit of thoroughly English conservatism, denounced any merely revolutionary doctrines which would do away with the security of property, or would give the tenant "as liberal a fortune" as the landlord. In religious matters also, he condemned those who could do nothing but cry: "Overturn! Overturn!! Overturn!!!" and together with his praise of what had been done, and of the body to which he spoke, he mingled much advice, remarking: "I hope you will not be unwilling to hear a little again of the sharp as well as of the sweet." He exhorted them to go to work in sober earnest; to remedy in practical shape any wrongs, and to join with him in working for good government. Unfortunately, he made the mental reservation that he should be himself the ultimate judge of what good government was.

Equally unfortunately, there was in the House a body of vehement Republicans who at once denied the legal existence of either Council or Protector, on the ground that the Long Parliament had never been

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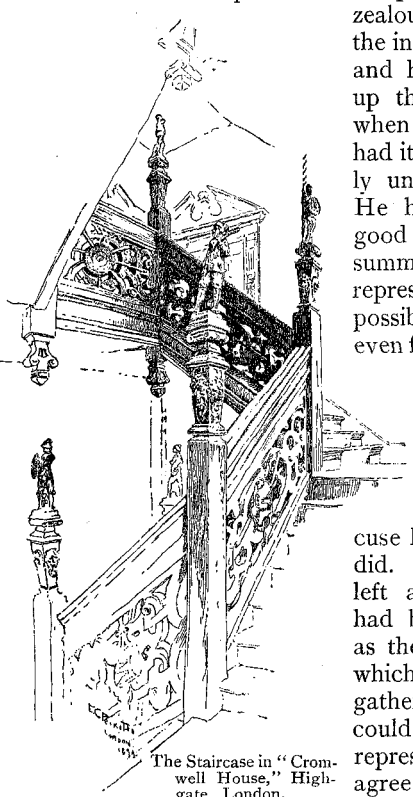
dissolved. Of course such an argument was self-destructive, as it told equally against the legality of the new Parliament in which they sat. Parliament contented itself with recognizing the Instrument of Government as only of provisional validity, and proceeded to discuss it clause by clause, as the groundwork of a new Constitution. It was unanimously agreed that Cromwell should retain his power for five years, but Parliament showed by its actions that it did not intend to leave him in a position of absolute supremacy. Instantly Oliver interfered as arbitrarily as any hereditary King might have done.



The Staircase in "Cromwell House," Highgate, London.

He first appeared before the Parliament, and in an exceedingly able speech announced his willingness to accept a Parliamentary constitution, provided that it contained four fundamentals not to be overturned by law. The fundamentals were, first, that the country was to be governed by a single person, by a single executive, and a Parliament; second, that Parliaments were not to make themselves perpetual; third, that liberty of conscience should be respected; fourth, that the Protector and Parliament should have joint power over the militia.

All four propositions were sound. The first two were agreed to at once, and the third also, though with some reluctance, the Parliament being less liberal than the Protector in religious matters. Over the control of the soldiers there was irreconcilable difference.

Cromwell was not content with arguments. He would not permit any member to enter the House without signing an engagement not to alter the government as it had been settled; that is, every member had to subscribe to the joint government of the Protector and the Parliament. A hundred members refused to sign. Three-fourths of the House did sign, and went on with their work.

Until the assembling of this Parliament, every step that Oliver had taken could be thoroughly justified. He had not played the part of a usurper. He had been a zealous patriot, working in the interests of the people; and he had only broken up the Long Parliament when the Long Parliament had itself become an utterly unrepresentative body. He had then shown his good faith by promptly summoning a genuinely representative body. It is possible to defend him even for excluding the hundred members who declined to subscribe to his theory of the fundamentals of government. But it is not possible to excuse him for what he now did. Parliament, as it was left after the Extremists had been expelled, stood as the only elective body which it was possible to gather in England that could in any sense be called representative, and yet agree to work with Cromwell. Had Cromwell not become cursed with the love of power; had he not acquired a dictatorial habit of mind, and the fatal incapacity to acknowledge that there might be righteousness in other methods than his own, he could certainly have avoided a break with this Parliament. His splitting with it was absolutely needless. It agreed to confirm his powers for five years, and, as it happened, at the end of that time he was dead. Even had he lived there could be no possible excuse for refusing such a lease of power, on the ground that it was too short; for it was amply long enough to allow him to settle whatever was necessary to settle.

Cromwell, and later his apologists, insisted that, by delay and by refusing to grant supplies until their grievances were considered, the Parliament was encouraging the spirit of revolt. In reality the

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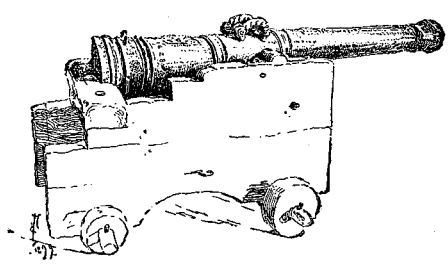
spirit of revolt was ten-fold increased, not by the Parliament's action, but by Cromwell's, in seizing arbitrary power. If he had shown a tenth of the forbearance that Washington showed in dealing with the various Continental Congresses, he would have been readily granted far more power than ever Washington was given. He could easily have settled affairs on a constitutional basis, which would have given him all the power he had any right to ask; for his difficulties in this particular crisis were nothing like so great as those which Washington surmounted. The plea that the safety of the people and of the cause of righteousness depended upon his unchecked control is a plea always made in such cases, and generally, as in this particular case, without any basis in fact. The need was just the other way.

Contrast Cromwell's conduct with that of Lincoln just before his second election as President. There was a time in the summer of 1864 when it looked as if the Democrats would win and elect McClellan. At that time it was infinitely more essential to the salvation of the Union that Lincoln should be continued in power, than it was to the salvation of the Commonwealth in 1654 that Cromwell should be continued in power. Lincoln would have been far more excusable than Cromwell if he had insisted upon keeping control. Yet such a thought never entered Lincoln's head. He prepared to abide in good faith the decision of the people, and one of the most touching incidents of his life is the quiet and noble sincerity with which he made preparations, if McClellan were elected, to advise with him and help him in every way, and to use his own power during the interval between McClellan's election and inauguration in such a manner as would redound most to the advantage of the latter, and would increase as far as possible the chance for the preservation of the Union. It was at this time of Cromwell's life that, at the parting of the ways, he chose the wrong way. Great man though he was, and far though the good that he did out-balanced the evil, yet he lost the right to stand with men like Washington and Lincoln in modern times, and with the very, very few who, like Timoleon, in some measure approached their standard in ancient times.

As the Parliament continued in session, the attitude of the Protector changed from sullen to fierce hostility. It was entitled to sit five months. By a quibble he construed this to mean five lunar months. On January 22, 1655, he dissolved it, after rating it in a long and angry speech. With its dissolution it became evident to the great mass of true liberty-lovers that all hope of real freedom was at an end, and the forces that told for the restoration of the King were increased ten-fold in strength. Nevertheless, some of the purest and most ardent lovers of liberty, like Milton, still clung despairingly to the Protector. They recognized that, with all his faults, and in spite of his determination to rule in arbitrary fashion, he yet intended to secure peace, justice, and good government, and, alike in power and in moral grandeur, towered above his only possible alternative, Charles II., as a giant towers above a pigmy.



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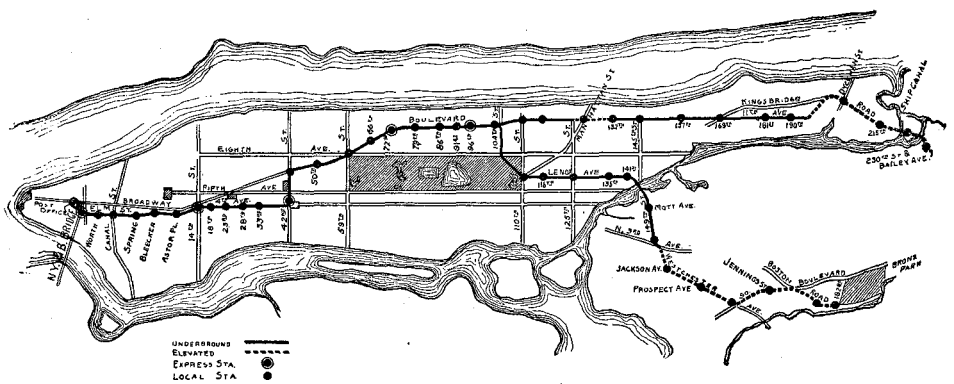
RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK

By Wm. Barclay Parsons

Chief Engineer Rapid Transit Commission

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM THE OFFICIAL PLANS



Map Showing Proposed Rapid Transit Routes.

THE concentration of population in cities throws into prominence all the questions of municipal engineering, but in varying degrees. Problems such as water-supply, sewerage, lighting, and street construction increase in importance substantially in direct proportion to the city's growth; but that of intra-urban transportation increases in a much higher ratio. Double the size of a city, and there are not only twice as many passengers to carry, but they are to be carried a greater distance and at a higher speed, and through streets in which the congestion of other travel has increased at least in accordance with the local development.

New York, on account of its peculiar shape, can spread only in one direction, and therefore the increase in the business of city transportation companies is out of all proportion to a normal scale.

In 1871 the first section of the elevated system was constructed, but put in operation in the following year. In that year the number of passengers carried on all the surface and elevated railroads was 138,867,000. In 1882 the total had risen to 252,800,000; in 1892, to 453,200,000; while in 1899 it was still further increased to 528,228,437, and rapidly growing. These figures are for the old city of New York, now known as the Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx, and are for paying passengers only. In 1899 there were transferred passengers amounting to 159,560,822, not included in the above. It is interesting to note in comparison that for 1898 the United States Interstate Commerce Commission reports that there were carried on all the steam railways in the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, passengers to the number of 501,066,681, or five per cent. less than the number carried by the New York City surface and elevated railways alone.

Such is the problem, covering a volume of urban travel unparalleled as to quantity in any city of the world, and increasing at an astonishing ratio, that demands a solution.

To work out a scheme for increased facilities the State legislature of 1875 created a Rapid Transit Commission, the outcome of whose labors was the present elevated railroad system. With that success as a precedent, and to undertake the planning of still more elaborate means of travel that had become necessary since 1875, the legislature repeated its former experiment, and, in 1891, appointed another Rapid Transit Commission, with power to lay out a railway either underground or elevated, to prepare the plans and specifications, and to sell the franchise right to construct and operate the same. The labors of this

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Commission were without practical result. In 1894 the legislature passed another Act creating a new Commission, with vastly increased powers and of a nature that mark a new and interesting development in the way of municipal control of franchise rights.

This Commission consists of the Mayor and Comptroller of the City of New York, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce *ex-officio*, and of five citizens named in the bill; any vacancy occurring by death, resignation, or otherwise, among the five, to be filled by the vote of the other members of the Board. There is no power of removal by the Mayor or Governor, and therefore the Board is self-perpetuating. The powers conferred by the Act were to either sell a franchise to a private corporation, as was the aim of the Commission of 1891, or to embark the city into municipal construction and ownership, the option to be determined by the voters at the next general election. The vote resulted in favoring city as against private ownership, by a majority of more than three to one. The scheme, as provided by the Act, was for the Commission to locate a railway, prepare the necessary plans and specifications, and then call for contractors, not only to build the railway so designed, but to operate it for a period of years. The city is to pay the contractor the amount of his bid for construction, while he in turn is to pay as rental the interest on the bonds issued by the city to provide the required funds, and, in addition, one per cent. per annum as a sinking fund. At his own expense the contractor is to provide the equipment, including power-houses and generating machinery, which the city is to purchase at the conclusion of the lease, at a valuation to be determined then by arbitration.

Under this arrangement the city obtains the benefit of the immediate construction of a rapid-transit railway, and without burden on the taxpayers, because the contractor is to pay the interest on the investment. At the end of about forty-five years the operations and accumulations of the sinking fund will have retired the principal, after which the whole rental will be net profit; while on the conclusion of the lease, the city can make a new one on undoubtedly vastly better terms. The attractive features to the contractor are equally strong. He is saved all expense of financing; for the price paid by the city for construction is tantamount to a loan, and so procures his capital on the basis of the city's credit as against the rate a new private corporation would have to pay in the open market. He is absolved from attacks by abutting property owners, except for such damages as may result from his own carelessness; he is not subject to taxation on either his own property, such as the equipment, or on any of his rights under the lease; and last, but by no means least, he operates not under a franchise but under a contract, and therefore, according to the all-powerful protection of the Constitution of the United States, no new obligations can be forced upon him, nor can his privileges in any way be curtailed.

Having obtained the vote of the people in November, 1894, to proceed on the plan of municipal ownership, the Commission adopted as a main route Broadway from the southern end of the city, eventually branching so as to reach the northwest and northeast limits of the city. This plan, after bitter litigation, was defeated in the courts at the instigation of the Broadway property owners, who, curiously enough, considered that in some way their property would not be benefited by the construction.

New plans were then drawn up, avoiding Broadway south of Forty-second Street, a contract for which was executed on the 24th of February. The route followed begins with a loop around the Post Office, thence with four tracks direct to the Grand Central Station, westerly from there to Broadway and along that thoroughfare to 104th street, a distance of seven miles, whence one double-track line continues along Broadway to Kingsbridge, and another double-track line easterly under the Harlem River crossing the Borough of Bronx to Bronx Park and the Zoological Gardens; each of these branches being seven miles long, or a total length, for the whole system, of twenty-one miles. The upper ends of the double-track lines are to be elevated structures for a combined distance of 5.14 miles, as will be a short length of high steel viaduct half a mile long

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crossing Manhattan Valley, an abrupt depression on the West Side, while all the remainder will be underground.

Under the authority of the Act empowering the Commission to determine details, the contract was arranged to cover a period of fifty years of operation, with an option of renewal on the part of the contractor for a further period of twenty-five years, at a rental to be decided on by adjustment or by arbitration at the end of the first period.

When it came to decide on the construction details, there were two distinct and opposite principles that presented themselves: either to drive tunnels of circular iron-lined tubes, as was being done in London, and at such a depth as to pass beneath all pipes, mains, sewers, and other sub-surface structures; or else to make an open excavation, remove or otherwise rearrange the water and gas mains, the sewers and similar structures encountered, to build the railway as close to the surface as variations in topography and other local conditions permitted, and then to restore the surface of the street. The first plan involved no interference with existing street traffic, and would have probably been cheaper in first construction, but it also entailed the use of elevators at all stations, the expense of operating which, at a sensible cost per passenger, would have more than offset the saving in initial cost. At certain important stations, where in rush hours a congestion of traffic can be looked for exceeding that to be found in any other city of the world, it is probable that no system of elevators that could be installed at reasonable expense would be sufficient to handle the crowd. London experience in this line is not comparable, because the concentration of travel in New York is so much greater. Furthermore, the deep tunnel is necessarily precluded from receiving any natural light.

The second plan offers the objection of interference with street travel, and of discommoding those residing or doing business near the route, but such inconvenience is confined solely to the period of construction. When that is finished there will be the maximum of convenience. The structure will be close to the surface, with a distance (according to the plans in question, of less than fourteen feet) from the street level to the platform of but little more than one-half the distance from street level to the average elevated railway platform, or about the same as that from one floor to another in an ordinary dwelling. By thus bringing the platform level close to that of the street, it will be possible to secure a vastly greater proportion of short-distance travel than could be the case with a deep tunnel, access to which would have to be by elevators. For these reasons the Commission wisely decided on the shallow construction, and the writer is confident that the popular verdict will ultimately be unanimous in approval. By roofing over such portions of the stations as lie beneath the sidewalks with glass, it will be possible to illuminate the stations not only with daylight, but with *sun*light, and use artificial means only as evening approaches, and so destroy the popular antipathy to a "hole in the ground."

What our musical friends would call the "motif" of the design is the ability to give high speed with the maximum of carrying capacity per track. Nowhere is it so true that the unit for measuring distance is the minute, and not the yard as in a modern city. In former years, when New York was small, the lumbering 'bus was all-sufficient. Later that was supplemented by the horse-car, then there was added the elevated railway, while the horse-car gave way to the cable, and that in turn is being displaced by the conduit electric current—the successive object being not only to carry more passengers, but to carry them greater distances in a given time. As the city has grown, the length of journey has steadily increased, so that at present the actual average on the elevated lines is over four miles, with a large percentage running much in excess of that figure. High speed means fewness of stops, and fewness of stops means a concentration at points where no such natural concentration exists. To solve this apparent paradox is the chief aim of the projected railway.

On the rapid transit railway there will be for the first seven miles four tracks, on the centre pair of which there can be run, at all hours of the day, in both directions, trains stopping at about one mile and a half apart, and making, under conditions of actual service, a speed of at

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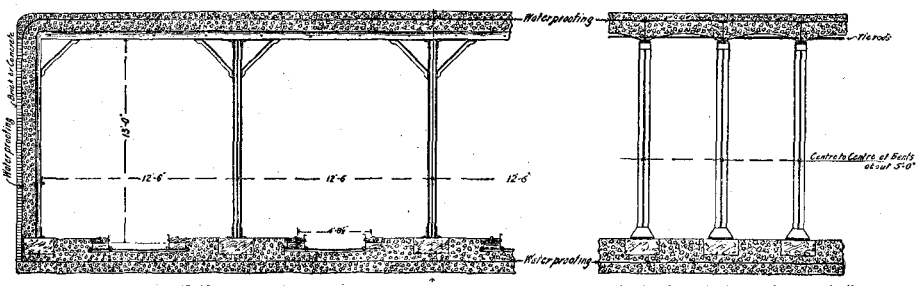

Half cross section. Centre. Longitudinal section, showing steel ribs.

least thirty miles an hour. On the outer pair of tracks stations will be at much closer intervals, averaging four to the mile, and where trains can attain a speed of about fourteen miles per hour. A journey the whole length of the seven miles would take by the local trains about thirty minutes, and by the express trains fourteen minutes, a saving of more than fifty per cent. Should the passenger wish to alight at a point not an express station, he would leave the express train at the station nearest to his destination and take a local train on. There will, therefore, be two types of station, one a local station with platforms on the outside of the outer tracks, and through which the trains on the centre rails will pass without interference. The other type is on quite a different plan, where all trains, both express and local, will stop. In order to give access to the centre tracks, the outer ones, on approaching the station, will be curved outward sufficiently to give an island platform between each local and express track, while an ordinary local platform is to be built on the outside of the local tracks. At these stations a departure must be made from the principle of adhering closely to the grade of the street, and the whole railway is depressed sufficiently to permit the construction of a bridge over the four tracks, but of course under the street surface, connected with all four platforms by convenient stairways. A passenger wishing to take an express train would pass along the bridge to the up or down platform, while a passenger wishing to transfer from an express to a local, or vice versa, would leave one train and merely step across the platform to the service desired. A passenger, on the other hand, wishing to travel by a local train would pass directly from the street to the local platform, and so avoid interference by the transfer and express passengers on the island platforms. Neither the railway nor the stations will interfere with or encroach on private property. The railway itself, except at a few points, and in each case for a short distance only, will lie wholly beneath the streets; the stations will be, so far as the platforms are concerned, beneath the sidewalks of the street along and under which the railway runs; while the ticket office and waiting-room will be constructed beneath the surface of the cross streets, with stairways leading down from the sidewalks.

In the operation of the railway the contract and specifications forbid the use of any form of motive power requiring or producing combustion within the tunnel, and under such limitation the choice of power and method of application is left entirely to the operator.

The striking feature of the design is the entire elimination of grade crossings at junctions, and of all switching at the terminal points, permitting the cutting down of the time interval between trains, and so increasing the carrying capacity.

The best example of this is at the Post Office, where it is intended to terminate the four-track system, but in the near future to extend a double-track line to South Ferry, or perhaps under the East River to Brooklyn. At the terminus the tracks will be made continuous by means of a loop around the Post Office so that no reversal of train is necessary. Instead of trains being delayed by cross switching usual at terminal points, they will be operated continuously without any irregularity or delay, thus permitting the maintenance of the minimum interval possible on straight track.

South of the Post Office all trains will

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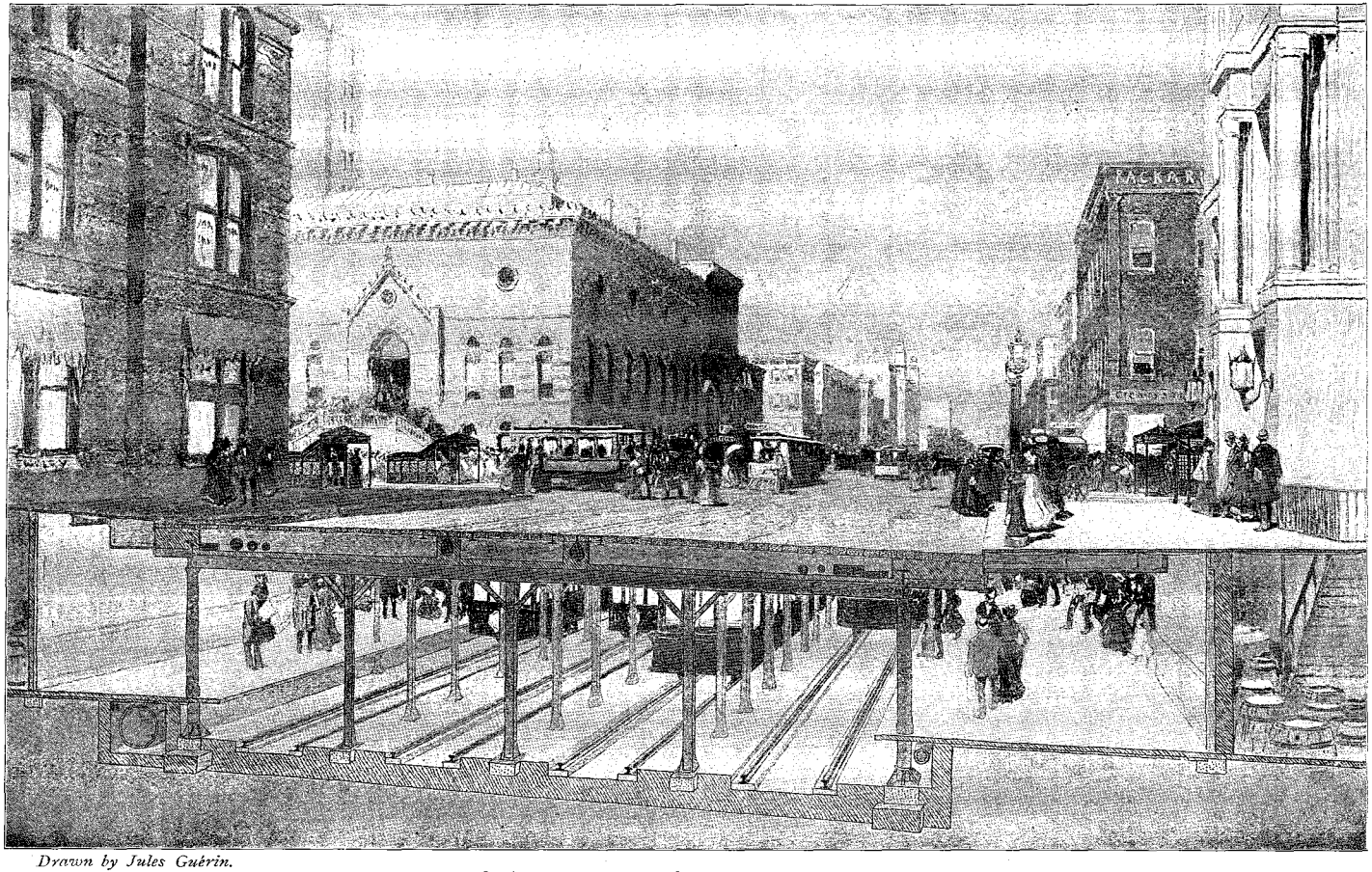

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Station at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

This is a station for trains on the local or outside track only. Trains in the centre tracks are express trains not stopping here. The illustration shows platforms at the sides, the glass hoods over the stairways, the steel-frame construction, and the proximity of the subway roof to the street surface, thus reducing the distance from the street to the platform level to less than fourteen feet.

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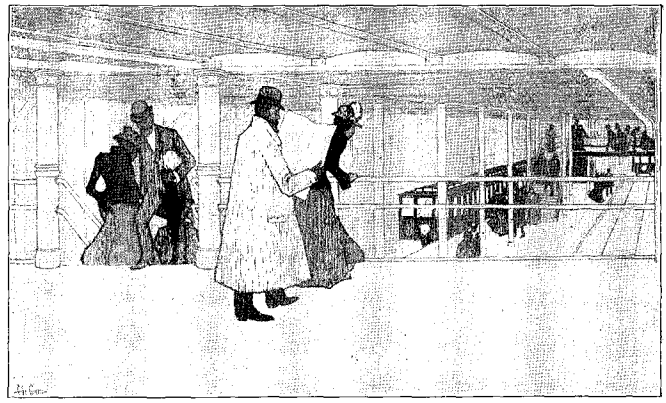
make all stops, but a portion of these trains will become express trains above that point. The problem, therefore, presented itself of arranging a connection from both the down express and local tracks on the Broadway side of the Post Office, and again a connection to both tracks from the up South Ferry line on Park Row, and yet avoid all grade crossings. This, the chief constructive feature in the whole design, was accomplished by lowering the express or inner track on the loop so as to bring it beneath the local track on Broadway, and then take a branch southbound from each. These branches are to be continued sufficiently far south before bringing them to the same level and to a junction, so as to permit the longest train likely to be run to stand on either without interfering with the junction frogs, so that in the event of trains arriving on both tracks of the loop at the same instant, both destined for South Ferry, they can run on to the branch lines, and immediately clear without any hesitation the main lines, and so not interfere with the following trains running at short headway, for not more than every alternate train would run south of the Post Office.



Forty-second

An express station where all trains stop. View downward

In like manner, on the northbound side of the loop on Park Row, the local track on the east side of the street will be kept close to the surface, while the express track, at a lower level, will be located on the west side or nearer the Post Office. The South Ferry connection coming up Broadway is to turn into Park Row, pass under the local line, take up a location between the express and the local, and then all three tracks will be brought to a level at Printing House Square, and there so arranged that a northbound train from South Ferry can run either on to the express or the local line as the traffic demands. In this way circulation around the loop will not be interfered with, neither will there be grade crossings of any tracks, so that the minimum of train interval can be maintained at all times.

The design of the structure, under normal conditions, will be quite unlike the ordinarily accepted picture of an underground railroad. Instead of the arched roof and the massive masonry sidewalls to take up the thrust of the former, all of which would have to be put in place by slow and laborious methods of tunnelling, the plans of the Rapid Transit Commission call for a structure rectangular in shape and built in an open trench. The first step will be to tear up the surface of the street and excavate it to the depth required, which is about twenty feet. Then there will be spread upon the bottom of the excavation a solid floor of concrete, and on this floor there will be erected, at intervals of about five feet, running transversely to the line of the street, frames of steel beams securely riveted together. These frames will be to the structure what ribs are to the human body, and they are designed to take up the load of the street and the thrust of the side earth, and to withstand these loads and pressures not by mere weight or brute force, but by scientifically utilizing the valuable properties of steel to resist bending and tension. Between these frames or ribs there will be built a concrete wall, and a concrete roof of sufficient thickness to completely imbed the steel members, and thus preserve them from rust or deterioration, and to keep back the earth from the sides and above from falling through. The roof and the walls will thus be of minimum thickness, thus diminishing both the depth and width of the excavation.

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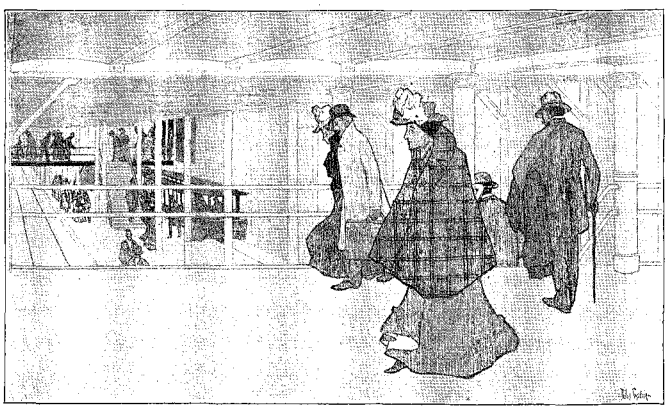

Street Station.

to the tracks from the cross bridge leading to all tracks.

Between the tracks supporting the roof there will be rows of light steel columns; while built within the concrete base, walls, and roof there will be an absolutely water and even damp proof course of layers of roofing felt alternating with asphalt, sufficiently thick to withstand the pressure of standing water whenever the railway is carried below the ground water level. In other words, there will be applied to underground construction the now familiar principles involved in the erection of the modern sky-scraper, where the weight of the floors and the buildings themselves are taken by the steel frames, and the outer walls, which frequently appear to the eye to be so massive, are nothing but thin skins. The railway will be as close to the surface of the street as the roof will permit, and the name of a tunnel is therefore wholly inapplicable; nor will the inside appearance be suggestive of a tunnel, or even of underground construction. Sunlight during the day will have full play in the stations, and, lined as they will be with decorated tiles, and with the railway in front with a flat roof, the whole structure will suggest to the traveller what it is, in fact, a covered way. There being no smoke or combustion-producing motors, the railway will be entirely free from obnoxious vapors; and as the stations will be at short intervals, and with large openings to the outside, there will be nothing of the nature of a close, confined space, and therefore nothing giving the sensation of what is popularly known as cellar air.

Of course, an open excavation involves the readjusting of all the sub-surface structures to be encountered along the route, and also necessitates a certain amount of interference with street travel during construction, and those are the prices that the residents of the city will have to pay in order to secure the advantages of shallow construction. Fortunately, the route that has been selected is one not used as a pipe thoroughfare. The general process of work that is to be followed will be the opening of about one-half the width of the street at a time, for a distance not exceeding four hundred feet, and the constructing in such opening of a portion of the railway, and the moving or replacing of the pipes and electric subways encountered. Then, as the work is finished at one end of the excavation, and the street surface restored, new work will be begun at the upper end; so that there will be a moving hole, as it were, of about four hundred feet in length, the street traffic in the meanwhile being diverted around the excavation on the part of the street untouched. When the work on one side of the street is completed, construction in like manner will be undertaken on the other half hitherto unopened. Of these openings or points of attack there will be just so many in hand at one time as labor can be had, steel, cement, and other required materials furnished, and the excavated soil removed. Progress will be made therefore not from the end "faces" as in tunnelling, but here, there, and everywhere, and so enable the whole to be rushed to completion. The most difficult portions, and therefore the slowest to complete, will be those undertaken first. Street travel at the cross-streets will be carried across the excavation by suitable bridges; while the street railways, so important a factor in New York life, will be supported on temporary timber structures and their continuous operation be not interfered with. Pipes for gas or water or conduits for electric wires can be moved, either vertically or laterally, within quite

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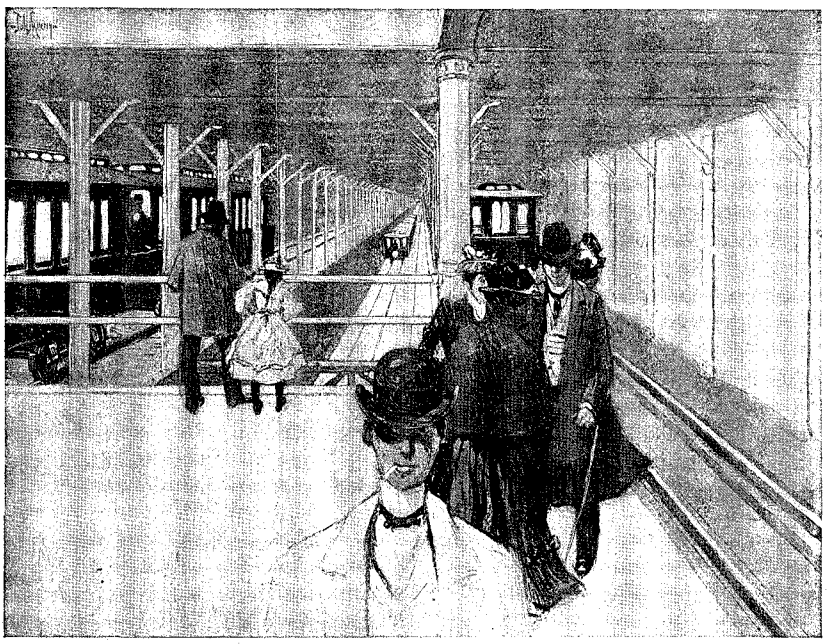
large limits, without interfering with the service. The case of sewers is different, as these must at all times be maintained on a continuous down gradient in order to provide for proper flow. A complete study was, therefore, made of the drainage system of the city in so far as it was affected by the railway. Where sewers crossed the line of the railway, a general plan was adopted to lower them sufficiently so that they might pass beneath the floor of the subway, and then connect with the old sewer on the down side, and at a sufficient distance to the east or west, as the case might be, in order to secure a continuous flow. In a few instances this involves the building of long lines of sewer. In one or two cases, on account of the lowness of the ground, it was not possible to depress the sewer and pass beneath the railway and get a continuous flow, the most important instance of this difficulty occurring at Canal Street. At this point there is a large sewer with a breadth of nine feet and a height of six feet, which now drains an area of one hundred and twenty-one acres lying to the east of the railway, and with a dimension parallel to it of nearly three-quarters of a mile, and at right angles to it of half a mile. In this case it is proposed to cut the Gordian knot by building an entirely new outlet, and for this large district it is proposed to build a new sewer six feet and over in diameter, one mile in length, beginning at the East River, passing up convenient streets, and tapping the old sewer at Canal and Centre Streets, and so take the drainage eastward to the East River, instead of westward to the Hudson River as it now goes. With this large sewer out of the way, the principal difficulty that has always confronted underground construction at Canal Street disappears.



One Hundred and Third Street Station.

West Side trains only stop here. The East Side trains occupy the centre tracks, which are depressed in order to pass under the West Side line to avoid a grade crossing.

In the preparation of the plans of the Rapid Transit Railway, there have been many very serious difficulties to overcome, the solution of which will not show such spectacular engineering feats as the placing of deep pneumatic foundations, or the constructing of magnificent bridges based on volumes of elaborate mathematical calculations, but the securing of a simple construction from a mass of most intricate details; not only in the building of the railway—itself a task of magnitude—but in

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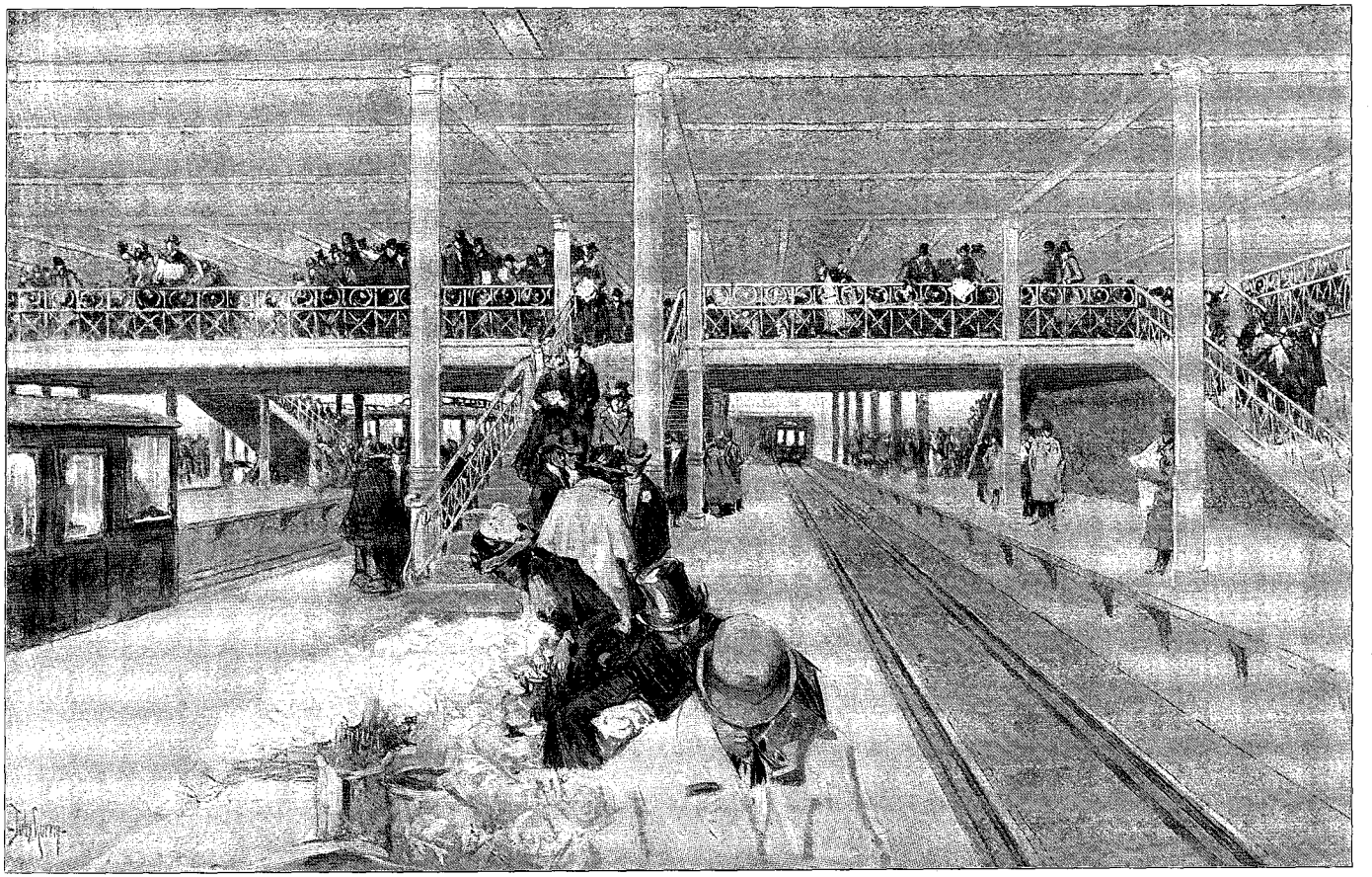

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

City Hall and Brooklyn Bridge Station.

The largest station on the road. View from one of the two inner platforms showing overhead connecting bridge. Track on right is the up local line; on left, up express; the down express and down local being on extreme left.

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taking care of the street and surface railway travel; the readjusting of the water, gas, electric subways and sewer systems, necessarily without any interruption, and the ability to do the work of construction on the several sections so that the whole may be completed simultaneously—all of which had to be planned completely before the contract could be advertised. In the actual execution of the work, both the contractor and the engineer will be called on to arrange methods for the bringing in of the great assortment of materials required for construction and the removal of the earth and rock from the excavations, and the regulation of a force of men sufficient to constitute an army. When it is remembered that this must be done in narrow, congested streets, it will be recognized that there will be required a skill and tact of no mean executive force and of a high military order.

When this railway is completed we may ask ourselves, What will be the effect on the city at large, on the people individually, and on the other lines of transportation? The effect on the city, and, in consequence, on the transportation facilities of other cities which naturally watch and follow New York's lead, will be a revolution. Hitherto in American cities—except for a single but comparatively small exception in Boston—lines for travel have been confined to the surface, or to the super-surface, as by elevated structures. The space beneath the streets has been given over (not utilized by) to sewers and various kinds of pipes and electric conduits, which have been thrown down without any idea of systematic or scientific arrangement. Underground railways have always been associated in the public mind with dark, damp, dank, smoke-laden tunnels—veritable approaches to lower regions—and, therefore, the proposition to build a railway in the location considered only fit for unspeakable sewers found difficulty in getting reasonable and reasoning consideration. When the people realize that they secure a railway well lighted, well ventilated, with a temperature cool in summer and warm in winter, whose operations at all times will be constant and free from interference by fires, congestion of street traffic, fogs, snows, or the other causes that so frequently interfere with the surface and elevated lines; and to secure this in a space not now used at all, and without encroaching on the already congested street surface, or without interfering with light, air, and access to abutting property, a new era in urban transportation will be begun.

After the railway is built and the street surface restored, except at portions at the northern termini, where there are viaduct structures, there will be scarcely any sensible evidences of its existence. The only outward sign will be the glass-covered stairway approaches leading down from the sidewalks to the stations, while the pedestrian on the surface will not be conscious that beneath his feet there will be trains rushing along at express speed.

The effect on the people individually it is feared, so far as the residents of New York are concerned, will be not so permanently beneficial. For years there has been a cry for more transportation facilities to give relief to the crowds that are now obliged to stand during the busy hours in our surface and elevated cars. This relief the proposed underground railroad will give but temporarily. For New York there is no such thing as a solution of the Rapid Transit problem; the city is very much like the victim of the opium habit, who needs more of the drug the more he gets. During the past few years every north and south outlet has been utilized for some form of surface or elevated transportation, or has had its facilities improved to the very utmost, and yet such improvements, radical as they have been, have not been sufficient to meet the growing demand for more. By the time this railway is completed, the normal city growth will, in itself, be enough to provide a lucrative business without decreasing at all the burdens on existing lines.

In addition to this, however, plans have already been drawn by every property owner for the undeveloped real estate at the northern confines of the city which the Rapid Transit Railway is projected to reach. By the time the railway is completed, areas that are now given over to rocks and goats will be covered with houses, and there will be created for the new line, just as there has been created for each new line constructed in the past, a special traffic of its own, independent of

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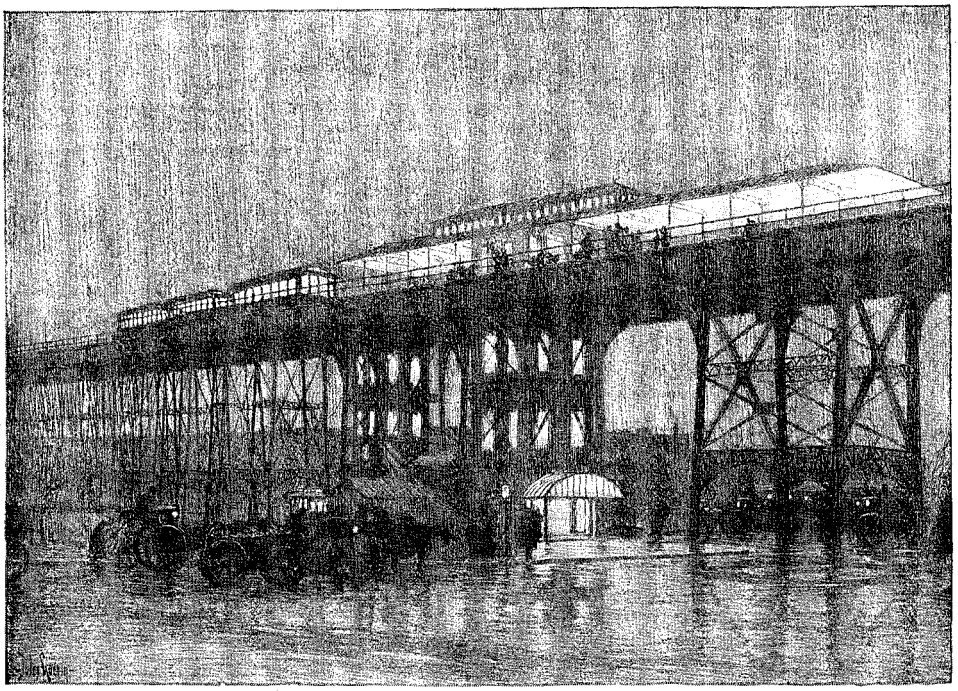

Manhattan Valley Viaduct at Night.

On the West Side line, in order to maintain a proper gradient, the tracks emerge from the subway at 122d Street and cross the valley on a steel viaduct, re-entering the subway at 135th Street.

the normal growth of the city. The instant that this line is finished, there will arise a demand for other lines, and so on until the northward growth of the city reaches the districts beyond the Harlem River, where a spread can be made in other directions besides one due north, or until the burden on the transportation lines compel a greater development in Brooklyn and Long Island, in the Borough of Richmond, and the other outlying parts that were recently added to form the Greater City of New York.

The present plan for the subway, on which work has just begun, is not a finality in any sense. Betterments, additions, extensions, and even parallel lines will be added in the future, as the continuing, insatiable demand for more facilities requires. The gauge is to be standard, so that a physical connection can be made at the Grand Central Station, permitting the suburban trains of the three railways, now terminating there, to continue eventually to Brooklyn; or similar arrangements can be made for the trains of the New York & Putnam Railroad at Kingsbridge, and for those of the Portchester Branch of the New Haven Company at West Farms.

As to other transportation lines, if the past is to be any criterion of the future, the effect of the constructing of the underground railway will be advantageous. Whenever a new line has been built in New York, although the first effect may have been—but not always—to draw traffic from a parallel and near-by road, such withdrawal has been but temporary; and in a short time the natural growth of the city, stimulated by the new means of transportation offered, has been sufficient to provide requisite traffic for the new line and increased traffic for the old ones.

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Drawn by George Gibbs.

At some order from Captain Wells, four sailors closed on Dennott.—Page 570.

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EGG ISLAND

By Adèle Marie Shaw

IT all came from my speaking a language known to few people save the native born. For that reason I've taken to lying awake nights in a kind of remorseful terror, thinking how happy we all might be at this moment if I'd not given a loose rein to my imagination.

If it weren't for a prejudice against bromides I should take a heavy dose and go to sleep. As it is, I am trying to write. Writing will almost always send me to sleep. I never had a correspondent I cared a snap of my finger for—excepting John, and from him, thank God, I am not often separated.

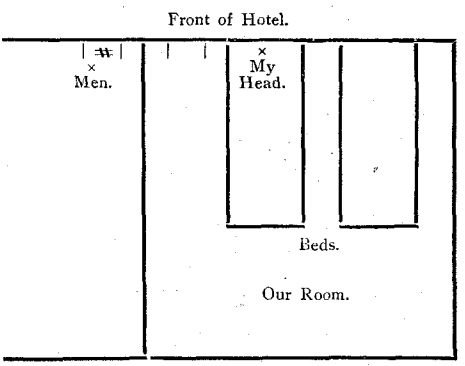
When I think of him words come faster, and this eternal buzzing and whirling of all I ever did or might have done, this rattling and clattering in my brain that ticks away at such a ridiculous pace as if the balance-wheel were broken, all this quiets down and things seem more natural. He is the best man in God's world. I shall stop every few minutes, as I write, to go and look at him asleep. It gives me courage to see his face. It is beautiful always, and when he sleeps it has the fine tenderness of a little child's.

I suppose to other people he is like any well-preserved, middle-aged man, and I fear most of them envy him his money more than they do his goodness.

I was thinking of him as I lay awake in the hotel at Sassnitz a night of last September, and of how little our money had had to do with our happiness. I had seen content like ours in the faces of the fishermen and their wives as they packed the herring on the beach.

Our beds were side by side, and I reached out toward him just to be sure he was there, and when I touched his hand it opened and held mine fast and I could not draw it away. He must have been dreaming, for he muttered something I could not understand every time I tried to move my arm, and at last I gave it up and lay quite still, glad to feel the life in his lean fingers.

I have always been a light sleeper, and have lived many hours wide-awake in the dark; indeed I never seem quite so fully awake as on nights when I do not sleep. That was why I heard so distinctly every word said by our neighbors. All the windows were open, and the two men who were speaking were close to theirs. One of them must have been sitting in the window itself, for I heard his voice as clearly as if he had been in the room with us.



(⊼ = man in the window.)

I have gone over that conversation so many times in my own mind that I can repeat it, I believe, parrot-like, sentence by sentence, without a conscious thought. If I try to translate it and write it down it will seem tame enough, no doubt, and a stranger could never comprehend the queer fascination of the original dialogue, listened to in the dead of night, with the Baltic pounding in below the cliff and not a flicker of moonlight to brighten the blackness.

Besides, it recalled the time, years before, when my father and I had spent a curious winter in Beletsk, and a summer still more strange in the hill country beyond the capital.

It all came back to me as I listened.

"There was no proof"—were the first words that held my attention—"no real proof?"

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"No," was the answer, "but there was a spy for witness, a man who talks English and does all the dirty work for the Bureau, and there was the train laid. It's always better to 'make an example.'"

"What was he—a German?"

"No: English, I believe. A young fellow without connections—no one to stir up the kettle for him. His agents, or somebody, advertised in England and France, but no one came to us. Probably no one knew his plans. He was just going through to the mountains—hunting, by his outfit."

"But if he came with a political purpose?" the second voice interrupted.

I could imagine the shrug that answered. The words, if there were any, I did not hear.

"Where was he taken? Was it far?" The second voice again asked.

Only part of the answer came to me.

"————, uninhabited, completely uninhabited. It's a sort of egg-shaped rock with a bit of vegetation and a very comfortable stone hut, but solitary as hell. South, hundreds of miles, a hopeless voyage—somewhere between the Falkland Islands and the South Pole; at least——"

Here the waves clamoring at the rocks interfered again.

"But why all that trouble? Why not ——" The rest evidently suggested a simpler alternative. I could hear a match struck in the pause before the reply and the odor of cigars floated in to me with the smell of the salt spray.

"Never quite safe. England's 'arm is long.' Besides"—The tone became so bitter that it set me grieving for the speaker—"there was a marriage to be arranged, and there was a man whose presence, so they feared, would dampen the ardor of the bride. He was sent to conduct the prisoner."

"That was you?"

"That was I."

Then nothing was said for a long time. Another match was lighted and showed in a sudden gleam across my window.

I tried again to move the hand John had fastened in his, but he would not loosen his grasp. I moved nearer, for my arm ached, and the bed creaked a bit as I moved.

"Aren't you careless?" asked the second voice, and then followed something whispered.

"No," the other man replied, "and why should I care. I might as well end my days in prison as outside—now."

"But not as a traitor!"

The second voice was all at once stern—with a military sternness.

"Oh, there's not a soul in this place who could understand us. The only names on the register are English and German—and there's no one awake."

Then I realized with a shock that I was an eavesdropper, and my cheeks burned in the dark like coals. I'd never done a dishonorable act, like listening or prying, and the affairs of my neighbors had had small interest for me.

It had been a pleasure—a pleasant sensation at least—to hear the strange tongue again, and the whole had seemed like a story, a bit from a novel.

I tried to speak loud enough so my voice could be heard and my presence betrayed, but I produced no sound at my first attempt, and as I considered whether I should wake John by wrenching away my hand, it came to me in a flash that this prisoner of a government whose relentless methods I knew, was an Englishman, suffering as my father might have suffered if we had not escaped through the influence of our friends.

When I remembered that, I lay perfectly still, and my blood stung in my veins as I saw their wretched captive shut away from sight and sound of men on the "egg-shaped rock."

If I had been poor and the man had not been an Englishman it might have been different; but I was rich, and my husband was richer still, and change and adventure were dear to us both. Moreover, first and last I am an Englishwoman, and though I love my husband's country, my heart beats faster every time I see an English flag.

It is the same with Americans, I observe—true Americans, I mean. You may transplant them all you will, but the sight of the stars and stripes brings something to their faces no other emblem can.

John loves me all the better for it. He calls us the only perfect Anglo-American alliance, and many a time he's "stayed over" in a stupid town so I could see the

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British soldiers march in a procession, or hear an oration by some prosy old magnate I'd seen when I was a girl at school.

All night I kept piecing together the story whose bits I had stumbled upon, building fantastic structures out of the fragments. And I even filled in the hint of the girl left to make an unhappy marriage while her lover was sent out of the way.

Now, if afterward I'd gone to sleep like a Christian, the whole thing would have seemed no more than a dream, so it is this wretched wakefulness and my bothersome imagination that I have to thank for our predicament. My father told John when we were married that I was a fantastic piece and would get him "into trouble yet," and sure enough I have!

It is one o'clock, but I am not in the least sleepy, so I'll describe the "predicament" and the people who are suffering with us. If anyone were to look around my cabin and study its tapestries and pictures and the swinging desk and chair, kept horizontal by some curious mechanism that counteracts the motion of the boat, he would think I did not know the meaning of the word *suffering*. This very room, my "sitting-room" here (that is John's word), is said to be the most beautifully decorated cabin afloat, and our yacht, the Chicola, was one of the finest on the seas, five months ago. It is nearly five months since we've seen a really civilized land, and I have to look at the calendar where I've marked off the days, to make sure it's March, 1897.

We are in all, with the Captain and crew, forty-seven souls, but we have with us only four guests—Colonel Enderley, John's uncle (really a third cousin twice removed); my friend Lloyd Gresham, the Honorable Miss Gresham, named Lloyd for her father (a most confusing thing too, this naming girls and boys alike); then there is Nell, and there's Mr. Dennott. Nell is the most cheerful one of us all, and I loathe Mr. Dennott.

It's strange, Nell's being so cheerful. I didn't know her very well, and when she begged her father to take up my jesting invitation, the very night before we sailed, I almost hesitated. She is to be married on our return—if we ever do return—and yet she gets more buoyant and contented every day we remain here. She is quite the opposite of the love-lorn maiden I feared, and has never shown the slightest eagerness for letters even when they were possible.

She must love the man, however. I found his miniature on her dressing-table and, being her guardian temporarily, of course I looked at it. An American girl resents a great many things an English girl takes as a matter of course. Nell flushed quite angrily when she saw I'd opened it, and held out her hand for it with an air that would have been insufferable in anyone else.

"He is very handsome, my dear," I said.

She smiled.

"But he doesn't look like a Tesgovian," I went on.

She smiled again and her eyes laughed.

"No, he doesn't," she said, and that was all the conversation there was.

But it is certainly puzzling. She is going to marry a nephew of the reigning King of Tesgovia. He is a great man in their little court at Beletsk, and someone said to me before we sailed, "The Duke of Btabura is the most Tesgovian of them all," while the man in the miniature is far more like a European. The wrong person pointed out somewhere, no doubt. Still, if it weren't so dark I could swear the face of the miniature to be that of an Englishman.

Nell is far less cold in manner than Lloyd and I, and chatters with everyone and tells all sorts of little intimate facts as confidingly as a child, and when you come to remember them, they are trifles and do not give the slightest clew to herself or her family. If she weren't so lovable I should call her deep, for Lloyd and I really tell her more about ourselves in a day than she has ever told us in all the time we've been cruising about together. Her father is rich and has social ambitions, and her mother is dead. That I knew before I met her, and though we've talked incessantly, I've learned nothing since, and shouldn't know even what I do from anything she says.

Lloyd is the one to be pitied. Her *fiancé* has deserted her. He was an American and we were all deceived in him. There was a stupid condition about their engagement. Her mother made it. He

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was to go away and stay away for six months, and if he was then of the same mind he was to return. I think Ellen (Lloyd's mother) hoped the girl would fall in love with an Englishman before he got back. She has never quite forgiven me for marrying John, though I used to think she was in love with him herself.

Well, young Hamilton disappeared and stayed disappeared, caught, I suppose, by some other combination of rosy cheeks and gray-blue eyes. Though Lloyd's cheeks are far enough from rosy now. She believes he is dead. I never let her know what I think. She will find out the world soon enough——*if she lives.*

Dennott is a man John met at the clubs, an adventurous fellow who can tell a story, and who begged for an invitation after he knew Lloyd was coming. John and I have gotten nearer to quarrelling over that man than over anything in all our lives before. He is after Lloyd's money, but John can't see it. The very fact that he concealed his knowledge of Lloyd's coming is enough. He did conceal it. His surprise at finding her was overdone—so was his indifference.

Besides these people, I have my good Martha, worth all the other maids in the world, and Lloyd has a spiteful little creature, shy and fierce as a wild thing, named Seraphine—of all names! Nell brought no maid. She is never ill and she does her own hair—better than any maid ever did mine.

In spite of the fact that I've known Lloyd ever since she was in her christening robe, I find I've more in common with Nell than with anyone else on board, excepting John. Sometimes I think she is grieving in spite of her jolly ways. She was leaning on the rail to-night with her arms folded and her eyes full of tears. She looked very lonely against the slaty sky. I was close to her before she noticed me or I shouldn't have seen the tears. I knew at once what the child needed.

"Do you remember your mother?" I asked.

"No, but I want her," she answered, and for an instant I thought she was going to put out her hands to me. But she didn't. She turned instead the other way and called, "I'm going for your jacket. I'll be back in a minute."

I had on a close woollen reefer, but she put my sealskin wrap over that, and I was glad to have it, the wind was so sharp. We walked up and down till dinner and I was half inclined to tell her my newest worry about Lloyd. Dennott is intriguing with Seraphine. The girl is influencing Lloyd, in some subtle fashion, in his favor, I am sure.

"I couldn't have believed she'd have been so weak!" I did say aloud, as I saw Nell glancing toward the stern, where Lloyd and Dennott were studying a map.

"She's very sad, and he haunts her with a kind of persistent sympathy that appeals to her," Nell answered. "If something doesn't happen to show him—as he is, she'll fall in love with him."

I wish Lloyd had Nell's self-reliant nature. I know that American lover was a scamp, but I hate to see her being consoled so soon. Romance is a part of youth. I believe too much of it has survived in me. I am glad Nell shares my opinion of Dennott. It's the nearest approach to a confidence she has ever made. I wonder how that Tesgovian duke will suit her! If he's a certain kind—but I can't understand it.

I'd like to mother that girl a little. The more I think of it the more I feel sure she needs it. Lloyd will cling to any support that's near. Nell will stand against any storm—till she breaks. I fancy I'm getting foolish about the girl. John says it's evident she never had a care or a trouble.

As for Lloyd, her mother trusted her to me. What can I do? She's twenty-four in years and a babe in wisdom. I wish I could land her in England to-morrow and let Ellen deal with Dennott. She'd make short work of him, though she knew he was coming with us. I fear she thought a little flirtation would further her plans.

It's half past two. I believe I could sleep. I cannot go on writing—writing—writing—with only a fraction of my thoughts on the page, and the rest wondering if I shall live to read over these forced maunderings in safety—or whether they will lie, with me, under the waves. Oh, it is all so strange—a part of a nightmare. But one must sleep sometimes, even when one is drifting around the South Pole, with a broken shaft and the chief engineer sick in his berth.

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March 9, 1897.
On board the Chicola, in the
Antarctic Ocean (or somewhere near).

It's wretchedly cold. And we're poking about under one or two useless sails. Dr. Bellew is doing his best for poor Perkins, the engineer, but he hardly knows what is the matter. For two days I have shared the nursing with Martha and the doctor. The sick man is quite out of his head, poor fellow.

Dr. Bellew and Captain Wells dined with us to-night. They miss Perkins terribly from their own dinner. Everyone was glum and trying to be amusing. Nell was the only one who really felt in good spirits. She said we made her think of Josiah trying to be cheerful, but I did not know the allusion.

It's a wonder the shaft didn't do more damage before the engines were stopped. So they all say. It broke the very day after Perkins fell ill. We'd not been long out of sight of the Falkland Islands. The thing has taken a bad twist and they've not been able to hold the parts together in the usual way. Any ordinary trouble the men in the engine-room could put right, but a broken shaft is a different affair. I suspect that it's very doubtful if even Perkins could mend it. And if it were mended, would it stand the strain long enough to get us back to any place of safety? There have been regular gales and we've blown a long way west and much too far south.

It is dreadful to think what Ellen and Mr. Caldwell (Nell's father) will be suffering. They knew our plan, but of course we had no intention of getting away down here.

The men seem to find some diversion in cards. But they leave everything the moment Captain Wells appears—or the second engineer. Now and then John makes an expedition to the shaft well, and comes up sombre enough. He feels his responsibility far too keenly. It is in no way his fault. He isn't sleeping to-night. I will read to him. My reading never fails to make him sleepy.

March 10th.

Perkins is weaker. The doctor does not leave him.

Dennott is making love to Seraphine and her mistress at the same time. Once to-day I prevented the maid's meeting him by setting her at some work for me, on the plea that Martha had been too busy nursing to finish it. She glared for an instant like the beast she is. I've shown my dislike of her too plainly.

The doctor says Martha is invaluable. She was trained for a nurse before I discovered her and tempted her. I've always believed in that American who said, "Nothing is too much to pay for what you want." I am surer now of its truth than ever, though I paid well for Martha.

It grows colder and we're economizing heat, save for Perkins's cabin. Not so much as a rock in sight—nor a bird—nothing but water and watery sky and a wind from Niflheim, all fog and ghosts.

I talked to Lloyd about Dennott, but she says I misjudge him. He asks for nothing but friendship. And she lets him hold her hand! If we weren't almost on the edge of the world I should be distracted with Seraphine's intrigues and her evident jealousy of Lloyd, and with Lloyd's weakness and the man's cunning. As it is, Lloyd suspects my contempt and takes refuge oftener with Dennott. Nell is the only one who can hold her when Dennott wants her.

I find myself wondering whether it's her splendid courage that makes Nell's face so glorious, or just her hair and eyes. Dennott sees her beauty too, but she has repulsed him steadily. She can be as subtle and as clever as he, and he hates her for it. He knows she's impossible, and he keeps after Lloyd's fortune just as if she were the only woman on earth and death unheard of, and he makes love to Seraphine because she's a sharp tool, and neither of them stirs his snaky pulses to one flutter. He has the grace to change color sometimes, when Nell speaks to him, but his feeling for her is savage and ignoble. He'd beat her into submission with a club if he could.

The Colonel says nothing and does nothing but smoke. He declares he never did anything well but fight, and there's nothing to fight. He amuses himself now and then with the gun, and fires a "salute to the Pole" as he calls it, though, thank Heaven, we're yet far enough from that.

For two days we've been drifting north-

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west ; indeed, we've not seen any ice, but it's frightfully cold. I've always complained of American houses in winter, but I'd like to find myself in the hottest!

Mr. Dennott forgot himself to-day. Perkins is no worse, but the suspense is miserable, and, though no one says it, we all know our position may be hopeless. Such a man as Dennott is too selfish not to show himself a coward at a time like this. Moreover, to-day he was out of temper with me, for Lloyd was sick in her berth and I'd set Seraphine at work in my cabin (after locking all the drawers).

We sat over the luncheon a long time, until no one was left but Nell and Dennott and myself. In the attempt to make conversation I had told the whole story of the night at Sassnitz. Till to-day Dennott had known only that we were going on a wild-goose chase in the south seas—nothing more definite—and he seemed strangely affected by my story. I never saw anyone who had just met a ghost, but I should fancy only fear of the supernatural could make a man's face look as his did. And whether it was fright or something else, all the evil of him seemed to come to the surface.

"And Mr. Dwight spends a fortune and risks half a hundred lives for his wife's dreams!" he sneered. "It certainly remained for the American husband to carry chivalry—and credulity—so far as that!"

I was so angry at the insult to John that I bit my lips. I wouldn't bark back at such a cur.

But Nell answered for me. Her words should have stung him, but he seemed hardly aware that she had spoken. He left us with a rude sort of abruptness, and when we went on deck Captain Wells was showing him on the chart exactly where we are. Later, I saw him poring over a pencil-map of his own.

March 12th.

Southward again in a gale. The line along the horizon is *ice!*

Lloyd is still in bed (disabled by terror and afraid to meet Dennott as well). Nell is reading to her.

March 13th.

Nell discovered John descending into the bowels of the boat and insisted on going down with him. She came up all grease and dust, with her lips shut tight. Since then she is not herself. Her forehead is drawn into close lines and she notices nothing. She has bewitched John's reason, and they sit discussing impossibilities with an air of expectation that is worse than silence. It is all so foolish and futile.

It is still storming and the wind is fitful. Whenever there is a break we can see the ice plainly. For weeks now we have been drifting toward the west, but it is this occasional northeast wind that is worst. It makes me shiver to look at the chart. If it would only blow from the south.

Perkins is still unconscious.

March 14th, Morning.

I *must* sleep. All last night I smelt the smells of the English fields in spring and heard the fountain drip in the park at home.

Captain Wells and the second engineer are going to try another experiment. Nell is at the bottom of it. They are going to make another attempt to mend the shaft. I can see there's no hope of success. They are doing it to please Nell. She is down in the shaft-tunnel at this moment. She says she was brought up among machines. Her father invents, I infer. I overheard her questioning the young engineer.

"Was a broken shaft ever mended at sea, Mr. MacCleod?"

"Yes, miss; the engineer of the Bavaria got great praise for bringing her in, ye'll mind. But it's a deeficult thing, a fair deeficult thing to do."

"But why can't you do it if he did?" demanded Nell.

The lad, for he's hardly more, shook his head.

"He'd had years of experience, miss, but I'll try again if you put it so."

And they're trying. Nell has explained to me the way it's to be done, but the idea I gathered seems to amuse her. Never mind. My family never had anything to do with machines.

Afternoon.

We are no better for the experiment. No one can mend it.

And the ice is plain and jagged and

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near and the cold ghastly. Perkins is muttering, but still unconscious.

March 15th.

Something must be done.

March 16th.

Nell has done it. Against the doctor's orders she walked into Perkins's cabin and took his hand, and when he opened his eyes she said: "The shaft is broken thirty feet from the collision bulkhead. We are drifting on the ice. MacCleod can't make the collar meet."

Perkins looked at her with his eyebrows drawn down, as John says he always looks when he's talking about his engines, and sat up, or tried to.

"You're too weak," she said. "I'll send MacCleod. He'll do what you say."

They report each step as fast as it's taken and he has shown no signs of relapsing. They're cutting out a stanchion to use as a bolt—and drilling holes in the shaft.

An hour later.

Perkins has become incoherent. O God—is there no way!

Later.

The doctor has been here to give me a stimulant. His words were better than the medicine.

Nell has taken matters quite into her own control. She settled herself as Perkins's nurse, bent over close to his ear, and took both his hands in hers.

"Sleep!" she said, "so you can help us. Sleep!" and he stopped muttering. Her touch seems to have a most inexplicable effect. Now he sleeps, still grasping her hands.

Later still.

He has made the broken shaft a part of his delirium. He is going on with his directions mixed with ravings about his family and a man he hates who, he thinks, is pursuing us in a gunboat. His delusion is so real that I've had to come away. It would need only that to make our situation even more horrible than it is.

They can't work fast enough to satisfy him, but MacCleod announces the completion of each step long before it's done, and he has finished most of the necessary directions.

March 17th, Morning.

It was time. He grows more and more wild as we fail to start. He says they are firing on us.

Night again.

They have had the greatest difficulty in following Perkins's directions. Some tool lacking. His delirium has increased so one of the stewards is helping to hold him. It seems

I was interrupted by the doctor looking for Perkins. He had escaped everyone and fled away to the engines. The men were terrified out of their wits when they saw him standing over them in the dim flare of the shaft well.

They'd almost given up and were resting in sullen silence looking down at the shaft. MacCleod was pleading with them, when all at once he stopped, and they turned around to see what had arrested him. Their nerves were pretty well on edge, and no sailor could have met that corpse-like figure in white without terror.

His eyes were blazing, and when he gave a command the men fell to work like mad and their strength was more than human. Nothing but force can get Perkins away, and the exertion has set him into a violent perspiration. He tears off the blankets the doctor carries him and prowls up and down driving the men, talking, gesticulating, working, like one possessed. He has cut and bruised his bare ankles, but he does not seem to know even that he's not dressed. About the work his mind is as clear as ever, but all the time he hears that boat bombarding us and sometimes in his violence he strikes the men for their slowness.

Midnight.

Perkins has fainted. But the repairs are finished. They have been getting up the fires for hours.

If she should not go!

Lloyd is looking at me piteously as I write.

I can't bear to stay on deck. It is lonely. I hope eternity isn't like this. I never want vastness again. I think of all the cosey corners that I know, my dressing-room and the—

She goes! She goes! Thank God.

The men are cheering. John's voice. He is com——

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March 18th.

We are safe. Going northward, but slowly, for fear of straining the mended shaft.

From the moment the engine started Perkins's delirium began to yield. He is gaining.

Dennott is happy. He has fairly nauseated me with his satisfaction since yesterday, when he found out we'd given up the search. We are still a long way from land, and, as John says, we are provisioned for only one Antarctic voyage.

Nell is serious for the first time, and I am haunted by the thought of that Englishman on the egg-shaped rock. But I say nothing. Dennott's reproach to John rankles. That northeast wind blew us into far waters, and the poor fellow may be lying dead on some land we drifted past in the night.

March 19th.

A blot on the horizon. It may prove a boat. There is a suggestion of mist and the glasses make nothing of it. I shall think it a boat and that there are living people on her, till the sun comes out and proves that I am wrong.

The Colonel says if it would only turn out a pirates that he might have a "show," but the very idea, like Perkins's delirium, is too ghastly for a joke. What would become of a yacht, armed with only one senseless gun for firing salutes, if a pirate were to give chase!

Nell is doing more than her share of the nursing of Perkins. Even John notices how quiet she's grown, now that we've really started north. I wish he would come around to my opinion of Dennott. John is curiously unsuspicious for a man that knows the world. Besides, he has a masculine notion that women are always discovering mare's nests.

I don't know what possible harm Dennott can do us, but I am sure that the will is there. He is malicious and he's a coward. I suspect that he persecutes Nell. She seems to find Perkins's cabin a relief from something.

I think Lloyd is coming to her senses a bit. Seraphine lost her jealous temper yesterday and spit like the little wildcat she is. Lloyd told me about it, and asked if I had seen, or noticed, anything between her maid and Mr. Dennott.

I told her what I knew. It was not pleasant, for she's such a child one has to use terribly plain language. I said, of course, that I didn't believe the man cared at all for Seraphine, that he was merely using the maid as a tool to work on the mistress.

She flashed out at that in quite a spark of indignation, and withered my hint that it might matter to her what sentiments he cherished. Since then she has shown a very proper spirit, and is plainly disgusted with him and with herself.

Later: Evening.

The boat has disappeared in the darkness and the mist is fast becoming a fog. It is cold, and blowing briskly. We are using just enough steam to keep from being carried backward on our course. This region is almost uncharted, and Captain Wells prefers to stay where we are till daylight.

Nell had been having a long talk with Lloyd when I looked in on them to say good-night. Both were bending over the picture of Hamilton.

"He is dead. He would have come back if he had not been killed," Lloyd was saying. The tone in her voice was new to me.

Dennott scowled at Seraphine to-night when she came on deck to bring Lloyd's rugs, and the girl seemed frightened. I dislike her. She is neither honest nor good, but I won't have her bullied under my own roof, even if it is only the roof of a yacht.

If is after midnight. If I can sleep it won't seem so long before I know whether that was a boat or a picture in the mist. If it was a boat, she must have been sailing away from us. The search-light shows nothing on the sea. I wish we'd found our Englishman on the rock. His fate seems more dreadful than ever, now I know what the horrors of this waste can be.

Saturday Morning, March 20th.

I have slipped down here to my writing-desk more for the sake of seeming occupied than anything else. But I sha'n't be able to keep long away from the deck.

The boat was no boat, but an island, an oval sort of hump in the sea. If it should

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be the "egg-shaped rock"! We are steering now directly for it, though it was behind us on the west when the sun rose.

Mr. Dennott's conduct is extraordinary. He has at last betrayed himself. From the moment John gave the order to turn back, the man followed him about offering endless objections. Finally he urged the condition of Perkins and the risk of our being again disabled.

John answered, soothingly.

"Of course we must go back," he said. "You wouldn't have me pass that rock and never stop!"

"But no one was warned of this!" snapped Dennott.

"Warned!" John's voice was less soothing. "See here, Dennott, I don't expect to find either man or beast on that island, but I shall stop. As for danger, there's always danger——"

"Danger, but not crime," Dennott interrupted, viciously. "Kidnapping, even to please a woman, is a crime!"

I turned and got away before Dennott saw me. If he had spoken to me in the tone he used to John—even John's long-suffering has its limit, and I pray Heaven we may reach home without a scene.

Why *shouldn't* this be the egg-shaped rock? I hardly dare think. It is hundreds and hundreds of miles from any Falkland Islands. Of course it cannot be.

Almost noon.

Nell came to call me and I find my desk unlocked. I must have turned the key before the lid was close enough to catch. I hope no one has been at the contents. Seraphine was in the room when I came down and it made me suspicious.

We have been anchored here now for two hours. As we got nearer I was more excited than I liked to say. So was everyone, for that matter. Dennott seemed making an effort to control himself. He used every possible means to conciliate Lloyd. Seraphine has "confessed" that all she said to her mistress was a fabrication. She is completely under the man's thumb. But Lloyd does not respond. Some instinct has at last taken fright. The bare thought of rivalry with her maid has sickened her. She will be as obstinate in her distrust as she was in her childish confidence.

John—I can hardly believe it—still laughs at me.

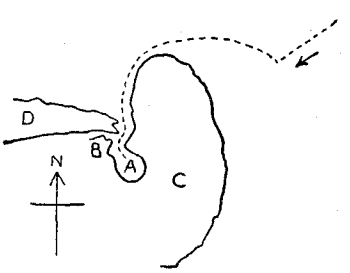
"Dennott's no villain," he says. "Coward, just plain coward! Folly to be angry. There are such chaps, you know, good fellows till they're in a hole. Then they snarl. Don't waste any wrath on him, Celia. He's afraid!"

I believe I am fated not to see myself vindicated. I do dislike the idea of being thought petty and suspicious, or worse still, melodramatic.

This writing seems the only way by which to kill the time. Nell is as restless as I am. She would have gone with the exploring party, but at the last minute Dennott suddenly changed his mind and joined them. The man looked anxious—desperate. What can be the connection between his fright and this island!

The Colonel promised me to see that no harm came to John. There are six in the party, John, the Colonel, Dennott, and three of the sailors.

I have made a map of the island as far as I have seen it. The dotted line is our course and A is the Chicola at anchor; C is the egg-shaped part we saw first, and B is a headland or little promontory that shuts off our view from everything but a low, reef-like stretch of rocks (D) that form one shore of the channel by which we entered. The egg-shaped part is so high that it seems to rise like a precipice from the basin where we are lying. On all sides but one we have lost the sky.



One o'clock.

This is getting unbearable. Where can they be! I can't stay here. I can't stay on deck. Where *is* John! He wouldn't leave me in this suspense unless——

Some time in the Night, March 20th or 21st.

I couldn't write any more this morning. I doubt if I shall do much better

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now. But it's become a habit—writing. I can't read. I should interrupt every line to live over the day.

I bore it as long as I could—the waiting. Then I persuaded Captain Wells to send Nell and me over to the height I marked B on my map. We arranged a set of handkerchief signals with Lloyd.

It was a scramble, landing, but we managed it, and what was harder, we managed the climb up the rocks. I never saw such wicked rocks as those that form the ridges of that miserable island. They jut up into sharp points like the teeth of a saw, and each of these points has a saw-like edge that tears and cuts. It was bad enough on the headland, but what lay beyond seemed worse.

Nell remarked a queer thing that we remembered afterward. All these jagged teeth either rose straight up or projected toward the west.

Once on top we could see the whole place. There were two islands stretching away a mile or more, the one we were on, a continuation of the egg-shaped part we had seen first, and another curving away to the southwest, a sterile wilderness of rocks. These rocks were the worst of all. Nell said that with her eyes half shut she saw thousands of bony arms "stretched out to grasp some invisible prey." It was uncanny.

Between the two islands there was a fairish width of water, which was nearly closed at our end by the promontory on which we stood. There was barely room here for a small boat to pass, but the far entrance was wide. Midway of our island was a patch of scrubby bushes and what might be a bowlder, or a small house. Even there the rocks were heaped together in a most awful and desolate fashion, and save for our boat, there was no sign of inhabitant anywhere—bird or beast or human being.

We waved our handkerchiefs once to show that we could see nothing, and set our eyes to the glasses again.

I was the first to discover a figure crawling out of the shadow of the brush. Then followed another, then another, dots creeping out on the surface—one, two, three, four—until we counted six, and then I dropped my glass. I was trembling with relief and my arm was unsteady, but Nell kept her glass at her eyes and—"There's a seventh!" she cried. "There's another man!"

Before they were within hail we had scrambled down again, gone aboard, and sent the boat back to the shore.

The very air seemed to hold its breath as we waited. The waves scarcely moved the boat. Nell's cheeks burned. Lloyd clung to me for the first few minutes, then walked over to the ladder and stopped there, looking down at the green water, not stirring.

The excitement among the men was so tense I feared Martha had said too much.

At last John stood on the nearest ridge of rocks looking down on us, and I cried out to him, "John!" and he answered me, "We've found him, Celia," and he turned and put out both hands, and the Colonel drew himself up beside my husband and they held between them a strange figure.

And the cheers broke out again and again, but as they brought him up the ladder the sound died into murmurs of pity, for the man was weak and worn to a dreadful pass; that everyone could see.

Then all at once I heard Lloyd's voice. Such a cry! I didn't know she had soul enough for so much feeling. It shivered all through me, and the men turned and looked at one another and there was a perfect silence.

I thought Lloyd must have fainted, but she hadn't. She stood with one slender arm about the stranger's queerly clad body, and his arm rested on her shoulder, and her face—well, I suppose some such change immortality will make. I didn't know it was in the girl.

And the man. He did not even look at us, for his eyes were fastened on her.

Before anyone had spoken, Doctor Bellew had interfered and carried him off. But it was Hamilton. So much I knew, for I remembered him well. And it was an American, not an Englishman, we had saved after all.

It was two o'clock when they came aboard. They had been away between three and four hours. First they had made a long search on all sides of the egg-shaped portion of the island. And even after they had found the prisoner they could not at

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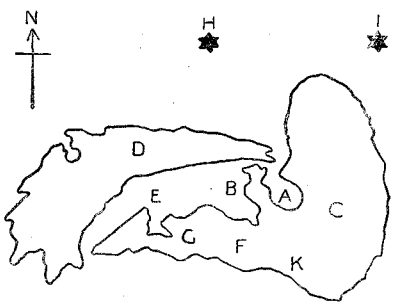
once start on the difficult journey across the rocks, his weakness was so great.

I was eager to be off, out of sight of the place. But MacCleod, under Perkins's directions, had spent the day overhauling the shaft, already weakened by a few days' use, and he needed another hour. We had been going at less than half speed and Perkins decided it must be still further reduced, so that an hour more or less seemed no great matter.

Moreover, one of the sailors of John's party had discovered a spring (K) and it appeared to Captain Wells a providential opportunity to replenish our supply of water.

The doctor had ordered a fresh imprisonment for Hamilton. He is not to be allowed to talk until he is stronger and he has been all day under the influence of some sleeping-potion. It has saved him,



A, Basin.
B, Headland.
C, Egg-shaped Rocks.
D, Reef.
E, Slavodska.
F, Bushes.
G, Hut.
H and I, final positions of Slavodska and Chicola.

no doubt, from madness or brain fever, but as I sat on deck watching them tumble the barrels of water on board and looking up at the walls of that curious harbor, I was impatient to hear his story and thought the doctor's arrangement very arbitrary.

It was four o'clock when the small boat was pulled up and fastened in place, and we began crawling out of the basin into the channel.

I took my glass and stood by the pilot-house, hoping to get a glimpse of the remoter parts of the islands as we cleared the headland, but I had no more than fixed my gaze on the opening when a roar like a blast of thunder made me drop the glass and stare with naked eyes first up into the sky and then straight ahead.

There, clearly in my line of vision, clean against the sky, stood out another boat. She lay peacefully enough at anchor between the two islands, but rags of smoke still hung over her stern and floated lightly straight up in the still air.

I looked to see if we were hit. It had been no more than a blank shot sent as a warning.

As I turned toward the place where John had been standing with the captain, I saw that Dennott was beside me, and, instead of alarm, his face showed a pleased excitement.

"That means we must stop," he said, quickly. (His expression had changed as he met my eyes.) "They want to speak to us."

Our progress through the channel had been slow, but we showed no signs of stopping, and even while Dennott was speaking, came the sound of a second shot. The noise of the echo, of stones rattling down from the bluff (this time it was not blank shot), of the captain's orders, and of Dennott's voice made one horrid confusion. The spray wet my face where the stones splashed up the water about our bow.

"Are you mad?" It was Dennott again, shouting at the captain. "Stop! or they will blow you in pieces!"

I put up my glass. I wasn't thinking much about Dennott. It was the boat—I had recognized her flag. We were going a little faster, but a crippled spaniel cannot outrun a greyhound. I knew those boats launched in the harbor of Beletsk.

She was under way, making for the farther opening between the islands. I heard John speak, but I could not take my eyes from the glass. The cruiser kept firing as she went. Then a higher point of rock cut her off. She disappeared southward. John had me by the arm.

"Come below; you mustn't stay here!" he said.

"Which way," I answered, "which way will they turn? If they go south we could put back. She's too big to run in here." I knew there was no hope for us in the open.

There was another shot. It tore up the water an eighth of a mile away. Then the higher rocks again cut us off. The next

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time she had no chance to aim, but we saw *she had turned north.*

Dennott was beside himself. He raved. No one noticed him. I knew things that happened in Beletsk—in the governor's palace, in the prisons—outside! So did John. Here—with no witnesses—no end to be gained— No: we'd not stop.

Captain Wells (he was as calm as when I first saw him standing in the door of a New England farm-house) had set the sails to catch the little breath that was springing up.

The gunboat was coming straight toward us now—not more than half a mile away—firing—firing—all the time. She had two guns in her bow. The noise was like the end of the world. A horrible breaking up of everything—a kind of maelstrom in the midst of all that peace around us. The waves rose in great leaps under our very sides; we rolled in the turmoil made by the bursting shells. The gun in our bow was worthless to us, of course. I saw the Colonel look at it. He was at work—with the sailors. Not that work seemed of any use.

I couldn't go below. John stowed me as safely as possible, and left me for an instant. There was something fearful in the silence of the men as they obeyed orders. All the blood in my body seemed settling in a sharp pressure about my heart.

There were splinters falling around us, as Nell came quickly across the deck. She lifted the glass in my hand.

"Look!" she cried. "Look! Do you see the flags?"

"Yes—Tesgovia——"

"No: the other." Her hand clenched on my arm in a grasp that hurt.

"Yellow, with a coat of arms?" My hand shook.

"That's the flag of the Duke of Btabura, the man I'm to marry." Her face was dreadful to see. "I will kill myself, but I will not fall into his hands."

She spoke very fast, I thought in a whisper. It must have been loud or I couldn't have heard. They were nearer. The aim was truer.

"It was to please my father. There was another—I thought he had deserted me—But there may have been treachery——"

All at once her words broke through my absorption. I saw it—all she meant. The long winter at Beletsk—the Duke whose marriage to the daughter would cancel debts to the father—the other man—disposed of—the girl piqued—half pleased by the handsome Duke—badgered by her father—the horror of the revulsion——

Then John was there with his, "Go, dear; go below. I'll come in a minute," and I was answering, "With you; I stay with you, John"—then a shock that tore us apart, and flung Nell and me against the foremast. When we could see, there was John's body like a shield in front of us, arms outstretched and blood dripping from one wrist.

I bound it quickly before I looked elsewhere. The pilot-house was shattered, the wheel jammed and useless. One of the sailors lay on the deck, and Doctor Bellew bent over him with a case of instruments open beside them.

The others were coming faster. It could not be long.

"I must tell Lloyd," I cried, and I knew as I left him that John was glad to see me go into better shelter.

Lloyd met me at the door of Hamilton's cabin.

"Sh-sh-sh!" she said. Even in that awful uproar she hushed me. "He must not wake. He shall not—to any new horrors. At the very last, if there is no hope——"

"But there is no hope, save in a miracle. Come and see," I implored. "Let us all be together, on deck."

"Not yet," she answered. "At the end, if there is time—" and she pushed me away gently and I went back. Love had made Lloyd great.

I had to cling to everything as I made my way up to John. We rocked in a wallowing, horrible fashion.

The men had worked like heroes. Now they waited. Most of them neither cried nor swore. Some of them knelt. It troubled me to see the cook in his white cap sobbing by the companion way, and Sam, the cat, rubbing against Nell and looking up anxiously at her and us.

Nell took the frightened creature in her arms and it settled down trembling. (I laid my hand on its neck and it was purring—a comfortable little bubbling of contentment.)

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The mainmast was split and fallen from the middle. The yacht had swung around and lay spent, heaving and sinking with a kind of wrenching groan.

Doctor Bellew still worked over the wounded man. He did not look up, even when part of the rail was shorn off almost at his right hand.

It was all in a moment. I saw everything as if it were quite unreal—as if I were looking into a glass and had no part in the panorama.

The sailors had bared their heads. Everyone was silent. All the time the black thing was coming—death hurling itself upon us. John's arm was around me. I put out a hand to Nell, but she was gone to Lloyd. If there is a brave deed above another it is to go down into the dark inside of a sinking ship and wait death in a cage. I couldn't have done it—unless John had been there.

And then I saw Dennott coming up from below with a long strip of white, from the bed linen, waving on a stick. He struck out brutally with the stick as the white rag was torn from his grasp.

After that no one moved. I felt John's clasp tighten quickly. They had withheld their fire for a little, so as to load both guns at once. They were close, so close they could have made fragments of a bigger boat than ours. The cat was crouching under the broken mast.

I held the glass. I saw the gunners waiting the instant to fire. I closed my eyes and—the very foundations of the sea seemed vomited up. One loud explosion—the last and worst, I thought, if I thought at all, then another more loud, and in our very ears; and, after, a more fearful rocking and wallowing of the yacht, and from John just two words: "My God!" Then I felt the glass taken out of my hands.

Something I had not expected in the tone and more than all, the withdrawal of the glass, made me open my eyes. At first I could not make it out at all. The cruiser was gone.

The sea was beaten and broken into great billows of foam and two huge masses of a hull were just sinking out of sight. And it was *her* fragments, not ours, that were still falling as if they came from the sky itself. The air and the water were in awful commotion.

Then the captain's voice called:

"Lower the boat."

I could not move. "Thank God," and "O God, I thank Thee," and "Have mercy on their souls," I think I said, but whether aloud or to myself I do not know.

The men were awed and strange in manner, but they went swiftly to their posts. The cook was still sobbing by the companion-way; whether he knew that the peril was past or still feared I cannot tell.

Only the thought of Nell and her courage and of the other girl committed to my care gave me strength to move, to leave the spot where all the awfulness and wonder stared me in the face. But I went down and told them. What, I hardly know. Both looked at me solemnly like souls out of another life, and I kissed them, and left them, and went back.

It was some time before Nell came to me. Lloyd had fainted and needed her. I had the glass again and was staring at the sea. Nothing but fragments floating everywhere. Of all the hull there remained only one piece of any size, a coop-like bit that bobbed and wavered on the side toward us. There was nowhere any sign of anything human unless the dark things on the coop-like raft could be men.

Our boat was making for it. Then it toppled over and sank. But the boat kept on. It was not too late. As I watched it returning I could distinguish the figures of two men. I looked and looked, and as I looked I cried out with dismay. One figure lay prostrate in the bottom of the boat, but the other that sat erect and nursed a wounded arm had the face of the miniature I had found lying on Nell's dressing-table and opened.

Nell heard, and she too raised the glass. It fell from her hands to the deck, and when I turned to promise her protection she was gone. But I saw Martha follow, and knew she was safe.

"She must 'ave struck a 'idden rock and 'er speed was hawful," I heard a sailor say. Then I remembered the teeth all pointing west. And she was coming straight in the opposite direction.

But the explosions? Were they steam—or the magazine? I suppose no one will ever know. Those horns of rock might

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have gored sheer beyond any false bottom ever made.

I was hardly curious as to the approach of the boat. Indeed I could think of nothing, but longed to go away to my own cabin and kneel with a thankful heart, alone, and give praise to God.

I had forgotten Seraphine. I am ashamed that it was so, but I did not know what had become of the girl, when I saw her standing not far from Dennott, who lounged against the stump of the mainmast. He held a glass of wine in his right hand.

And then there happened something strange and sudden, a thing I had wanted with all my heart, and yet I felt no triumph at the moment, only distress and horror. For when the man of the miniature set his foot upon the deck his eyes fell on Dennott, who stood, once more erect and confident, with the empty glass in his hand, and without a word of greeting or gratitude he turned to John and demanded, sharply:

"How does *he* come here?"

Dennott's eyes turned first to the companion-way. I saw the glass shake, but before the question was fairly spoken it had steadied and his air was as confident as before.

The stranger repeated his question.

"How comes that fellow here?"

"He is my guest," John answered, coldly. I thought that he returned the other's excited glance with some contempt.

"Your guest!" The man put his hand under his belt. "Then your guest writes this," and he pulled out a paper. One corner was wet, and tore as it came out. It was the paper of the Chicola. I knew it, for it was made for me. He held it toward John. I could see that the heading was gone, but I knew my paper.

"Read it," said the Colonel, and John read:

"'To the Agents of the Government at Beletsk:

"'The prisoner, R— H—n, has been taken away to-day, March 20, 1897, by the yacht Chicola, owned and commanded by John Dwight, an American. The yacht has a mended shaft, and can easily be overhauled. She is bound for San Francisco.'"

It was signed with a cipher.

A sound came from the throats of the sailors crowding closer. Some of them started forward.

"How do you know this man wrote the letter, and how is it in your hands?" John's voice was still unbelieving.

"It was found in the hut on the Île d'Œuf and brought to me for the cipher that no one else could read." (The answer was quick and straight from the shoulder.) "It is the hand of the man who swore to the prisoner's guilt. I heard his denunciation, and I saw him write and sign his deposition. He is a Tesgovian spy."

"I am an Englishman," Dennott broke in, furiously, "an *Englishman* and the British flag protects, even if the American can't. Who are you to dare insult a British subject?"

"You know who I am." The accuser's look did not move. "This is the second time I have overtaken you in a crime. The first time you would have kidnapped a woman—for mere——"

"The woman you wanted to marry," Dennott sneered. "But you're beaten there. She's dead."

In his triumph Dennott overlooked the confession of his words, for they had worked a fearful change in the man's face.

I was about to speak, forgetting how unwelcome this Duke of Btabura must be to Nell, when, with a sudden motion, at some order from Captain Wells, four sailors closed on Dennott and he disappeared from the deck. John says he will not appear again. There was no hint of triumph in his face as he went—only hate.

The Duke had turned to the other rescued figure; a common sailor, he seemed, with a boorish and unpleasant countenance. He had speedily come to himself, but appeared unable to stir, through fear or obstinacy.

"He owes his life to being set to guard me," his companion said.

I thought he looked at the loutish creature kindly. In spite of my knowledge, I could not dislike this stranger with the foreign coloring and the English accent. He could not be altogether ignoble, for the sailors had found him supporting the heavy weight of his stupid comrade at the risk of his own life. (He had strained

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one arm, already hurt, so it stiffened helplessly after the rescue.)

As I watched him, more puzzled at each glance, Martha appeared.

"Miss Caldwell is all right, Ma'am, only a little white and queer," she said.

I was turning over the Duke's words, "To guard me!" What did he mean?

The sailors were clearing the deck. The boat had set off once more. We were swinging lumpishly around almost on the very scene of the explosion and the busiest group of carpenters and engineers were still working with anxious energy at the wheel when I followed John and the Colonel below.

The stranger was already in dry clothes, and seated before a luncheon that showed the dilapidation of the cook's spirit. But the luncheon did not matter, for he touched no food, and though his face was pale and his whole attitude oppressed, he sipped the brandy without pleasure and it brought no color to his cheek. I felt like a traitor to Nell, but I could not help liking him, and something in his voice was familiar.

"Why was that man 'guarding' you?" I asked him, abruptly. "Because of the danger?"

"I was under arrest," he answered.

"Arrest! That seems impossible," I rejoined. "Who had authority?"

He set down his glass and fingered the bread absently for a moment. Then he lifted his head and looked at us. All the animation had gone out of him. He wasn't the same man that had confronted Dennott. But though his tone was lifeless it was clear, as if he made a weary effort to be courteous to the curiosity of his hosts. His first words did not answer my question.

"I am an Englishman by birth," he said. "My mother was a Buckingham from Exeter. My father was a merchant of Beletsk. In the end he gave up his home and became an English citizen. After they died, I travelled—finally to the home of my father. He had loved the language, had liked to speak it with me. The country was at war. I found myself in the quarrel. It was easiest to stay. I was made an officer—but it was a little court—my duties were often diplomatic—partly because I spoke two languages as my own."

He stopped, apparently forgetting us, and broke the bread in small pieces and laid the pieces in a row beside his plate. Then, resting his elbow on the table, he raised a glass and looked at it a long time.

"But why did they arrest you?" asked John. I had listened in silence, not comprehending. What was this story about the merchant, his father? A duke's father! I was dull and waited stupidly while he spoke.

"But for the escape of the prisoner I should have been left with him, on the island," he went on. "The reason I do not know. Perhaps I knew too much of—Perhaps—" He lifted the glass again, and set it down suddenly. "A year ago last November an American gentleman came to Beletsk—and his daughter—" He fell silent again.

"An American and his daughter," repeated the Colonel, impatiently.

The man looked up quickly and flushed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "They spent the winter there. I knew them well. After two months I went to the father and asked him if he would accept me as a son, if it pleased his daughter. He refused me, with much heat. That night I learned—what I might have seen before—a nephew of the King had made the same request—and been accepted."

"Accepted by the father or the daughter?" I asked, sharply.

He did not hear me. Seraphine had opened the door into Hamilton's cabin and we saw Lloyd beside his berth and his eyes, opened again, resting on her face. For an instant I thought the man's composure was gone. His look hurt me like a sick child's. But he did not stop.

"The next day I was ordered to accompany a political prisoner to this island. I was not alone in command. I did not even see the prisoner. I was closeted with the commander when he was taken ashore. When I returned to Beletsk the marriage was arranged. She was gone. There were spies everywhere, though the worst, the one you have on board, was in England—arranging a rich marriage. I was morose. It was seen. It had been said my suit was favored. Perhaps they feared revenge—some treason. The Duke kept the King uneasy. Some rumor of your expedition reached the court. The

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Slavodska was fitted out for—the Duke was in command. No one dreamed you would really find the island. It was a pretext to be rid of me."

"But the American girl," I broke in, "where was she?"

"I did not know. The Duke had given out that she was in America. I posted a letter beyond the frontier. There was no reply. I knew nothing—till to-day—till this——"

"And *you*—you are *not* the Duke!" I rose and I must have startled him with my eagerness, I had been so quiet, so stolid, before.

"I—the Duke—madam?" His surprise brought back no trace of animation. "I am Edward Buckingham Gavelsod—Gavelskoid in Tesgovian."

"And the Duke—where——"

"Gone down with the Slavodska—happiest even dead." The bitterness—the despairing—of the tone brought a sudden burst of recollection.

"You were on the island of Rügen, at Sassnitz, last September," I cried. "Now I know your voice."

He seemed amazed.

"And it is your miniature, *yours*, not his—and you think he told the truth—that man— O John, this is Nell's secret! I must go to her—I must tell her——"

But Nell was there, in the open door, her face still very white and her eyes shining.

He rose, one hand on the table to steady himself. A napkin fell at his feet. We forgot to breathe. He did not move, but she came from the doorway into the room, and as she came, she walked at first swiftly with firm steps; then all at once something in his rigidity seemed to shake her. She stopped—and the dazed look went out of his eyes and a splendid color and energy flashed into his face. He sprang to meet her—and John and the Colonel and I someway found ourselves on deck, and I was shaking hands with both at once.

Auckland, of course, not Falkland. It's just come to me.

THE LODE STAR

By Mary E. Wilkins

IMPERIAL over all the hosts of night,
Still regnant glorious in its ordered place
When storms prevailed on ebon heights of space,
Invincible by power of morning light,
His Lode Star shone, and to his straining sight
The orbit gleamed of his immortal race.
Then toward that distant goal he set his face,
And followed ever after with his might,
Child to the law of the celestial spheres,
And of the roses with their circling bloom—
The key-note of that choral march begun
'Mid chaos thunders, ever in his ears,
Till past the earth-horizon of the tomb,
His Lode Star led him toward the farthest Sun.

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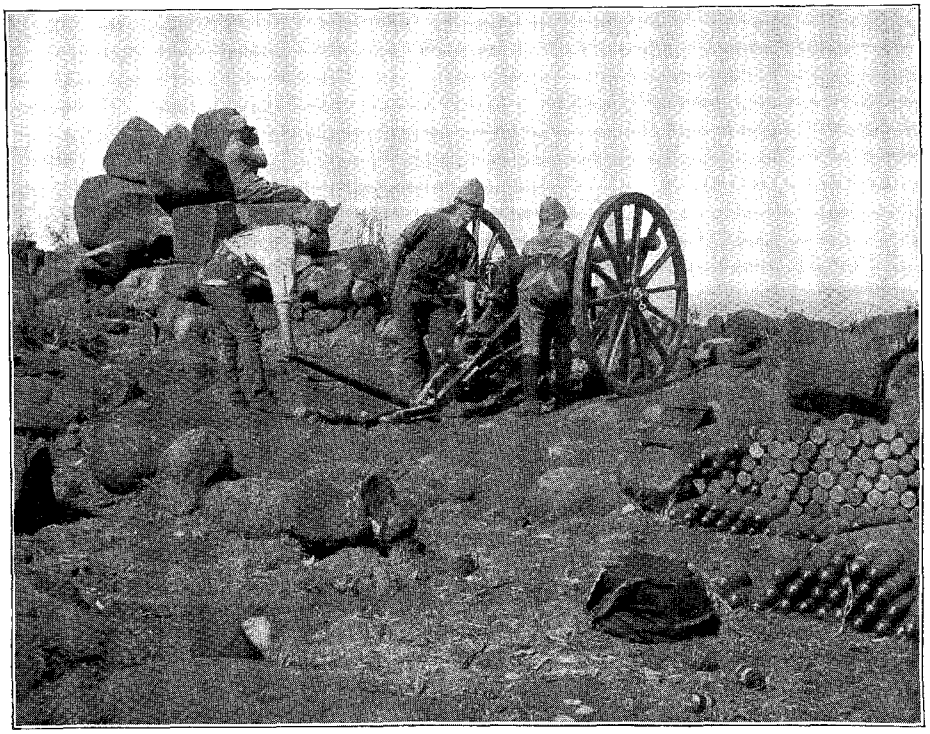

Artillery in Action.

Field-gun on top of Coles Kop. Trail of the gun is sunk in the ground to get extra elevation.

THE INTERMEDIATE STAGE OF THE BOER WAR

By H. J. Whigham

THE battle of Colenso brought the British forces to a full stop all over South Africa. That was on December 15th. We are now well into February and in the last two months we have had ample time for mourning over our sins and making good resolutions for the future. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener have arrived; they are already on their way to Modder River; an army, the first we have yet had in South Africa, is encamped all the way from Gras Pan to the Riet River and beyond. In a few days we shall be in the enemy's country, and Kimberley will be relieved. In the meantime it is worth while to look back over the first inglorious period of the war, the period of fruitless victories and disheartening reverses, of foolish mistakes and slow awakenings to the real facts of the case; when the nation at home was shaking off the slothfulness of generations to face the problems of a new day in which the whole future of the Empire was at stake.

The charges against the conduct of the war since it began are of a threefold nature. They are concerned, first of all, with the material of the British Army; secondly, with General Buller's strategy; and thirdly, with our generals' tactics. From what one can see of the English papers the first of these charges is the most serious, and the third is considered least important. From actual experience I should be inclined to reverse the order. Everyone knows that the British Army is absurdly small when compared with the continental army; but as our army

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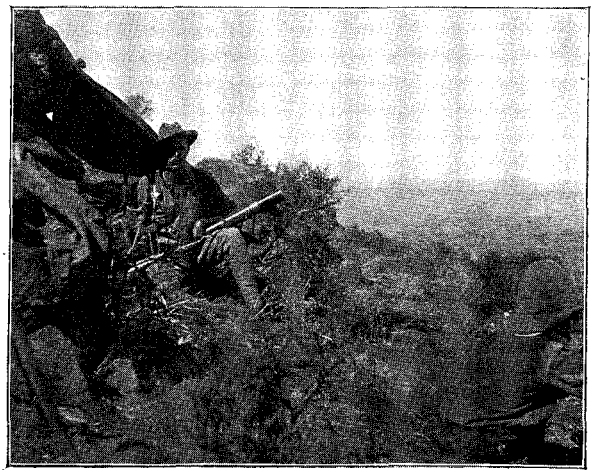


Signal Service.—Telegraph Operator on Coles Kop.

has never been greater than it was, when the war began, it is difficult to see why any particular government, Liberal or Conservative, should be blamed for a state of things which is almost inherent in the British constitution. Leaving the question of numbers aside, therefore, let us consider for a moment the concrete charges.

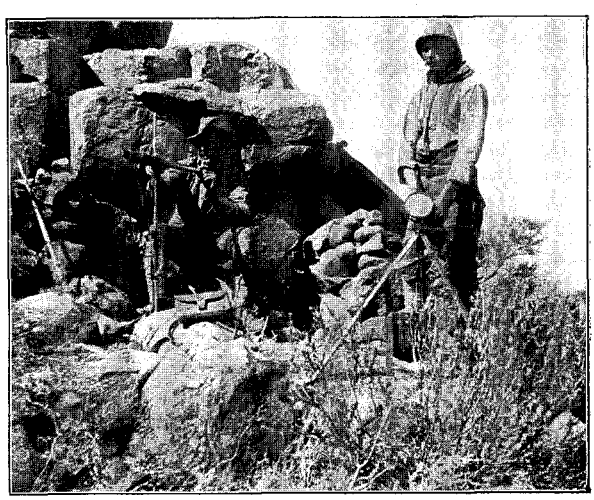
I

THE most important point made is that we have not enough artillery, and that what we have is inferior to that of the Boers. Here we are on firm ground, and we have the actual experience of the past few months to go by.

I am afraid there is no doubt about the proportion of guns to men being on a totally wrong basis.

The best authorities hold that an army must have three guns per 1,000 infantry. That was the ratio established by Napoleon, and it must be regarded as a minimum. In the Franco-German War of 1870, the proportion on the German side was on the whole 3.3 guns per 1,000 infantry, though at Sedan it was as high as 4.4. At the great battle of Sadowa which settled the war of 1866, the Prussians had five guns for every 1,000 infantry. So that we must regard the average of three guns per 1,000 infantry as the lowest possible allowance. Turning to the record of General Buller's army-corps we find that each division was accompanied by three batteries, amounting to eighteen guns for a force of something over 8,000 infantry. That is to say, every division was six guns short to begin with; as matters actually turned out the deficiency was in nearly every case accentuated.

Lord Methuen started off to the relief of Kimberley with 8,000 men and twelve guns—exactly half the amount of artillery necessary. At Stormberg, General Gatacre had 2,000 men engaged and twelve guns. Here the proportion of guns was in his favor, but he needed every one of them. At Colenso General Buller had four brigades of infantry in his command and five field-batteries. He was therefore entitled by rule to at least forty-eight guns. He had actually thirty. In that case the deficiency was shown in a most disastrous way, for as soon as he lost ten of his guns his force became helpless and was compelled to retire. With a proper complement of guns in an engagement of that sort a general should be able to lose ten



Signal Service.—Working a Heliograph on Coles Kop.

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and still go on with the fight. These three instances are quite enough to show that the army-corps was hopelessly short in the matter of artillery, and although it was re-enforced by guns taken off the ships at Cape Town and Durban the disparity was never entirely removed.

By the time Lord Methuen's column got to Modder River he was strengthened by the timely arrival of four guns of the Sixty-second Battery, so that, with the naval 12-pounders included, he had actually twenty guns engaged in the afternoon. He should have had twenty-seven, but he was at least better off than he had been at Belmont, where he ought to have had twenty-four, and, instead, went into action with twelve. Again at Magersfontein he was better off, for there he had thirty field pieces—including one howitzer battery and one horse artillery battery—and one 4.7 naval gun which was practically a fixture. His infantry force there, if we include the Ninth Brigade, which was in reserve, amounted to about 12,000 men, so that he was only five guns short of the number which all good authorities regard as the minimum.

In Ladysmith, as far as one can judge, Sir George White has been about one battery short of the minimum allowance in the way of field-artillery, and of course hopelessly weak in garrison-artillery.

In every important engagement or situation, with the exception of the Stormberg incident, we have been at least a battery short of the minimum allowance laid down in all military books. In many cases we have had about half the proper complement.

But the charge is that not only are our guns too few in number, but they are inferior in quality to those of the Boers. This is a serious accusation, for it is, on the face of it, a disgrace for a country like England to be worse off in the matter of armament than a small nation of Boers, of whom we are fond of saying that they are centuries behind the times. And the accusation is the more serious inasmuch as there is a certain plausibility about it in view of our recent experiences.

To a military expert it seems absurd to have to state that field-artillery and siege-artillery are not proper subjects for comparison; you might just as well compare

Ammunition Hoist.

Side of Coles Kop up which two field-guns of Fourth Battery were dragged. The wire shown in the picture is for hoisting shells, etc.

the Boer's Mauser rifle with our service-revolver. But to the average man in the street it is sufficient to say that the Boers have Creusot guns round Ladysmith which have a range of 10,000 yards, whereas our field-artillery is not effective at much over 4,000; and he at once abuses the war-office for not inventing a field-gun with a range of six miles.

Now, it is quite true that the Boers have a number of siege-guns in the field which they manage to pull about after them in a wonderfully agile manner, considering that such guns require a team of twenty-two oxen, and oxen are slow-moving animals. It is also perfectly true that while Pretoria was arming itself with these excellent modern weapons we should have seen to it that Natal and Cape Colony were not behindhand in the matter of garrison-defence. We ought to have had five-inch and six-inch guns in the defences of Pietermaritzburg and Cape Town which could easily have been moved up to Ladysmith or Colesberg or Orange River, as the case required. On that subject it is pertinent to ask who would have listened to the member of parliament who suggested providing such guns at the Imperial

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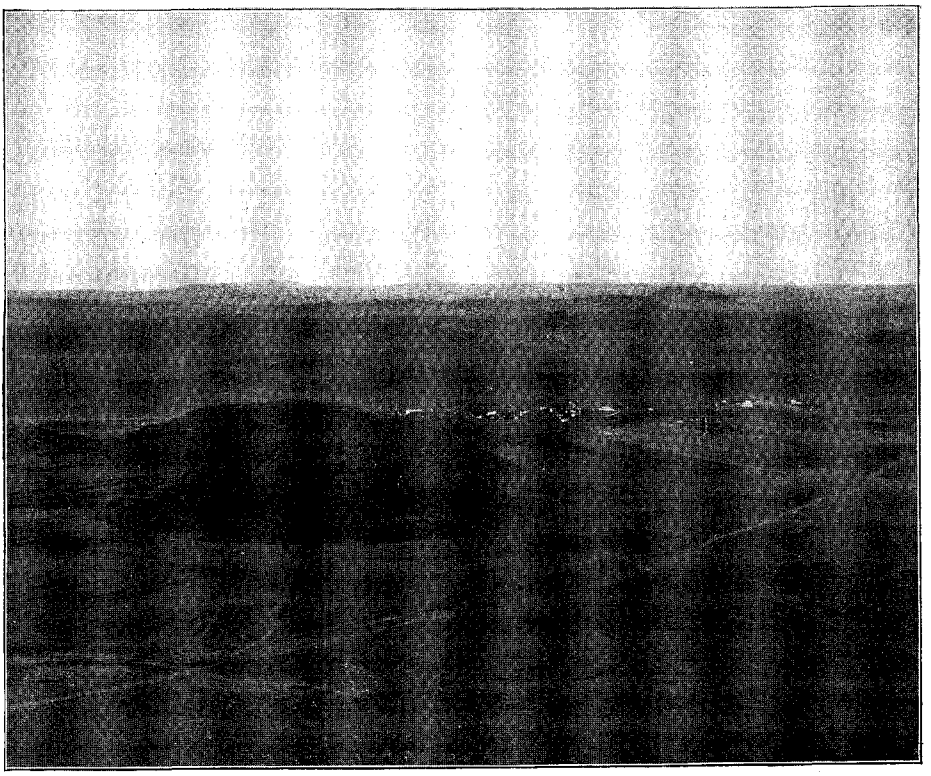

The Kind of Country in which the War is Carried on.

View of Colesberg from top of Coles Kop, a hill rising 1,200 feet above the plain from which the whole country for a radius of fifty miles can be seen.

expense before the war began. We watched the Boers arming themselves with Creusot six-inch guns, and took no similar precautions on our side, because we never dreamed of invasion, and overlooked entirely the question of garrison-defence. One can hardly blame Lord Salisbury's government for omissions of which any other government, liberal or conservative, would have been guilty. To be quite candid, we never regarded the possible invasion of Natal in a serious light.

Furthermore, it is quite true that, by hopelessly bad strategy, we fixed upon Ladysmith as a suitable advance-base for the Natal Field Force, although it was encircled by hills which gave the Boers an ideal chance of bringing their big guns to bear upon our camp, and having made this extraordinary selection of a base, we took no means whatever to prevent the Boers bringing down their big guns by rail from Pretoria at their leisure. It would have been a simple matter to blow up a tunnel and destroy a few culverts, which would at least have delayed the advent of the siege-artillery. We made no such attempt, probably because we have never studied the art of defence.

But all this has nothing to do with the efficacy of our field-artillery. The present war has shown us that big guns of the siege-class can be used to a certain extent in the field. That is to say, they can be moved about very slowly, and are, therefore, extremely useful when you can surround the enemy's force and besiege it, as the Boers did at Ladysmith, or when you can select a fortress-like position like Magersfontein or Colesberg and hold it against any equal force of the enemy. The War Office naturally did not provide for the siege of Ladysmith; the only siege they looked forward to was the siege of Pretoria, and for that they had a siege-train of artillery in readiness. As for the Magersfontein style of warfare, that is simply a question of numbers. As long as we attack such positions with the numerical

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superiority, if any, on the side of the Boers, we are bound to be repulsed, whatever our guns may be. As soon as we get a sufficient force to hem in the enemy, as we have now, no amount of big guns will save the situation for the Boers. They must either retire or surrender. We have now nearly 50,000 men in the region of Modder River, and we shall undoubtedly relieve Kimberley in a few days, because Cronje is too clever to sit still at Magersfontein and Spytfontein while we surround him. Two months ago we were attempting to carry out the same task with 15,000 men.

You will hear a great deal about the lessons the Boers have taught us in the uses and abuses of heavy artillery, and you will be told that the 15-pounder with its light carriage is a thing of the past, and a number of other things about artillery equally foolish. In response to all such revolutionary vaporing, it would be well to say two things. First of all, the Boer has not demonstrated the possibility of using five-inch or six-inch guns in the field, for the very simple reason that he has never done any field-work in the proper sense of the word. Our mistakes in strategy and tactics have given him ample time to carry about his big guns with him. But up to the present time there has been absolutely no evidence to show that he could move these guns quickly enough to keep up with an army on the march. When one knows that General Joubert had a big gun stuck in a spruit for fifteen hours between Estcourt and Mooi River, two British camps less than thirty miles apart, and no attempt was made on our part to go out and capture the gun, although there were some 5,000 British troops at each station, one begins to understand why Joubert finds so little difficulty in moving his guns about the country.

The second point to remember is that although our War Office may have been short-sighted in not anticipating the usefulness of siege-guns, it is practically certain that every other military power in the world, had it been in our shoes, would have been equally improvident.

The only gun that is taken into consideration at all in European tactics is the field-gun. Perhaps this war will introduce the partial use of a gun of a heavier type, where the nature of the country renders it feasible, but even that is very doubtful. The point is that the field-gun, be it a 15-pounder or a 12-pounder, is the only one recognized by modern authorities, and so it is hardly fair to blame our War Office for pursuing a course which every other war office in Europe would certainly approve.

As for our Armstrong field-gun, the 15-pounder or the horse-artillery 12-pounder, it has to be admitted at once that there are one or two details about it which are not perfect. The German field-gun, for instance, has a better and quicker sighting-apparatus and a rather quicker breech-action. All one can say about it from experience is that it is almost impossible, under existing conditions, to conceive of two batteries keeping up a more rapid fire than the Seventy-fifth and Eighteenth did at Modder River. As it was, they fired away all their ammunition with the exception of a few rounds, and the arrival of the Sixty-second Battery, at two o'clock in the afternoon, was most necessary for our success. If there is one thing which will always live in the memory of those who were present at Modder River and Magersfontein, it is the magnificent work of the field-batteries (including of course the G Battery of Horse-artillery at Magersfontein).

As for the question of range; seeing that our field-artillery generally aim at getting within 1,200 yards of the enemy's infantry, and invariably go on till they get there, it makes very little difference for all practical purposes whether they are sighted up to 5,000 yards or 10,000. They begin to be really effective at 4,000 yards, but the gunners much prefer 2,000 yards or less.

There are other points about the field-gun which are, and probably will be, for some time to come, matters of dispute. In common with other military powers we use nothing but shrapnel for all ordinary purposes, and, of course, shrapnel against an enemy in trenches is not very effective, the trajectory of the ordinary field-gun being so low that a small sand entrenchment will give much protection. To overcome that difficulty we employ a field-howitzer, which not only throws a far larger shell, filled with lyddite, but on account of its high trajectory is able to get

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at an enemy behind his earthworks. The field-howitzer and the high explosive are both more or less experimental, and we shall know more about them when the present war is over. At Modder River we had no howitzers, yet the Boers suffered heavily from our shell-fire because, even with good trenches, the head and shoulders must be exposed in order to fire a rifle.

The Boers have a so-called quick-firing gun, the Maxim-Nordenfeldt, commonly and onomatopoetically called the "pom-pom," which fires six shots as quickly as you can count them, somewhat on the same principle as the revolver. Of course everyone wants to know why we have not equipped our army with this valuable machine, quite forgetting that we have tried the gun and found it wanting. It is true that it fires six shots about as quickly as an ordinary 15-pounder fires one, but it is equally true that each shell, being only one pound in weight, does very little damage, and the whole six together are not as effective as one 15-pounder shrapnel. At least, that is the result of our experience on the road to Kimberley, where the "pompom," which to do it justice makes a very vicious noise, has done remarkably little damage.

At Modder River we had only twelve field-pieces during the early part of the engagement. The Boers probably had as many guns of all sorts—they certainly had nine. Yet, with their "pompom" included, they hit less than thirty men with their artillery, and were it not for the sad death of Colonel Stopford of the Second Coldstreams, who was hit by a shell, it would be fair to say that the Boers would have been nearly as well off with no guns at all. Their artillery was bravely handled, for the black powder which they used made every gun that was fired—except the pompoms which have smokeless powder—an easy target, but they rarely fired at anything except a squadron of cavalry or the limbers of the guns or the guns themselves.

On the whole, in two months time, during which they must have thrown over one thousand shells into our lines, they wounded several men and a few horses, and that was all. Cronje, and the Boers generally, have been given tremendous credit for the clever way in which they have always got away their guns; but when all is said and done, it is the Mauser rifle which has so far checked our advance, not any gun, great or small. This, of course, applies only to the western campaign. In Natal the Boers have modern guns and smokeless powder, and they used them on many occasions with much effect, especially in the recent engagements at Spion Kop and Vaalkrantz. Elsewhere, not only are the Boer guns of position extremely ineffective, but they have no field-artillery at all. It was the Mauser rifle which brought about the British reverse at Magersfontein; but had the Boers been able to turn loose a few batteries of field or horse-artillery when our column retired, the reverse might have been turned into a rout. It is no great compliment, therefore, to the Royal Artillery to say that in the advance on Kimberley they proved themselves infinitely superior in every way to anything the Boers could bring against them; one must go farther and maintain that it is impossible to conceive of any artillery in the world doing better work than they did at Modder River and Magersfontein. We may admit, then, that in the matter of quantity our artillery is deficient, but in quality it can hardly be surpassed at the present moment.

Next to the cry for new guns, the craze is all for mounted infantry. There are some critics who actually go so far as to assert that the army of the future must be composed entirely of mounted infantry. This is rather a startling conclusion to arrive at so early in the campaign, considering that continental armies hardly include mounted infantry at all. Indeed England, owing perhaps to her previous experience of South African warfare, is the only country in Europe where a serious attempt has been made to develop this particular arm of the service by adding a regiment of mounted infantry to each cavalry division, and training a company of each infantry regiment to act as mounted infantry.

So that it must be admitted that if our War Office has been backward in its grasp of the situation in this respect, every other military power in Europe has been more backward still.

Moreover, our want of success in the

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early period of the war cannot be attributed to our lack of mounted troops. We needed more cavalry, indeed, to follow up our victories at Belmont and Gras Pan —we have always, except on the Colesberg line, been short of cavalry; but that is another question. The mere fact of his infantry being mounted would not have saved General Gatacre at Stormberg, since his defeat was mainly due to his having lost his way in the dark. Mounted infantry would not have helped Lord Methuen at Magersfontein; for frontal attacks against strong positions held by equal forces must always be disastrous. The same holds good of Colenso, where General Buller never made any proper use of the mounted infantry he had. Our failures so far have been due to insufficient numbers on our side and sheer bad tactics. If all our infantry had been mounted after the habit of the Boers, and we had used the same tactics, the results would not have been different.

Nor have we any reason to applaud the wonderful mobility of the Boer. Early in the war he allowed the infantry of General Yule to walk away under his very nose, and since that time he has done nothing extraordinary in the way of mobility. He got his forces round Sir George White at Ladysmith chiefly because he was allowed to do so. There was nothing very quick about the investment. On the western border he sat round Kimberley when a dash upon Orange River Bridge would have given him a tremendous strategical advantage, and he dawdled in the neighborhood of Colesberg while Naauwport and possibly De Aar were absolutely at his mercy. With the exception of the raiding party which descended as far as Mooi River, he has never once astonished us by the rapidity of his movements, and even on that occasion he gave us the best of opportunities of seizing his big gun which we refused to take.

On the other hand if the Boer is not so terribly mobile, we are extraordinarily slow. Methuen's flying column, composed of infantry and one cavalry regiment, made a march of twelve miles the day it left Modder River, but after that, whether fighting or not, it never accomplished more than nine or ten; and it had the advantage of a railway line which was patched up in its rear and was the means of conveying the heavy baggage.

When General Buller started from Frere to Potgieter's Drift, in order to try a new way into Ladysmith, it took his column over five days to cover a distance of less than thirty miles. Naturally enough he found the Boers sitting on Spion Kop, waiting for him.

Now there is absolutely no reason why Tommy Atkins on foot should not keep up an average of more than six miles a day. He has done a great deal more in the past and he will do it again in the future, and that as soon as Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener get to the front. The British soldier can march well enough when he is put to it, and he can go as light as most people, though he cannot go as light as a Boer, with his scraps of biltong in lieu of rations. It is all a matter of transport, and we knew what to expect as soon as Lord Kitchener landed and proceeded to reorganize the whole transport system. The Army Service Corps has fed our troops splendidly up to the present time, but, at a pinch, Tommy can exist for a few days on much less food, and he will be glad enough to do it if he finds that it will help him to get quickly after the Boer. Up to the present time he has marched on an average not more than eight miles a day, and therefore the Boer seems wonderfully mobile.

As for the Boers getting away after Belmont and Gras Pan, a lame man could have got away on foot just about as well, simply because we had no horse-artillery and only one regiment of hard-worked cavalry to follow up our victories. Wait, however, until the Boer is properly attacked by a large infantry force with its proper complement of cavalry; wait until he really tries to get away in a hurry, when his horses bolt or get shot and he has to trust to his feet, as he will have to do sooner or later, and then you will see that an army composed entirely of mounted infantry has its disadvantages. Some of the critics forget, moreover, that the enormous supplies of forage which are necessary for mounted troops will in time, as the proportion of mounted men to infantry is increased, do away with that very mobility which is so much desired.

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Even horses must eat to live, and a living is hard to come by on the western border of the South African republics. The present campaign has demonstrated the value of irregular mounted corps. The Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and, indeed, all the colonial troops, whether mounted or not, have done splendid service throughout the war; and the military authorities were not slow to appreciate their usefulness. But it would be very unwise to jump hastily to the conclusion that the days of infantry are numbered; when this educating war is over the bulk of most European armies will still consist of infantry.

II

THE strategy of our generals in the early part of the war is next held in question. Time after time in the past two months has one heard it said that a fatal mistake was made after the landing of the first army-corps by splitting it up into four columns which could not unite, and in no place established a superiority in numbers over the enemy. It goes without saying that the first principles of strategy demand the concentration of an overwhelming force somewhere, if the enemy is ever to be crushed; and if General Buller had been able to carry out his original plan, he would have thrown his whole force into the Free State, and by so doing would have relieved the pressure both on Kimberley and Ladysmith.

Two things militated against this original plan. First of all, Sir George White, with the entire Natal field-force, was shut up in Ladysmith and Pietermaritzburg was threatened, so that it was regarded as necessary, and it undoubtedly was necessary, to send a large force not merely to relieve Sir George White but to save the whole colony of Natal from being overrun. The initial mistake was the endeavor to hold Ladysmith and Dundee instead of being content with defending the line of the Tugela. In yielding to the political pressure which demanded that these towns should not be abandoned, Sir George White most unfortunately prejudiced the case from the start and upset all the plans and calculations of those who regarded the army-corps as a sufficient force for the invasion of the Boer republics. For this disastrous error General Buller was certainly not to blame, nor had he any course open to him but to throw his own scheme overboard and hasten with nearly half his army to save Natal.

In the second place the plan of three converging columns advancing on the Free State by the three railway lines from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, had to be modified, if not abandoned, because Naauwport and Stormberg, two important junctions, had been evacuated, and the concentration of the three forces was therefore impossible. Besides, the bridges across the river into the Free State were in the hands of the enemy. The only bridge over the Orange River still held by the British was the Orange River Bridge on the De Aar and Kimberley line, and so Orange River Station became naturally an important advance-base, and the Kimberly route suggested itself at once as the shortest way into the Free State.

If General Buller had still had a whole army-corps free to invade the enemy's country, he would have thrown it quickly over the river by Orange River Bridge and struck across country for Bloemfontein; at least that would have been the simplest plan of action. As it was, he could not leave the colony entirely at the mercy of the invading Boers, who had already annexed Aliwal North and had drawn some fifteen thousand rebel colonists to their standards. Gatacre, therefore, with half a division and two batteries, was sent up the East London line in the direction of Stormberg; Naauwport was reoccupied by the Black Watch and the New South Wales Lancers, and afterwards served as a base for French's cavalry division operating toward Colesberg; and that only left two brigades of infantry and one cavalry regiment for Lord Methuen at Orange River. So far the strategy adopted by General Buller was the outcome of sheer necessity. He was compelled to hold the invading Boers in check at Stormberg and Naauwport, and he was bound to lose no time in securing Orange River Bridge, and all idea of invading the Free State had to be abandoned until reinforcements arrived. Already a fifth and sixth division were being

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mobilized, and General Buller had only been in the country two weeks. At this point the English commander-in-chief began to err. He could not invade the Free State in force, so, in order to do something on the western border, he dispatched Methuen's column to the relief of Kimberley. Possibly the situation in the colony demanded that the general should at all costs show some activity, and just as civil pressure had been brought to bear upon Sir George White, and had induced him to hold Ladysmith and Dundee, so now there was something like a popular agitation in favor of the relief of Kimberley. Kimberley was in no desperate situation, and its chances of relief would have been far greater if Lord Methuen could have waited for a brigade, at least, of cavalry. But everyone was urging prompt action; the horses of the cavalry division were just being landed and could not be fit for service for a week or two, and so Lord Methuen was sent off with two brigades of infantry, one cavalry regiment, about five hundred scouts and mounted infantry, and two field-batteries —a force in all not exceeding 9,000 fighting men—to the relief of Kimberley.

No one can blame General Buller or Lord Methuen for a desire to display activity, and to make every possible use of the 9,000 men at the latter's command. Our main object was to keep the Boers busy and prevent further encroachments, and there could be no harm in a cautious advance across the Orange River. What one rightly complains of is the fact that Lord Methuen and General Buller both imagined that 9,000 men were quite sufficient to cope with the 12,000 Boers known to be in the neighborhood of Kimberley. In the same way General Buller with 20,000 men of all arms in Natal, had a force large enough to prevent Joubert coming a step nearer Pietermaritzburg. He could even confine the Boers to the north bank of the Tugela; but he had not a large enough army to force his way through by sheer strength to Ladysmith.

In other words, General Buller had not grasped the elementary rule of warfare that where two armies are equally well equipped, the attacking party must have an immense superiority of numbers. By securing Orange River Bridge, Naauwport, Sterkstrom and Chievely, General Buller had checked the Boer advance at four important points. More than that he could not possibly do, and his business was not to seek general engagements where the odds were all against him, but to harass the enemy and press him on the flank exactly as General French did on the line between Naauwport and Colesberg. General Gatacre was the only one of the four commanders who apparently had the advantage of numbers on his side, and he surrendered that advantage by his ill-conceived and disastrous night attack upon Stormberg. General French did exactly the right thing. He hovered on the Boer's flanks until the Boer general got nervous and retired from Arundel to Rensburg. General French immediately seized Arundel and pursued the same tactics, never attempting a frontal attack until the Boer again was afraid of being cut off, and having no water to speak of at Rensburg, fell back again six or seven miles to the hills round Colesberg.

General French followed him up, engaging him on his right flank, and harassing him on the left until, with only 7,000 fighting men, he had the enemy hemmed in on three sides, although there were, at the end, nearly 7,000 Boers in the neighborhood of Colesberg. The advantage thus gained could not be followed up directly, because French and his cavalry were required for the main advance from Modder River, but it was not thrown away, since with comparatively small loss he had tied the hands of nearly 7,000 Boers for two months with a force hardly ever exceeding that of the enemy.

General Buller's advance with 20,000 men to the relief of Ladysmith, and General Methuen's flying column to Kimberley, both partook of the nature of a forlorn hope, and surely forlorn hopes are not to be commended at the beginning of a campaign, especially at a time when every reverse means so many recruits for the Boers from the disloyal colonists. Sentiment and local politics both demanded the immediate relief of Ladysmith and Kimberley; but a higher and truer appreciation of the political situation would have suggested that no unnecessary risks should be undertaken so early in the campaign.

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Yet, after all, our three reverses in that memorable week of December were tactical rather than strategical disasters. To-day Lord Roberts has 45,000 fighting men ready to relieve Kimberley and march on Bloemfontein. In a few weeks, or perhaps even a few days, Cronje and the flower of the western Boer army will be surrounded or else driven back toward the Vaal River, and the Free State will, in a month or six weeks, be a thing of the past. But it must not be forgotten that General Buller has done the dirty work of the campaign. He has checked the flood of Boer invasion and held the enemy at four different points, so that Lord Roberts has been free to concentrate a new army within ninety miles of the Free State capital. Lord Methuen started to relieve Kimberley with exactly a fifth part of the force which is now about to relieve it, and of course he failed. But he succeeded in securing an ideal forward base at Modder River, without which Lord Roberts would have had a far more difficult problem before him.

III

If the strategical situation was practically decided for General Buller before he arrived in Cape Town, it cannot be said that the many tactical errors committed after his arrival were forced upon him or his generals by circumstances, although even in this respect they have the excuse that they were asked to do impossibilities.

No one can possibly blame Lord Methuen because he failed to relieve Kimberley, but it is a fair ground of complaint that a general in so responsible a position as his should have been so far ignorant of the rudimentary laws of warfare that he thought it quite possible for good English soldiers to drive good Boers from positions of their own choosing, by the simple method of charging at them across the open. His one idea was to get into the enemy with the bayonet, quite regardless of the fact that to use the bayonet you must first catch your Boer. The advance toward Kimberley was a series of triumphs for the bravery of the British soldier; but it discovered an appalling lack of military knowledge and tactical resource on the part of the British general. And when similar discoveries were made at Stormberg and Colenso, people began to wonder whether the whole training of the British officer was hopelessly wrong, since it produced so amazing a lack of intelligence in British generals. Of course, when the war is over it will be argued that Lord Methuen was a gallant soldier, that he fought his way against heavy odds up to Magersfontein, that he had three victories to his credit out of four engagements, and in the whole business he only had about 2,000 casualties. This will do for the crowd who insist upon every British soldier being a hero and every British general a genius; but it will not do for the historian, and it will not serve the interests of the British army.

Belmont and Gras Pan were successful rushes at the enemy, such as would certainly have been commendable in savage warfare and may possibly have been, by chance, the very best means of starting the campaign. There was nothing scientific about either attack, in neither case was a turning movement attempted, nor was any means taken to catch the enemy when beaten. But in this latter respect Lord Methuen's hands were tied, for he had no horse-artillery and not sufficient cavalry to turn a victory to good account. In both cases a more deliberate method of attack might have been attempted, for in both cases Lord Methuen had the numerical advantage. At Belmont the Boers admitted they had 2,500 men, and they may have had a good many more, but we were at least twice as strong, as we were also at Gras Pan. So that in both cases an enveloping movement might have been tried successfully. On the other hand, we certainly won the battle of Belmont by the sheer impetuosity of our onset, and the same was true of Gras Pan. They were two distinct bodies of Boers, and in both cases they probably lost as many men as we did, and they were badly frightened; so badly frightened, indeed, that they would not have opposed us at the Modder River if Cronje had not arrived in time to put heart into them. These were Free State Boers, and they apparently have not the keenness in the war that the Transvaalers have. So that, as it turned out, Lord Methuen lost nothing by rushing at them,

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and perhaps gained a good deal. If he had made more elaborate plans at Belmont and attempted to hem them in, the Boers might have had time to collect their wits and make a more determined stand. Still, even so, Belmont was not a triumph in the way of tactics. It was intended that the Boer position should be attacked before daybreak, and so there was, of course, no artillery preparation. But as the map, as usual, was wrong, and our infantry had to traverse a much longer space across the veldt before reaching the enemy's kopjes than was expected, the attack actually took place in daylight, or so much daylight that the flash of the enemy's rifles was only just discernible at first.

Gras Pan was not attacked in the darkness, and no artillery preparation was employed. But the tactics were in effect the same as before. Our troops had to attack a barrier of kopjes five miles wide, all held apparently by the Boers, and the attack had to be made over a dead-level plain affording no cover at all. On this occasion the naval guns (four 12-pounders) did excellent work, although they went in too close and were badly mauled.

Altogether our method of attack at Belmont and Gras Pan was rough and ready, but it "came off."

But having been so far successful, Lord Methuen, if he had been a great tactician, would have seen that simple frontal attacks would not always stand him in good stead. The first real problem he had to deal with was Modder River, and there he went to pieces. His initial error lay in a complete misconception of the situation. He believed that the Boers would not hold the river-banks, but would retire to their favorite kopjes, some miles farther north at Spytfontein. Why he should have thought so, heaven only knows; although it is true that many of his scouts told him so. This is one of the great difficulties of modern warfare in an open country like South Africa; it is extremely difficult for cavalry patrols to get nearer than 1,500 yards to the enemy's position and quite impossible at that distance to tell anything about his numbers or strength. Really fine scouting by night might solve the problem, but Lord Methuen either had no trained scouts who could go out by night, or he did not use them. But here is one most important fact. There is an officer in the Ninth Lancers who made a great name for himself by reconnoitring, who not only located the Boer trenches along the south bank of the Riet, but learned their extent and the numbers of the enemy —in both cases coming close to the truth— and he made his report to Lord Methuen the night before the battle. Lord Methuen, for reasons of his own, preferred to believe that the Boers would not hold the river, and acted accordingly. Now, there may be some excuse for miscalculating the enemy's strength even when you have been told what it is by one who has reconnoitred. But granted that you may be ignorant, there can be no excuse for attacking a strong position as if there were no enemy there. A careful general would at least give the enemy the benefit of the doubt, and make his plans accordingly. Not so Lord Methuen. He marched his column straight at the trenches, in full view of the invisible enemy, choosing his direction so that his two brigades, in extended order, came sweeping down a level incline without a vestige of cover, until they were stopped by such a fusillade from the river-bank that they were never able to get much farther that day. Lord Methuen was doubtless surprised to find the Riet so full of Boers, but he had gone too far to draw back. The worst of it was that the whole of his two brigades were committed to the attack and he was left without any reserves, with no means of creating a diversion. When you once get your troops within a thousand yards of the enemy's trenches on a level plain, and your attack comes to a standstill and your reserves are used up, you are in a very bad way, for you cannot go forward, and it is suicide to get up and comeback. Your men lie there in a long thin line with their heads in the ground, ostrich-fashion, and they let off a great deal of ammunition, but they cannot see anything, and they certainly do not hit much except the open veldt. Having got himself into this predicament by pure unadulterated carelessness, Lord Methuen was for retiring, saying that he had made his reconnoissance and had found out all he wanted to know. He had actually gone so far as to order the Seventy-fifth Battery back to

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3,000 yards (I imagined at the time that the battery had gone back to get out of the infantry fire from the trenches, but have since learned that they were ordered by the general to retire). The day would have been lost, if the North Lancashires, working to the left under a heavy fire, had not reached the river-bed and found a way across a weir about which the intelligence department naturally knew nothing. And so, by degrees, details of the Ninth Brigade and the Engineers and Coldstream Guards got across the river, and enveloped the right flank of the Boers. But Lord Methuen had left himself no reserve to throw in at the psychological moment, and so this road to victory was of little immediate avail. As it was, some six hundred men had got across when the naval 12-pounders, mistaking them for the enemy, dropped some shrapnel among them, hitting several of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and so the flank movement was checked. But even so, it won the day for Lord Methuen, who was in the act of retiring when it was being accomplished. The Boers saw that their position was turned and that their trenches along the river-bank would be enfiladed and three at least of their guns captured if they stayed where they were; so they got out in the night with all their guns. The public naturally says Lord Methuen won a great victory. As a matter of fact, he lost a splendid opportunity of catching the enemy in a trap and taking their guns. He apparently expected no Boers in the first place. Secondly, he imagined the river could be forded anywhere, and so never took the trouble to discover the weir beforehand; thirdly, he made no plans whatever for the attack, beyond throwing his whole force straight at the enemy's trenches. It was a soldier's battle in every sense of the word.

Lastly, we come to Magersfontein where the Highland Brigade was hurled at the very strongest point of the Boer lines in a night attack, against trenches and barbed-wire entanglements whose exact positions had never been properly ascertained. Nothing more need be said now on that subject. It will always be remembered as one of the great mistakes of a war in which tactical mistakes have been of frequent occurrence.

These things may seem small affairs when the war is over. Far greater losses were experienced in past wars; other generals have made greater errors. All that is true. But it must be clearly understood that mere losses go for nothing. No one would have grudged the heavy losses of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein if they had led to anything. It is the senseless plan of attack that made the men sick at heart for many days afterward, and makes the spectator sure that we need new methods in the British army. And we have no lack of intelligent men in the army. The officers of the younger school love their profession and study it as they would any other profession in which they hoped to succeed. There are still a number of boys who go into the army because they have money and must do something, or who covet the social standing which military rank implies. But on the whole, the younger men are not only inordinately brave soldiers, but they are as intelligent and as zealous in the study of their profession as any officers, German or otherwise, can be. For that reason they had been driven to regard their generals in South Africa, until Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener arrived, with an air of amused contempt. Such a glaring want of resource or knowledge or common-sense as was displayed at Modder River, Magersfontein, Stormberg, and Colenso, cannot be passed over in silence. Discipline will carry a man a long way, and close his eyes to many things which the ordinary civilian is bound to notice, but you cannot close your eyes forever. At Colenso General Buller made a direct frontal attack against a tremendously strong position, without the slightest attempt to turn it. He further chose two re-entrant angles for the exact places to be assaulted; and this, in spite of the fact that the enemy's left extended across the Tugela, and was, therefore, vulnerable to a flank attack. It does not seem as if lack of common-sense, to use no harsher term, could possibly go farther.

War teaches us many things, and among others that a knowledge of tactics is more to be recommended in a general than bravery, and common-sense more than either.

February 6, 1900.

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WORK

By Edward S. Martin

THE Inscrutable who set this orb awhirl
And peopled it with men and mysteries,
With height and vale diversified its face,
Left beast to prey on beast and fish on fish,
Geared life to death, conditioned each on each,
Sore price of growth, but indispensable.
To poverty he gave its warning sting,
And poisoned luxury with seeds of sloth.
Gave power to strength that effort might attain:
Gave power to wit that knowledge might direct;
And so with penalties, incentives, gains,
Limits and compensations intricate,
He dowered this earth, that man should never rest
Save as his Maker's will be carried out.

On toward his destiny the creature drives,
Tumultuous, incessant, mutinous,
Usurping now his weaker fellow's share,
Yielding again his own to stronger might,
Aye seeking such a place or such a hoard
That he and his the common lot may cheat,
And live unvexed by fate.
Vain wish! fond dream
That ever fades on eve of coming true!
There is no easy, unearned joy on earth
Save what God gives;—the lustiness of youth,
And love's dear pangs. All other joys we gain
By striving, and so qualified we are
That effort's zest our needs as much consoles
As effort's gain. Both issues are our due.
Sore lot it is to sweat and not be filled,
But sore as well aye to be filled, nor sweat.
Ever to plough and see another reap—
Oh, that is hard; but ease that stretches far
Beyond the space that labor's waste repairs
Speeds to decay. Death lies hid in that,
And seeds of every sin that rots the strength

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And stains the soul. Better when work is past
Back into dust dissolve and help a seed
Climb upwards, than with strength still full
Deny to God His claim and thwart His wish.

Fond fools with gold in store whose end they miss.
Glutted with unused opportunity,
Behold, drift idle on inglorious tides,
Nor ever trim a sail nor make a port;
Playing that life is play, until at last
They sink at anchor.
Sorrier still the wights
Whom poverty's distresses vainly goad,
Whose wants too grasping for their shiftless powers
Drive not to work but from it. This too hard
They deem, and that too slow, and ever seeking ease
And shunning toil, nor gold nor strength they win,
But weak, inapt, unskilled, incapable,
Their bitter cry assails the tranquil stars
While labor's trampling hosts surge over them.
To our dim sense God's plan seems often harsh.
Big fish eats small; earthquakes and storms destroy;
Greed strips the poor; guile plunders righteousness.
But watch! see empires fall; see greed o'erreach
Its lust! see power in fear of rival power
Raise up its subject strength, clothe hands with skill,
Teach minds to think; were strength not powerful
Whose need would nourish thew and burnish thought?
Could not the leader and the learner claim
Their effort's guerdon, on a stagnant earth
Successive races round and round might move,
But never forward. Wounds and wants and fears,
The seething urgency of discontent,
And groans and tears, grim tokens in themselves,
May help mankind fulfil its destiny.

Oh Prodigal of means and men and time,
But in decree and aim immutable,
Our doom, black sometimes when we shrink from it,
Shines glorious when we face it sturdily,
And see the shaping and compelling hand
That leads who will be led and drives the rest.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XIV

ELSPETH

EVER since the beginning of the book we have been neglecting Elspeth so pointedly that were she not the most forgiving creature we should be afraid to face her now. You are not angry with us, are you, Elspeth? We have been sitting with you, talking with you, thinking of you between the chapters, and the only reason why you have so seldom got into them is that our pen insisted on running after your fascinating brother.

(That is the way to get round her.)

Tommy, it need not be said, never neglected her. The mere fact of his having an affair of his own at present is a sure sign that she is comfortable, for, unless all were well with Elspeth, no venture could have lured him from her side. "Now I am ready for you," he said to the world when Elspeth had been, figuratively speaking, put to sleep; but until she was nicely tucked up, the world had to wait; he was still as in his boyhood, when he had to see her with a good book in her hand before he could set off on deeds of darkness. If this was but the story of a brother and sister there were matter for it that would make the ladies want to kiss Tommy on the brow.

That Dr. Gemmell disliked, or at the least distrusted him, Tommy knew before their acquaintance was an hour old, yet that same evening he had said, cordially to Elspeth:

"This young doctor has a strong face."

She was evidently glad that Tommy had noticed it. "Do you think him handsome?" she inquired.

"Decidedly so," he replied, very handsomely, for it is an indiscreet question to ask of a plain man.

There was nothing small about Tommy, was there? He spoke thus magnanimously because he had seen that the doctor liked Elspeth and that she liked him for liking her. Elspeth never spoke to him of such things, but he was aware that an extra pleasure in life came to her when she was admired; it gave her a little of the self-confidence she so wofully lacked, the woman in her was stirred. Take such presents as these to Elspeth, and Tommy would let you cast stones at himself for the rest of the day, and shake your hand warmly on parting.

In London Elspeth had always known quickly, almost at the first clash of eyes, whether Tommy's friends were attracted by her, but she had not known sooner than he. Those acquaintanceships had seldom ripened, but perhaps this was because, though he and she avoided talking of them, he was all the time taking such terrifying care of her. She was always little Elspeth to him, for whom he had done everything since the beginning of her, a frail little female counterpart of himself that would never have dared to grow up had he not always been there to show her the way, like a stronger plant in the same pot. It was even pathetic to him that Elspeth should have to become a woman while he was a man, and he set to, undaunted, to help her in this matter also. To be admired of men is a woman's right, and he knew it gratified Elspeth, therefore he brought them in to admire her. But beyond profound respect they could not presume to go, he was watching them so vigilantly. He had done everything for her so far, and it was evident that he was now ready to do the love-making also, or at least to sift it before it reached her. Elspeth saw this and perhaps it annoyed her once or twice, though on the whole she was deeply touched; and the young gentlemen saw it also; they saw that he would not leave

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them alone with her for a moment, and that behind his cordial manner sat a Tommy who had his eye on them.

Subjects suitable for conversation before Elspeth seemed in presence of this strict brother to be limited. You had just begun to tell her the plot of the new novel when T. Sandys fixed you with his gleaming orb. You were in the middle of the rumor about Mrs. Golightly, when he let the poker fall. If the newsboys were yelling the latest horror he quickly closed the window. He made all visitors self-conscious. If she was not in the room few of them dared to ask if she was quite well; they paled before expressing the hope that she would feel better to-morrow. Yet when Tommy went up to sit beside her, which was the moment the front door closed, he took care to mention, incidentally, that they had been inquiring after her. One of them ventured on her birthday to bring her flowers, but could not present them, Tommy looked so alarming. A still more daring spirit once went the length of addressing her by her Christian name. She did not start up haughtily (the most timid of women are a surprise at times), but the poker fell with a crash.

He knew Elspeth so well that he could tell exactly how these poor young men should approach her. As an artist as well as a brother he frowned when they blundered; he would have liked to be the medium through which they talked, so that he could give looks and words their proper force; he had thought it all out so thoroughly, for Elspeth's benefit, that in an hour he could have drawn out a complete guide for her admirers.

"At the first meeting look at her wistfully when she does not see you. She will see you." It might have been rule one.

Rule two, "Don't talk so glibly." How often that was what the poker meant.

Being herself a timid creature Elspeth showed best among the timid, because her sympathetic heart immediately desired to put them at their ease. The more glibly they could talk, the less, she knew, were they impressed by her; even a little boorishness was more complimentary than chatter. Sometimes when she played on the piano, which Tommy had hired for her, the visitor was so shy that he could not even mutter "Thank you" to his hat; yet she might play to him again and not to the gallant who remarked, briskly: "How very charming; what is that called?"

To talk disparagingly of other women is so common a way among men of penetrating into the favor of one that, of course, some tried it with Elspeth. Tommy could not excuse such blundering, for they were making her despise them and so go sadly to bed. He got them out of the house, and then he and she had a long talk not about them, but about men and women in general, from which she gathered once again that there was nobody like Tommy.

When they bade each other good-night she would say to him, "I think you are the one perfect gentleman in the world."

Or he might say, "You expect so much of men, Elspeth."

To which her reply: "You have taught me to do it, and now I expect others to be like you." Sometimes she would even say, "When I see you so fond of me and taking such care of me I am ashamed. You think me so much better than I am. You consider me so pure and good, while I know that I am often mean and even have wicked thoughts. It makes me ashamed, but so proud of you, for I see that you are judging me by yourself."

And then this Tommy would put the gas out softly and go to his own room, and let us hope, blush a little.

One stripling had proposed to Elspeth, and on her agitatedly declining him had flung out of the room in a pet. It spoiled all her after-thoughts on the subject and so roused her brother's indignation with the fellow. If the great baby had only left all the arrangements to Tommy he could so easily have made that final scene one which Elspeth would remember with gratification for the remainder of her days. For, of course, pride in the offer could not be great unless she retained her respect for the man who made it. From the tremulous proposal and the manly acceptance of his fate to his dignified exit ("Don't grieve for me, Miss Sandys, you never gave me the least encouragement, and to have loved you will always make me a better man"), even to a touching way of closing the door with one long, last, lingering look, Tommy could have fitted him like a tailor.

From all which it will be seen that our

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splendid brother thought exclusively of what was best for Elspeth, and was willing that the gentlemen, having served their purpose, should, if it pleased them, go hang. Also, though he thought out every other possible move for the suitor, it never struck him to compose a successful proposal, for the simple reason that he was quite certain Elspeth would have none of them. Their attentions pleased her, but exchange Tommy for one of them — never. He knew it from her confessions at all stages of her life; he had felt it from the days when he began to be father and mother to her as well as brother. In his heart he believed there was something of his own odd character in Elspeth which made her as incapable of loving as himself, and some of his devotion to her was due to this belief; for perhaps nothing touches us to the quick more than the feeling that another suffers under our own curse, certainly nothing draws two souls so close together in a lonely comradeship. But though Tommy had reflected about these things he did not trouble Elspeth with his conclusions; he merely gave her to understand that he loved her and she loved him so much that neither of them had any love to give to another. It was very beautiful, Elspeth thought, and a little tragic.

"You are quite sure that you mean that," she might ask, timidly, "and that you are not flinging away your life on me?"

"You are all I need," he answered, cheerily, and he believed it. Or if he was in another mood, he might reflect that perhaps he was abstaining from love for Elspeth's sake, and that made him cheery also.

And now David Gemmell was the man, and Tommy genially forgave him all else for liking Elspeth. He invited the doctor, who so obviously distrusted him, to drop in of an evening for a game at the dambrod (which they both abominated, but it was an easy excuse); he asked him confidentially to come in and see Aaron who had been coughing last night; he put on all the airs of a hail-fellow-well-met, though they never became him, and sat awkwardly on his face. David always seemed eager to come, and tried to rise above his suspicions of Tommy, as Tommy saw, and failed, as Tommy saw again. Elspeth dosed the doctor with stories of her brother's lovely qualities, and Tommy, the forgiving, honestly pitied the poor man for having to listen to them. He knew that if all went well Gemmell would presently propose and find that Elspeth (tearful at having to strike a blow) could not accept him, but he did not look forward maliciously to this as his revenge on the doctor; he was thinking merely of what was good for Elspeth.

There was no open talk about David between the brother and sister. Some day, Tommy presumed, she would announce that the doctor had asked her to marry him; and oh how sorry she was; and oh what a good man he was; and oh Tommy knew she had never encouraged him; and oh she could never leave Tommy. But until that day arrived they avoided talking directly about what brought Gemmell there. That he came to see Elspeth neither of them seemed to conceive as possible. Did Tommy chuckle when he saw David's eyes following her? No; solemn as a cat blinking at the fire; noticed nothing. The most worldly chaperone, the most loving mother, could not have done more for Elspeth. Yet it was not done to find her a husband, but quite the reverse as we have seen. On reflection Tommy must smile at what he has been doing, but not while he is working the figures. The artist never smiles at himself until afterwards.

And now he not only wondered at times how Elspeth and David were getting on, but whether she noticed how he was getting on with Grizel. He was very careful to hoodwink her; but in matters relating to Tommy Elspeth was almost as sharp as he in matters that related to her, and he knew it. When he proposed to Elspeth that they should ask Gemmell to go fishing with them on the morrow ("he has been overworked of late and it would do him good") he wanted to add, in a careless voice, "We might invite Grizel also," but could not, his lips suddenly went dry; and when Elspeth said the words that were so difficult to him he wondered, "Did she say that because she knew I wished it?" But he decided that she did not, for she was evidently looking forward to to-morrow, and he knew she would be shuddering if she thought her Tommy was slipping.

"I am so glad it was she who asked

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me," Grizel said to him when he told her. "Don't you see what it means? It means that she wants to get you out of the way! You are not everything to her now as you used to be. Are you glad, glad?"

"If I could believe it!" Tommy said.

"What else could make her want to be alone with him?"

Nothing else could have made Grizel want to be alone with him, and she must always judge others by herself. But, Tommy knew that Elspeth was different, and that a girl with some of himself in her might want to be alone with a man who admired her without wanting to marry him.

CHAPTER XV

BY PROSEN WATER

THAT day by the banks of Prosen water was one of Grizel's beautiful memories. All the days when she thought he loved her became beautiful memories.

It was the time of reds and whites, for the glory of the broom was passed except at great heights, and the wild roses were trooping in. When the broom is in flame there seems to be no color but yellow, but when the wild roses come we remember that the broom was flaunting. It was not quite a lady, for it insisted on being looked at, while these light-hearted things are too innocent to know that there is anyone to look. Grizel was sitting by the side of the stream adorning her hat fantastically with roses red and white and some that were neither. They were those that cannot decide whether they look best in white or red and so waver for all their little lives between the two colors, there are many of them and it is the pathetic thing about wild roses. She did not pay much heed to her handiwork. What she was saying to herself was that in another minute he and she would be alone. Nothing else in the world mattered very much. Every bit of her was conscious of it as the supreme event. Her fingers pressed it upon the flowers. It was in her eyes as much as in her heart. He went on casting his line, moving from stone to stone, dropping down the bank, ascending it as if the hooking of a trout was something to him. Was he feeling to his marrow that as soon as those other two figures rounded the bend in the stream he and she would have the world to themselves? Ah, of course he felt it, but was it quite as much to him as it was to her?

"Not quite so much," she said bravely to herself, "I don't want it to be quite so much—but nearly."

And now they were alone as no two can be except those who love, for when the third person leaves them they have a universe to themselves, and it is closed in by the heavens, and the air of it is the consciousness of each other's presence. She sat motionless now, trembling, exulting. She could no longer hear the talking of the water, but she heard his step. He was coming slowly toward her. She did not look up, she waited, and while she waited time was annihilated.

He was coming to her to treat her as if she were a fond child; that she, of all women, could permit it was still delicious to him and a marvel; she had let him do it yesterday, but perhaps she had regained her independence in the night. As he hesitated he became another person; in a flood of feeling he had a fierce desire to tell her the truth about himself. But he did not know what it was. He put aside his rod and sat down silently beside her.

"Grizel, I suppose I am a knave." His mouth opened to say it but no words came; she had given him an adorable look that stopped them as if her dear hand had been placed upon his mouth.

Was he a knave? Any other man acting as he did would have been one, but was he? He wanted honestly to know. He had not tried to make her love him. Had he known in time he would even have warned her against it. He would never have said he loved her had she not first, as she thought, found it out; to tell her the truth then would have been brutal; he had made-believe in order that she might remain happy. Was it even make-belief? Assuredly he did love her in his own way, in the only way he was capable of. She was far more to him than any other person except Elspeth; he delighted in her and would have fought till he dropped rather than let any other human being injure her,

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all his feelings for her were pure. It was not that he did not want to marry her, but that he did not want to marry anyone. He felt keenly miserable.

"Grizel, I seem to be different from all other men; there seems to be some curse upon me that makes me unable to love as they do. I want to love you, dear one, you are the only woman I ever wanted to love, but apparently I can't. There is some curse upon me."

He might have said it had he begun at once, for it was in a passion to be out, but he tried its effect first upon himself, and as he went on the tragedy he saw mastered him. He forgot that she was there, except as a figure needed to complete the picture of the man who could not love; he saw himself a splendidly haggard creature with burning eyes standing aside while all the world rolled by in pursuit of the one thing needful; it was a river and he must stand parched on the bank for ever and ever. Should he keep that sorrowful figure a man or turn it into a woman? He tried a woman. She was on the bank now, her arms outstretched to the flood; ah, she would be so glad to drink though she must drown.

She saw how mournful he had become as he gazed upon her. In his face she had been seeing all the glories that can be given to mortals, thoughts had come to her that drew her nearer to her God, her trust in him stretched to eternity. All that was given to her at that moment she thought was also given to him. She seemed to know why with love lighting up their souls to each other he could yet grow mournful.

"Oh," she cried, with a movement that was a passionate caress, "do you indeed love me so much as that? I never wanted you to love me quite so much as that!"

It brought him back to himself, but without a start. Those sudden returns to fact had ceased to bewilder him; they were grown so common that he passed between dreams and reality as through tissue-paper.

"I did not mean," she said at last, in a tremor, "that I wanted you to love me less, but I am almost sorry that you love me quite so much."

He dared say nothing, for he did not altogether understand.

"I have those fears, too, sometimes," she went on; "I have had them when I was with you, but more often when I was alone; they come to me suddenly, and I have such eager longings to run to you and tell you of them and ask you to drive them away. But I never did it, I kept them to myself."

"You could keep something back from me, Grizel?"

"Forgive me," she implored; "I thought they could only distress you, and I had such a desire to bring you nothing but happiness. To bear them by myself seemed to be helping you, and I was glad, I was proud, to feel myself of use to you even to that little extent. I did not know you had the same fears; I thought that perhaps they came only to women; have you had them before?"

"Often," he answered, with real feeling. Even then he did not quite know what she was speaking of, but whatever these fears precisely were he felt that he must have had them and a terrible time with them.

"Fears," she asked, so wistfully, "that it is too beautiful to end happily? Oh, have you heard a voice crying 'It is too beautiful, it can never be'?"

He saw clearly now, he saw so clearly that he was torn with emotion. "It is more than I can bear," he said, hoarsely. Surely he loved her.

"Did you see me die?" she asked, in a whisper. "I have seen you die."

"Don't, Grizel!" he cried.

But she had to go on. "Tell me," she begged, "I have told you."

"No, no, never that," he answered her. "At the worst I have had only the feeling that you could never be mine."

She smiled at that. "I am yours," she said, softly, "nothing can take away that, nothing, nothing. I say it to myself a hundred times a day, it is so sweet. Nothing can separate us but death; I have thought of all the other possible things and none of them is strong enough. But when I think of your dying, oh, when I think of my being left without you!"

She rocked her arms in a frenzy and called him dearest darlingest. All the sweet names that had been the child Grizel's and the old doctor's were Tommy's now. He soothed her, ah, surely as only a lover could soothe. She was his Grizel, she was his beloved. No mortal could

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have been more impassioned than Tommy. He must have loved her. It could not have been merely sympathy or an exquisite delight in being the man or the desire to make her happy again in the quickest way, or all three combined? Whatever it was he did not know; all he knew was that he felt every word he said, or seemed to feel it.

"It is a punishment to me," Grizel said, setting her teeth, "for loving you too much, I know I love you too much. I think I love you more than God."

She felt him shudder.

"But if I feel it," she said, shuddering also, yet unable to deceive herself, "what difference do I make by saying it? He must know whether I say it or not."

There was a tremendous difference to Tommy, but not of a kind he could explain, and she went on; she must tell him everything now.

"I pray every night and morning, but that is nothing, everyone does it. I know I thank God sincerely, I thank Him again and again and again. Do you remember how, when I was a child, you used to be horrified because I prayed standing? I often say little prayers standing now, I am always thanking Him for giving me you. But all the time it is a bargain with Him. So long as you are well I love Him, but if you were to die I would never pray again. I have never said it in words until to-day, but He must know it, for it is behind all my prayers. If He does not know, there cannot be a God."

She was watching his face, half-wofully, half-stubborn, as if, whatever might be the issue of those words, she had to say them. She saw how pained he was. To admit the possible non-existence of a God when you can so easily leave the subject alone was horrible to Tommy.

"I don't doubt Him," she continued, "I have believed in Him ever since the time when I was such a lonely child that I did not know His name. I shall always believe in Him so long as He does not take you from me. But if He does, then I shall not believe in Him any more. I may be wrong, but that is what I feel."

"It makes you care less for me!" she cried, in anguish.

"No, no, dear."

"I don't think it makes God care less for me," she said, very seriously. "I think He is pleased that I don't try to cheat Him."

Somehow Tommy felt uncomfortable at that.

"There are people," he said, vaguely, like one who thought it best to mention no names, "who would be afraid to challenge God in that way."

"He would not be worth believing in," she answered, "if He could be revengeful. He is too strong and too loving and too pitiful for that." But she took hold of Tommy as if to protect him. Had they been in physical danger her first impulse would have been to get in front of him to protect him. The noblest women probably always love in this way, and yet it is those who would hide behind them that men seem to love the best.

"I always feel, oh, I never can help feeling," she said, "that nothing could happen to you, that God himself could not take you from me while I had hold of you."

"Grizel!"

"I mean only that He could not have the heart," she said, hastily. "No, I don't," she had to add, "I meant what you thought I meant. That is why I feel it would be so sweet to be married, so that I could be close to you every moment, and then no harm could come to you. I would keep such grip of you, I should be such a part of you that you could not die without my dying also."

At the word marriage he had winced. He lost all else she had said.

"Oh, do you care less for me now?" she cried. "I can't see things as clearly as you do, dearest darlingest. I have not a beautiful nature like yours. I am naturally rebellious. I have to struggle even to be as good as I am. There are evil things in my blood. You remember how we found out that; God knew it, too, and He is compassionate. I think He makes many pitying allowances for me. It is not wicked, is it, to think that?"

"You used to know me too well, Grizel, to speak of my beautiful nature," he said, humbly.

"I did think you vain," she replied. "How odd to remember that!"

"But I was and am."

"I love to hear you proving you are

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not," said she, beaming upon him. "Do you think," she asked, with a sudden change of manner to the childish, like one trying to coax a compliment out of him, "that I have improved at all during those last days? I think I am not quite such a horrid girl as I used to be, and if I am not I owe it to you; I am so glad to owe it to you." She told him that she was trying to make herself a tiny bit more like him by studying his book. "It is not exactly the things you say of women that help me, for though they are lovely I am not sure that they are quite true. I almost hope they are not true, for if they are, then I am not even an average woman." She buried her face in his coat. "You say women are naturally purer than men, but I don't know. Perhaps we are more cunning only. Perhaps it is not even a thing to wish, for if we were, it would mean that we are good because there is less evil in us to fight against. Dear, forgive me for saying that, it may be all wrong; but I think it is what nearly all women feel in their hearts, though they keep it locked up till they die. I don't even want you to believe me. You think otherwise of us, and it is so sweet of you that we try to be better than we are, to undeceive you would hurt so. It is not the book that makes me a better woman, it is the man I see behind it."

He was too much moved to be able to reply, too much humbled. There were women who had roused passions in him that were far from noble; he had never yielded to them altogether, but he had followed them part of the way before he could turn and flee. He had all the desires of other men; he had mastered them so far not because they were weak, but because they could not come to him disguised. They like to wear the cloak of affection, but he always saw them bare. Passion and affection, he could feel them both, but never, apparently, for one person; they pulled in opposite directions.

"Ah, Grizel," he declared, by and by, "what a delicious book you are, and how I wish I had written you! With every word you say, something within me is shouting 'Am I not a wonder!' I warned you it would be so as soon as I felt that I had done anything really big, and I have. I have somehow made you love me. Ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, addressing the river and the trees and the roses, "I have somehow made her love me, am I not a wonder!"

Grizel clapped her hands gayly; she was merry again; she could always be what Tommy wanted her to be. "Ladies and gentlemen," she cried, "how could I help it?"

David had been coming back for his fly-book, and though he did not hear their words he saw a light in Grizel's face that suddenly set him thinking. For the rest of the day he paid little attention to Elspeth. Some of his answers showed her that he was not even listening to her.

CHAPTER XVI

"HOW COULD YOU HURT YOUR GRIZEL SO!"

TO concentrate on Elspeth so that he might find out what was in her mind was as we have seen seldom necessary to Tommy, for he had learned her by heart long ago. Yet a time was now come when he had to concentrate, and even then he was doubtful of the result. So often he had put that mind of hers to right that it was an open box to him, or had been, until he conceived the odd notion that perhaps it contained a secret drawer. This would have been resented by most brothers, but Tommy's chagrin was nothing compared to the exhilaration with which he perceived that he might be about to discover something new about woman. He was like the digger whose hand is on the point of closing on a diamond, a certain holiness added.

What puzzled him was the state of affairs now existing between Elspeth and the doctor. A week had elapsed since the fishing excursion and David had not been to the house. Too busy? Tommy knew that it is the busy people who can find time. Could it be that David had proposed to her at the water-side?

No, he could not read that in Elspeth's face. He knew that she would be in distress lest her refusal darkened the doctor's life for too long a time, but yet (shake

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your fist at him, ladies, for so misunderstanding you) he expected also to note in that sympathetic face a look of subdued triumph, and as it was not there David could not have proposed.

The fact of her not having told him about it at once did not prove to Tommy that there had been no proposal. His feeling was that she would consider it too sacred a thing to tell even to him, but that it would force its way out in a week or two.

On the other hand, she could not have resisted dropping shyly such remarks as these, "I think Dr. Gemmell is a noble man," or, "How wonderfully good Dr. Gemmell is to the poor."

Also she would sometimes have given Tommy a glance that said, "I wonder if you guess."

Had they quarrelled? Tommy smiled. If it was but a quarrel he was not merely appeased, he was pleased. Had he had the ordering of the affair he would certainly have included a lover's quarrel in it, and had it not been that he wanted to give her the pleasure of finding these things out for herself he would have taken her aside and addressed her thus: "No need to look tragic, Elspeth; for to a woman this must be really one of the most charming moments in the comedy. You feel that he would not have quarrelled had he had any real caring for you, and yet in your heart you know it is a proof that he has. To a woman, I, who know, assure you that nothing can be more delicious. Your feeling for him, as you and I well know, is but a sentiment of attraction because he loves you as you are unable to love him, and as you are so pained by this quarrel, consider how much more painful it must be to him. You think you have been slighted; that when a man has seemed to like you so much you have a right to be told so by him that you may help him with your sympathy; oh, Elspeth, you think yourself unhappy just now when you are really in the middle of one of the pleasantest bits of it. Love is a series of thrills, the one leading to the other, and as your careful guardian I would not have you miss one of them. You will come to the final bang quickly enough and find it the finest thrill of all, but it is soon over. When you have had to tell him that you are not for him there are left only the pleasures of memory, and the more of them there were the more there will be to look back to. I beg you, Elspeth, not to hurry; loiter rather, smelling the flowers and plucking them, for you may never be this way again."

All these things he might have pointed out to Elspeth had he wanted her to look at the matter rationally, but he had no such wish. He wanted her to enjoy herself as the blessed do, without knowing why. No pity for the man, you see, but no ill-will to him. David was having his thrills also, and though the last of them would seem a staggerer to him at the time, it would gradually become a sunny memory. The only tragedy is not to have known love. So long as you have the experiences it does not greatly matter whether your suit was a failure or successful.

So Tommy decided, considering those two frankly, and with a furtive thought of Grizel, and then a sharp turn away from her. She was another reason why the affair of David and Elspeth should be as long drawn out as possible. Don't you see that Tommy was doing his best to make everyone happy for the time being?

But he was too soft-hearted to be happy himself when the fear came to him that there had been no quarrel, that the doctor had simply drawn back. Fortunate this for Tommy, it may be said, as excusing his own state of indecision, but it was not Tommy he could think of now, it was Elspeth only. He thirsted to force David on his knees to her by brute force.

How he saw through Elspeth's brave attempts to show that she had never for a moment thought of David's having any feeling for her save ordinary friendship—yes, they were brave, but not brave enough for Tommy. At times she would say something bitter about life (not about the doctor, for he was never mentioned), and it was painful to her brother to see gentle Elspeth grown cynical. He suffered even more when her manner indicated that she knew she was too poor a creature to be loved by any man. But he was careful to prevent her thinking that he suspected anything. Some day she must blurt out all to him, and then he would seem to know it already or not, according as he thought best for her.

Of course Tommy could not give such

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generous devotion to his sister without noticing that he was a very fine fellow for doing it, and this was undoubtedly useful to him just now in stifling his conscience. Beside David he saw himself a moral giant. He wondered how David could dare to look him in the face. Nevertheless, the doctor dared to do this, and more. It was one day when Tommy was thinking contemptuously of men who are smaller than life-size that David met him and said words which amounted to this, "It is you, Mr. Sandys, who are the pigmy."

They had met on the hill, whence the few who look may see one of the fairest views in Scotland. Tommy was strolling up and down with his hands behind his back, and the few other persons on the hill were glancing covertly at him as we all look at celebrated characters, half-smiling as if they cannot be quite respectable, and keeping at a distance as if they may go off like a firework at any moment. Tommy knew they were watching him, and he had put his hands behind his back to give them more for their money, as the saying is.

"I hear that you are to be married," David said, with an effort, but bluntly, for this was the opportunity he had been awaiting. "If so, I should like to be one of the first to congratulate you."

It suddenly put the judge in the dock. "There is no truth in it," Tommy rapped out, violently. "It surprises me how you could have heard so absurd a story."

The doctor said nothing, but crow's feet showed round his eyes, as always when he was in mental pain.

"It is infamous that such things should be said," Tommy continued, hotly. He had said enough; he was like an excited man defending himself after his opponents have retired.

"I am sorry I spoke of it, as it is untrue," the doctor said, quietly looking him over. "But you talk as if you had been accused of a crime. Marriage is not usually regarded in that light."

"No," Tommy replied, "no, but—why are you looking at me so oddly?"

"Am I?" The doctor looked another way. "I suppose," he said, "it was your vehemence that surprised me. I suddenly remembered that you were the champion of marriage in your book."

Tommy suddenly remembered it also. "If you are implying that I don't mean what I write—" he began.

"I am not," David assured him, and proceeded to talk of something else. He had not mentioned who his informant was, nor who the lady, and Tommy did not ask. There was no vulgar curiosity in him to-day. There was no room in him for anything except the instinct of self-preservation. As he moved along, once more alone, his lips were dry, and he jerked back his head at times as if a quarterstaff were playing around it. He strode down the hill savagely toward Caddam Wood, where he knew he should find Grizel.

Soon he saw her. She was on one of the many tiny paths that lead the stranger into the middle of the wood and then leave him there maliciously, or because they dare not venture any farther themselves. They could play no tricks on Grizel, however, for she knew and was fond of them all. Tommy had said that she loved them because they were such little paths, that they appealed to her like babies, and perhaps there was something in it.

She came up the path with the swing of one who was gleefully happy. Some of the Thrums people, you remember, said that Grizel strutted because she was so satisfied with herself, and if you like an ugly word, we may say that she strutted to-day. It was her whole being giving utterance to the joy within her that love had brought. As Grizel came up the path on that bright afternoon, she could no more have helped strutting than the bud to open on the appointed day. She was obeying one of Nature's laws. I think I promised long ago to tell you of the day when Grizel would strut no more. Well, this is the day. Observe her strutting for the last time. It was very strange and touching to her to remember in the after years that she had once strutted, but it was still more strange and touching to Tommy.

She was like one over-filled with delight when she saw him. How could she know that he was to strike her.

He did not speak. She was not displeased. When anything so tremendous happened as the meeting of these two, how could they find words at once?

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She bent and pressed her lips to his sleeve, but he drew away with a gesture that startled her.

"You are not angry?" she said, stopping.

"Yes," he replied, doggedly.

"Not with me?" Her hand went to her heart.

"With me!" A wounded animal could not have uttered a cry more pathetic. "Not with me!" she clutched his arm.

"Have I no cause to be angry?" he said.

She looked at him in bewilderment. Could this be he? Oh, could it be she?

"Cause? How could I give you cause?"

It seemed unanswerable to her. How could Grizel do anything that would give him the right to be angry with her? Oh, men, men, will you never understand how absolutely all of her a woman's love can be? If she gives you everything, how can she give you more? She is not another person, she is part of you. Does one finger of your hand plot against another?

He told her sullenly of his scene with the doctor. "I am very sorry," she said, but her eyes were still searching for the reason why Tommy could be angry with her.

"You promised to tell no one," he said, savagely, though he knew her too well to believe that she had told.

The anguish that was Grizel's then! "You can't think that I told him!" she cried, and she held out her arms as if to remind him of who she was.

But he wanted to be brutal. "I don't say," he answered, "that you told him we were engaged, for it is not true."

"No," she said, letting her arms fall, "it is not true." And then, with a gesture of despair. "But you believe I have in some way broken my promise to you! You can believe that of your Grizel?"

"I know you have not done it wittingly, but this man has guessed, and he could never have guessed it from a look or word of mine."

"It must have been I!" she said, slowly. "Tell me," she cried, like a suppliant, "how have I done it?"

"Your manner, your face," he answered, "it must have been that. I don't blame you, Grizel, but—yes, it must have been that, and it is hard on me."

She stood so still she seemed to be pondering, and at last she said, quietly, as if they had been discussing some problem outside themselves, "Yes, I think it must have been that." She looked long at him. "It is very hard on you," she said.

"I feel sure it was that," she went on, and now her figure was erect and again it broke, and sometimes there was a noble scorn in her voice, but more often there was only pitiful humility. "I feel sure it was that, for I have often wondered how everybody did not know. I have broken my promise. I used always to be able to keep a promise; I had every other fault, I was hard and proud and intolerant, but I was true. I think I was vain of that, though I see now it was only something I could not help, from the moment when I had a difficulty in keeping a promise I ceased to keep it. I love you so much that I carry my love in my face for all to read. They cannot see me meet you without knowing the truth; they cannot hear me say your name but I betray myself; I show how I love you in every movement; I am full of you; how can anyone look at me and not see you? I should have been more careful, oh, I could have been so much more careful had I loved you a little less. It is very hard on you."

The note of satire had died out of her voice, her every look and gesture carried in it nothing but love for him, and he saw it and was moved to know that Grizel could never fight him again. But he steeled his heart. He knew what he was wanting now, he wanted to get back his freedom.

"The important thing," he said, "is what is to be done next. This is depriving me of all self-respect."

Her mouth opened as if for bitterness, but no sound came. "How much self-respect do you think is left for me after to-day?" she said, mournfully, at last, and then she quickly took a step nearer her dear one as if to caress the spot where these words had struck him. But she stopped, and for a moment she was the Grizel of old. "Have no fear," she said, with a trembling, crooked smile, "there is only one thing to be done now, and I shall do

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it. All the blame is mine. You shall not be deprived of your self-respect."

The one thing for her to do was to go, and she did it, but it was only for a moment that she could be altogether the Grizel of old. She turned to take a long, last look at him, but the wofulness of herself was what she saw. She cried, with infinite pathos, "Oh, how could you hurt your Grizel so!"

He controlled himself and let her go. It was not until she was out of sight that he gave utterance to a harsh laugh, which meant, "Tommy, you scoundrel!" He knew what he was at that moment as you and I shall never be able to know him, eavesdrop how we may. But he had meant to be brutal; he was not so much suffering from abhorrence of himself as marvelling that he had succeeded in playing the part. So often had he intended to be one kind of person at a given moment and been quite another that he was proud of his consistency. "You are a brute, but a strong brute," his laugh said.

He moved about the wood sawing at the blaeberry-bushes with his stick. To Grizel he must seem to be even more base and callous than he was, and he rejoiced savagely in that; it would add to her present sufferings, but it would cure her the quicker. Better for her that he should cut the love out of her with a knife. He would let her think him henceforth the fiend absolute she thought him now; it must hurt him like a hair-shirt, but he would bear it for her sake. Some men would have told her now, in self-defence, that it had all been her mistake, that she had thought he loved her that night in the den, and that he had been too kind to undeceive her. Yes, he had been too soft-hearted! That was all she could blame him for if he told the truth, as most men would do now. But he would never do so, at whatever cost to himself he would save her that. Such excuses for himself fluttered like bats among the other more worthy thoughts in his mind. For he had worthier thoughts, and he really was very fond of Grizel.

He flung himself down in a blaeberry-bed and lay there doggedly, his weak mouth tightly closed. A great silence reigned; no, not a great silence, for he continued to hear the cry, "Oh, how could you hurt your Grizel so!" She scarcely knew that she had said it, but to him who knew what she had been and what he had changed her into and for what alone she was to blame, there was an unconscious pathos in it that was terrible; it was the epitome of all that was Grizel, all that was adorable and all that was pitiful in her; it rang in his mind like a bell of doom; he believed its echo would not be quite gone from his ears when he died. If all the wise men in the world had met to consider how Grizel could most effectively say farewell to Tommy they could not have thought out a better sentence; however completely he had put himself emotionally in her place with this same object he would have been inspired by nothing quite so good.

But they were love's dying words. He knew he could never again, though he tried, be to Grizel what he had been. The water was spilled on the ground. She had thought him all that was glorious in man; that was what her love had meant, and it was spilled. There was only one way in which he could wound her more cruelly than she was already hurt, and that was by daring to ask her to love him still. To imply that he thought her pride so broken, her independence, her maidenly modesty, all that make up the loveliness of a girl, so lost that by entreaties he could persuade her to forgive him, would destroy her altogether, it would reveal to her how low he thought her capable of falling.

I suppose we should all like to think that it would have been thus with Grizel, but our wishes are of small account. It was not half an hour since she left Tommy to be his no more, his knife still in her heart, but she had not reached the end of the wood when all in front of her seemed a world of goblins, and a future without him not to be faced. He might beat her or scorn her, but not for an hour could she exist without him. She wrung her arms in woe, the horror of what she was doing tore her in pieces, but not all this prevented her turning back, it could not even make her go slowly; she did not walk back, she stole back in little runs; she knew it was her destruction, but her arms were outstretched to the spot where she had left him.

He was no longer there, and he saw her

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between the firs before she could see him. As he realized what her coming back meant, his frame shook with pity for her. All the dignity had gone from her, she looked as shamed as a dog stealing back after it has been whipped. She knew she was shamed, he saw she knew it, the despairing rocking of her arms proved it; yet she was coming back to him in little runs.

Pity, chivalry, oh, surely love itself, lifted him to his feet, and all else passed out of him save an imperious desire to save her as much humiliation as he could, to give her back a few of those garments of pride and self-respect that had fallen from her. At least she should not think that she had to come all the way to him. With a stifled sob he rose and ran up the path toward her.

"Grizel! It is you! My beloved! How could you leave me—oh, Grizel, my love, how could you misunderstand me so!"

She gave a glad cry. She sought feebly to hold him at arm's length, to look at him watchfully, to read him as in the old days; but the old days were gone. He strained her to him. Oh, surely it was love at last. He thanked God that he loved at last.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW TOMMY SAVED THE FLAG

HE loved at last, but had no time to exult just now, for he could not rejoice with Tommy while his dear one drooped in shame. Ah, so well he understood that she believed she had done the unpardonable thing in woman, and that while she thought so she must remain a broken column. It was a great task he saw before him, nothing less than to make her think that what she had done was not shameful but exquisite, that she had not tarnished the flag of love but glorified it. Artfulness, you will see was needed, but, remember, he was now using all his arts in behalf of the woman he loved.

"You were so long in coming back to me, Grizel. The agony of it!"

"Did it seem long?" She spoke in a trembling voice, hiding her face in him. She listened like one anxious to seize his answer as it left his heart.

"So long," he answered, "that it seemed to me we must be old when we met again. I saw a future without you stretching before me to the grave, and I turned and ran from it."

"That is how I felt," she whispered.

"You!" Tommy cried, in excellent amazement.

"What else could have made me come?"

"I thought it was pity that had brought you. Pity for me, Grizel. I thought you had perhaps come back to be angry with me——"

"How could I be!" she cried.

"How could you help it rather," said he. "I was cruel, Grizel, I spoke like a fool as well as like a dastard, but I meant not a word of what I said. Dear one, be angry with me as often as you choose, and whether I deserve it or not, but don't go away from me; never send me from you again. Anything but that."

It was how she felt again, and her hold on him tightened with sudden joy. So well he knew what that grip meant! He did not tell her that he had not loved her fully until now. He would have liked to tell her how true love had been born in him as he saw her stealing back to him, but it was surely best for her not to know that any transformation had been needed. "I don't say that I love you more now than ever before," he said carefully, "but one thing I do know, that I never admired you quite so much."

She looked up in surprise.

"I mean your character," he said, determinedly. "I have always known how strong and noble it was, but I never quite thought you could do anything so beautiful as this."

Beautiful! She could only echo the word.

"Many women, even of the best," he told her, "would have resorted to little feminine ways of humbling such a blunderer as I have been; they would have spurned him for weeks, made him come to them on his knees, perhaps thought that his brutality of a moment outweighed all his love. When I saw you coming to

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meet me half-way—Oh, Grizel, tell me that you were doing that ?"

"Yes, yes, yes ! " she answered, eagerly, so that she might not detain him a moment.

"When I saw you I realized that you were willing to forgive me, that you were coming to say so, that no thought of lowering me first was in your mind, that yours was a love above the littleness of ordinary people, and the adorableness of it filled me with a glorious joy ; I saw in that moment what woman in her highest development is capable of, and that the noblest is the most womanly."

She said "Womanly ? " with a little cry, it had always been such a sweet word to her, and she thought it could never be hers again.

"It is by watching you," he replied, "that I know the meaning of the word. I thought I knew long ago, but every day you give it a nobler meaning."

If she could have believed it ! For a second or two she tried to believe it, and then she shook her head.

"How dear of you to think that of me ! " she answered. She looked up at him with exquisite approval in her eyes, she had always felt that men should have high ideas about women.

"But it was not to save you pain that I came back," she said, bravely. There was something pathetic in the way the truth had always to come out of her. "I did not think you wanted me to come back, I never expected you to be looking for me, and when I saw you doing it my heart nearly stopped for gladness. I thought you were wearied of me and would be annoyed when you saw me coming back ; I said to myself 'If I go back I shall be a disgrace to womanhood ; ' but I came, and now do you know what my heart is saying and always will be saying ? It is that pride and honor and self-respect are gone. And the terrible thing is that I don't seem to care, I, who used to value them so much, am willing to let them go if you don't send me away from you. Oh, if you can't love me any longer, let me still love you. That is what I came back to say."

"Grizel, Grizel ! " he cried. It was she who was wielding the knife now.

"But it is true," she said.

"We could so easily pretend that it isn't." That was not what he said, though it was at his heart. He sat down, saying :

"This is a terrible blow, but better you should tell it to me, than leave me to find it out." He was determined to save the flag for Grizel, though he had to try all the Tommy ways, one by one.

"Have I hurt you ? " she asked, anxiously ; she could not bear to hurt him for a moment. "What did I say ? "

"It amounts to this," he replied, huskily ; "you love me, but you wish you did not. That is what it means."

He expected her to be appalled by this, but she stood still, thinking it over. There was something pitiful in a Grizel grown undecided.

"Do I wish I did not ? " she said, helplessly. "I don't know. Perhaps that is what I do wish. Ah, but what are wishes ! I know now that they don't matter at all."

"Yes, they matter," he assured her in the voice of one looking upon death. "If you no longer want to love me, you will cease to do it soon enough." His manner changed to bitterness. "So don't be cast down, Grizel, for the day of your deliverance is at hand."

But again she disappointed him, and as the flag must be saved at whatever cost, he said :

"It has come already, I see you no longer love me as you did." Her arms rose in anguish, but he went on, ruthlessly. "You will never persuade me that you do ; I shall never believe it again."

I suppose it was a pitiable thing about Grizel, it was something he had discovered weeks ago and marvelled over, that nothing distressed her so much as the implication that she could love him less. She knew she could not, but that he should think it possible was the strangest woe to her. It seemed to her to be love's only tragedy. We have seen how difficult it was for Grizel to cry. When she said, "How could you hurt your Grizel so ! " she had not cried nor when she knew that if she went back to him, her self-respect must remain behind ; but a painful tear came to her eyes when he said that she loved him less. It almost unmanned him, but he proceeded for her good.

"I daresay you still care for me a

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little, as the rank and file of people love. What right had I of all people to expect a love so rare and beautiful as yours to last; it had to burn out like a great fire as such love always does; the experience of the world has proved it."

"Oh!" she cried, and her body was rocking. If he did not stop, she would weep herself to death.

"Yes, it seems sad," Tommy continued, "but if ever man knew that it served him right, I know it. And they maintain, the wiseacres who have analyzed love, that there is much to be said in favor of a calm affection. The glory has gone, but the material comforts are greater, and in the end——"

She sank upon the ground. He was bleeding for her, was Tommy, he went on his knees beside her and it was terrible to him to feel that every part of her was alive with anguish. He called her many sweet names and she listened for them between her sobs, but still she sobbed. He could bear it no longer, he cried, and called upon God to smite him. She did not look up, but her poor hands pulled him back. "You said I do not love you the same," she moaned.

"Grizel!" he answered, as if in sad reproof. "It was not I who said that, it was you. I put into words only what you have been telling me for the last ten minutes."

"No, no," she cried, "oh, how could I!"

He flung up his arms in despair. "Is this only pity for me, Grizel," he implored, looking into her face as if to learn his fate, "or is it love indeed?"

"You know it is love—you know!"

"But what kind of love?" he demanded, fiercely. "Is it the same love that it was? Quick, tell me, I can't have less; if it is but a little less, you will kill me."

The first gleam of sunshine swept across her face (and oh, how he was looking for it!). "Do you want it to be the same—do you really want it? oh, it is, it is!"

"And you would not cease to love me if you could?"

"No, no, no!" She would have come closer to him, but he held her back.

"One moment, Grizel," he said, in a hard voice that filled her with apprehension. "There must be no second mistake. In saying that love and love alone brought you back you are admitting, are you not, that you were talking wildly about loss of pride and honor? You did the loveliest thing you have ever done when you came back. If I were you my character would be ruined from this hour, I should feel so proud of myself."

She smiled at that, and fondled his hand. "If you think so," she said, "all is well."

But he would not leave it thus. "You must think so also," he insisted; and when she still shook her head, "Then I am proud of your love no longer," said he, doggedly. "How proud of it I have been! A man cannot love a woman without reverencing her, without being touched to the quick a score of times a day by the revelations she gives of herself, revelations of such beauty and purity that he is abashed in her presence, the unspoken prayers he offers up to God at those times he gives to her to carry. And when such a one returns his love, he is proud indeed. To me you are the embodiment of all that is fair in woman, and it is love that has made you so, that has taken away your little imperfections, love for me, ah, Grizel, I was so proud to think that somehow I had done it; but even now, in the moment when your love has manifested itself most splendidly, you are ashamed of it, and what I respect and reverence you for most are changes that have come about against your will. If your love makes you sorrowful, how can I be proud of it? Henceforth it will be my greatest curse."

She started up, wringing her hands. It was something to have got her to her feet.

"Surely," he said, like one puzzled as well as pained by her obtuseness, "you see clearly that it must be so. True love, as I conceive it, must be something passing all knowledge, irresistible, something not to be resented for its power but worshipped for it, something not to fight against but to glory in; and such is your love; but you give the proof of it with shame, because your ideal of love is a humdrum sort of affection. That is all you would like to feel, Grizel, and because you feel something deeper and nobler you say you have lost your self-respect. I am

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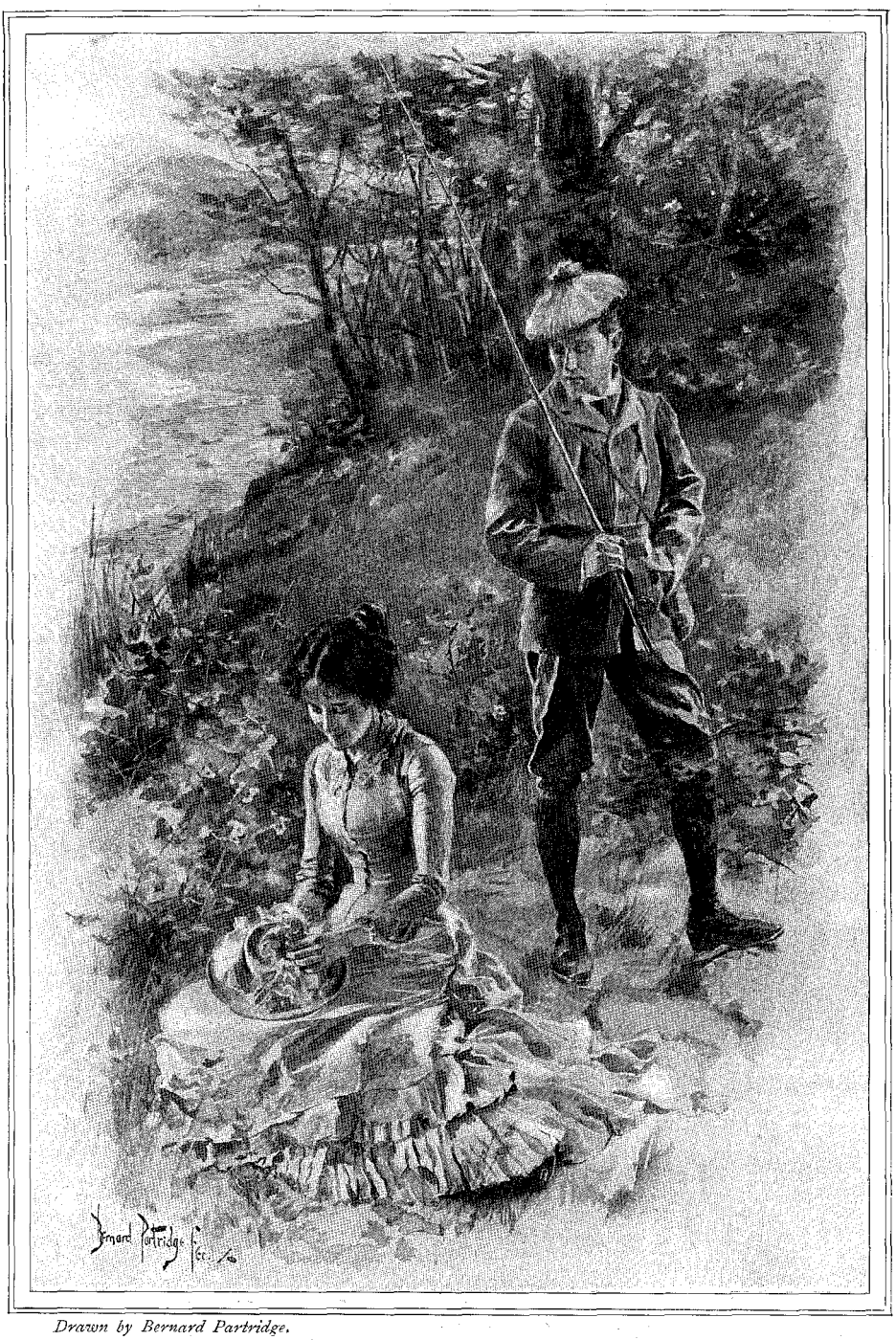

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

She did not look up, she waited.—Page 590.

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the man who has taken it from you, can I ever be proud of your love again ?"

He paused, overcome with emotion. "What it has been to me!" he cried. "I walked among my fellows as if I were a colossus, it inspired me at my work, I felt that there was nothing great I was not capable of, and all because Grizel loved me."

She stood trembling with delight at what he said, and with apprehension at what he seemed to threaten. His head being bent he could not see her, and amid his grief he wondered a little what she was doing now.

"But you spoke"—she said it timidly, as if to refer to the matter at all was cruel of her—"you spoke as if I was disgracing you because I could not conceal my love and as if I was depriving you of your self-respect." She pressed her hands together. "Yes, that is what you said."

This was awkward for Tommy. "She believes I meant that," he cried, hoarsely. "Grizel believes that of me! I have behaved since then as if that was what I meant, have I ? I look as if I had meant that, do I not ? I know myself at last! Grizel has shown me what I am."

He covered his face with his hands. Strong man as he was he could not conceal his agony.

"Don't!" she cried. "If I was wrong——"

"If you were wrong!"

"I was wrong, I know I was wrong. Somehow it was a mistake. I don't know how it arose, but you love me and you want me to love you still. That is all I know. I thought you did not, but you do. If you wanted me to come back——"

"If I wanted it!"

"I know you wanted it now, and I am no longer ashamed to have come; I am glad I came, and if you can still be proud of my love and respect me——"

"Oh, Grizel, if!"

"Then I have got back my pride and my self-respect again—I cannot reason about it, but they have come back again."

It was she who was trying to comfort him by this time, caressing his hair and his hands, but he would not be appeased at once. It was good for her to have something to do.

"You are sure you are happy again, Grizel, you are not pretending in order to please me ?"

"So happy."

"But your eyes are still wet."

"That is because I have hurt you so. Oh, how happy I should be if I could see you smile again!"

"How I would smile if I saw you looking happy."

"Then smile at once, sir," she could say presently, "for, see how happy I am looking," and as she beamed on him once more he smiled as well as he was able to. Grizel loved him so much that she actually knew when that face of his was smiling, and soon she was saying gayly to his eyes, "Oh, silly eyes, that won't sparkle, what is the use of you," and she pressed her own upon them; and to his mouth she said, "Mouth that does not know how to laugh, poor, tragic mouth." He let her do nearly all the talking, she sat there crooning over him as if he were her child.

And so the flag was saved. He begged her to let him tell their little world of his love for her, and especially was he eager to go straight with it to the doctor. But she would not have this. "David and Elspeth shall know in good time," she said, "I am sure they are fond of each other, and they shall know of our happiness on the day when they tell us of their own." I think it was a pleasure to her to insist on this, it was her punishment to herself for ever having doubted Tommy.

(To be continued.)

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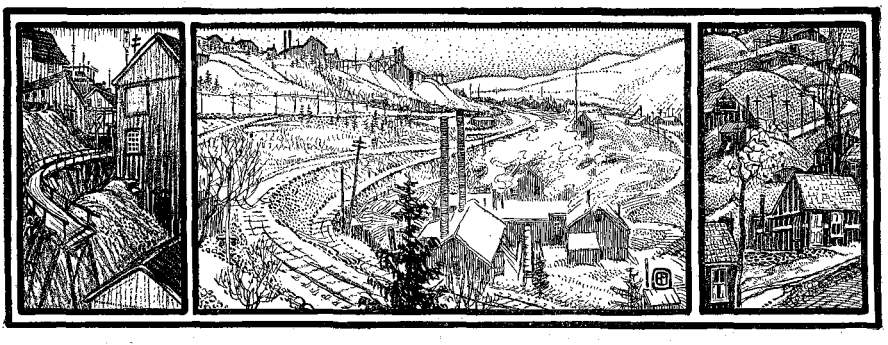

CRIPPLE CREEK

By Francis Lynde

WE have Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike's own word for it that he never set foot upon the mountain which bears his name, and the inference is plain that neither he nor any of his men had so much as a glimpse of the high, billowy table-land which bridges the middle distance in the westward outlook from the summit.

The Lieutenant's failure to get a sight of the trans-montane region was his misfortune rather than his fault. For ten days the "Great Snow Mountain," as he named it, had been growing steadily in the western horizon, and on the last of these days the little band of soldier-pioneers encamped in its shadow. The following morning the Lieutenant with three of his men set out to climb the peak. But it was late in November and the time was unpropitious. The four explorers left their blankets and provisions in camp, believing the ascent to be no more than a day's jaunt. Nightfall found them still among the eastern crags, with snow-storms raging above and below them; and they bivouacked in a shallow cave, without food, water, or blankets. In the forenoon of the next day they reached the snow-capped summit, not of the great mountain itself, but of the lesser height now known as Cheyenne; and thence they turned back. In the entry for that day the Lieutenant's diary records the grave opinion that "no human being could ascend to the summit of that tremendous mountain."

It is instructive to picture the amazement of the discoverer if he could have survived the gallant charge at Toronto in the War of 1812, to outlive his generation, and to stand once more upon the summit of Cheyenne Mountain. At the foot of his inaccessible peak nestles world-famous Manitou. Up Ute Pass, which was "no thoroughfare" for him and his little band of pioneer soldiers in 1806, winds the steel-railed ladder of a transcontinental highway. And twice a day, far up on the sharp *arête* of the great snow mountain, a shifting blur of black smoke marks the daring ascent of the train on the summit cog-wheel railway.

I know not who first looked down from the crest of the great mountain upon the upheaved table-land which stretches away in a huge-billowed sea of gray-green heights and fallow-dun valleys from the western shoulder of the Peak. Nor has tradition preserved the name of the first gold-hunter who tramped these solitudes. In the '60's the Geodetic Survey passed over the ground, and one Wood prospected on Regna Mountain and found nothing. Later, in 1874, this first-named of the pioneers returned to try again, but with the same result. There were "colors" in all the streams, and gold-bearing "float" to be found on the hill-sides; but there were no outcropping ledges, and after Wood's second failure the region became a vast cattle-range.

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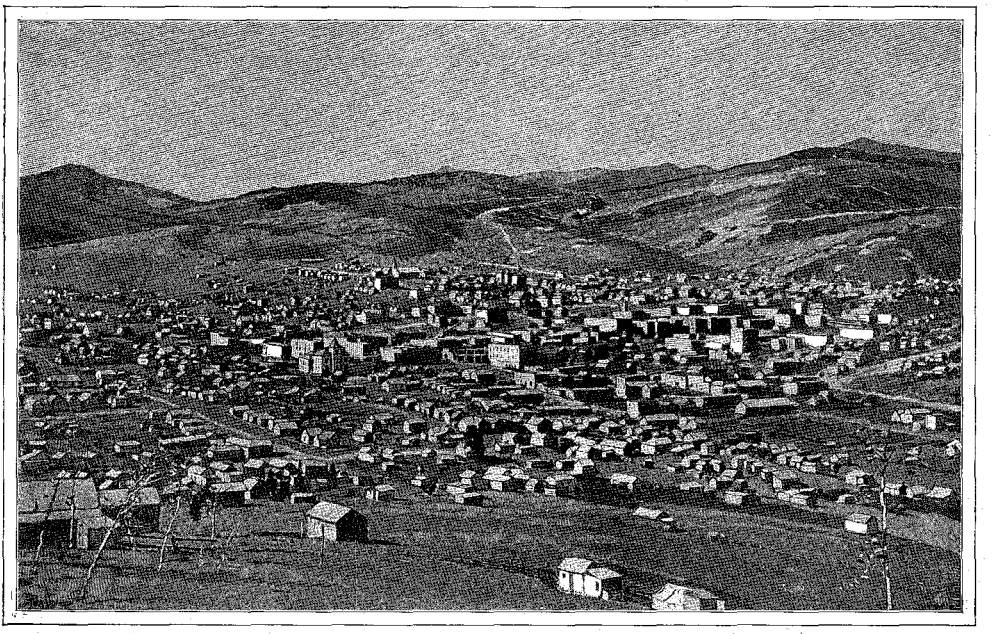

Cripple Creek, Looking Northeast.

It was the cattle men who gave it the name which now figures in the stock quotations. There are a dozen traditions, but the best authenticated is the story of a cowboy whose bronco balked at the jumping of a rivulet; balked and stumbled and fell, breaking a leg for itself and one for its rider. There was no surgeon nearer than Colorado Springs; and the rough anatomical carpentry of his mates made a cripple for life of the unlucky range-rider. Wherefore he named the rivulet Cripple Creek, and the rivulet has named the region.

From cattle-range to gold camp is a backward step rarely taken in the history of the West; but from the beginning the story of the American Randt has been a record of reversals. In 1879 a prospector named Calkins ran a tunnel in Poverty Gulch, and, like his predecessors, found nothing, though the present workings of the great Gold King mine are within a stone's throw of his old tunnel. In 1884 the district had its first mining excitement; a "boom" which lasted forty-eight hours. The nucleus of the boom was a prospect shaft in the outlying hills of the present gold district, and two hours after the wires spread the news of the "strike," the name of Mount Pisgah was on every lip. There had been a dearth of booms since the great silver strikes in the San Juan, and everybody made the most of this one. Outgoing trains to Cañon City, the nearest rail point, were crowded to the platforms; and all along the trail up Long Hungry Gulch to the mountain with the Scriptural name, the way was blocked by the frenzied army of potential gold-diggers.

It proved to be only a "salted" boom, after all. Two men had dug a hole and baited it for the unwary by saturating the barren vein matter at the bottom with a solution of gold in hydrochloric acid. Some of the solution was left over, and one of the conspirators had the bottle in his pocket. In the midst of the excitement the bottle broke—and with it the boom. The two adventurers fled, leaving the acid-burned clothing behind them, and were no more to be found, though the disappointed ones sought them far and wide, with tears mingled with cursings. When the search failed the great army melted away, and there was no prophet in its ranks to tell the others that almost within rifle-shot of the salted prospect shaft a latter-day Golconda was waiting for some one to disregard the theories of the geologists; that within another de-

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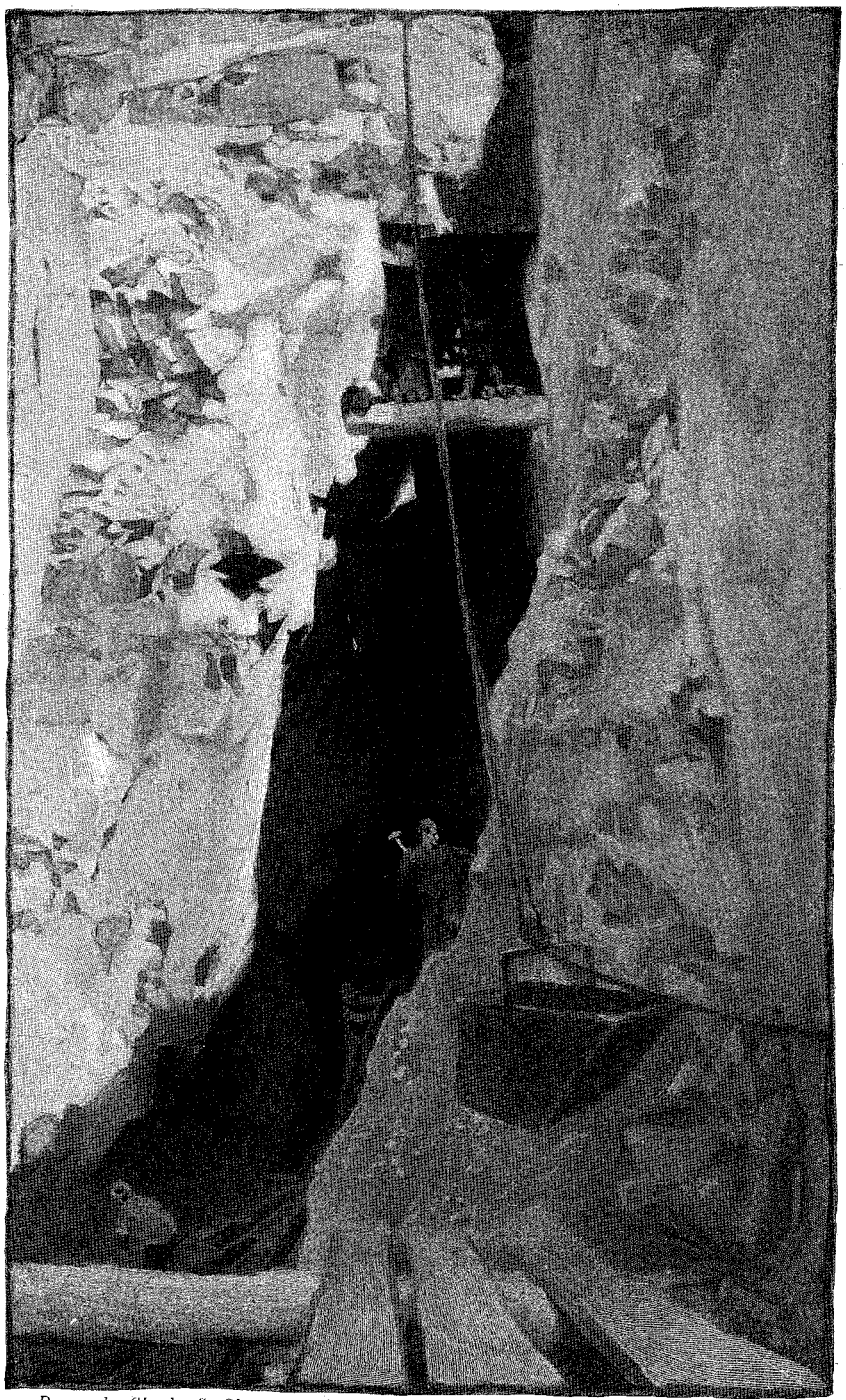

Drawn by Charles S. Chapman, after photograph.

Stoping in Anaconda Tunnel.

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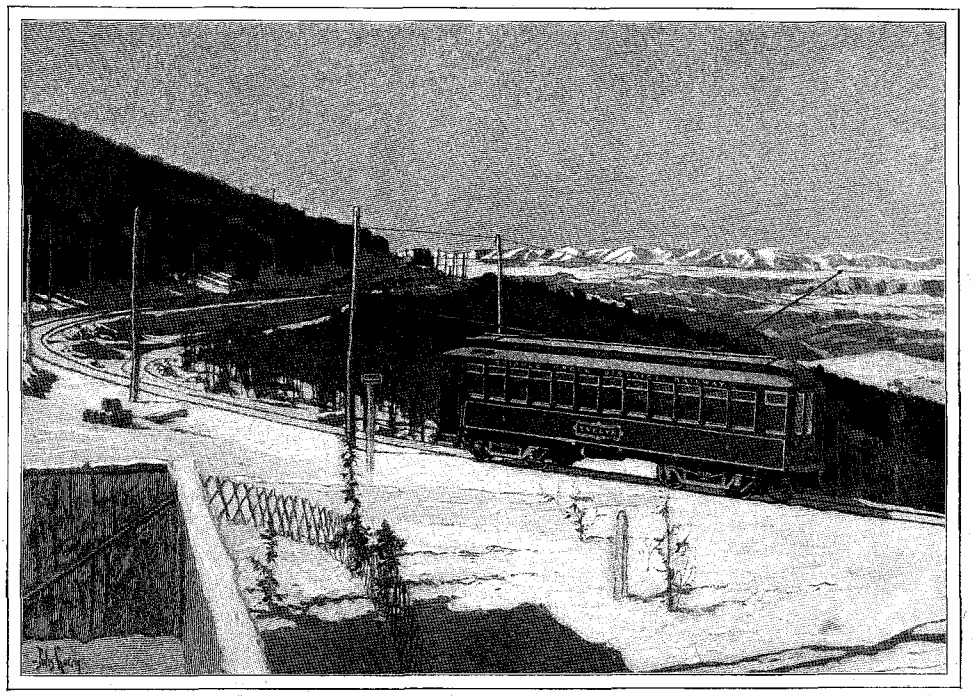

Midway on Bull Hill Line of Cripple Creek District Electric Railway.
Elevation, 10,514 feet. Sangre de Cristo Range 100 miles distant.

cade a great gold field, rivalled only by the South African, would be in full blast in the very foothills of the Mount of Cursing.

It was shortly after the Mount Pisgah excitement that one Robert Womack began digging investigative holes in the hills east and south of the salted prospect shaft. He had little encouragement save the unanchored "float" found everywhere, but he was a persistent soul and finally his example had its effect. Others came and began to dig, and after a time there were so many stock-endangering holes that the cattle-owners rebelled. But it was quite in vain that the ranchmen laid out the town of Cripple Creek merely to fix the price of lots at a prohibitory figure and so to deter the gold-seekers. The time was fully ripe. The gray-green hills were in travail, and the pastoral period was in its last days.

It was on February 28, 1891, that the Golconda was uncovered. Five men working on a prospect called the "Blue Bell" took out the first pay-ore, and it was worth no more than $43 to the ton. To-day the story of the pastoral period is but an unsubstantial myth, and Wood, and Calkins, and Womack are forgotten, as pioneers are wont to be. Their successors are a race of gnomes and kobolds, honeycombing the granite hills as the teredo burrows in oak. On the gray-green slopes, where the lowing of cattle and the shout of the range-riders were once the only sounds to disturb the eternal silences, the air is clangorous with an anvil chorus hammered by steel upon stone to an accompaniment of droning electric wires, locomotive shrieks, and clanking car-wheels, timed by thunderous explosions of dynamite that cease not day nor night. It is the battle clamor of industry gone mad, and the echoes of it have gone forth into all the world.

It is to be presumed that there was a transition period between the day of pick and shovel and that of gigantic air-drills and dynamic earthquakes, but of this period no one seems to know the story in sequence; and least of all the industry-captains who are in the thick of the present-day battle. There were rich discoveries that set the world agog, following in quick succession upon the "Blue Bell" with its meagre $43 ore, and upon one another; there was a great fire and more

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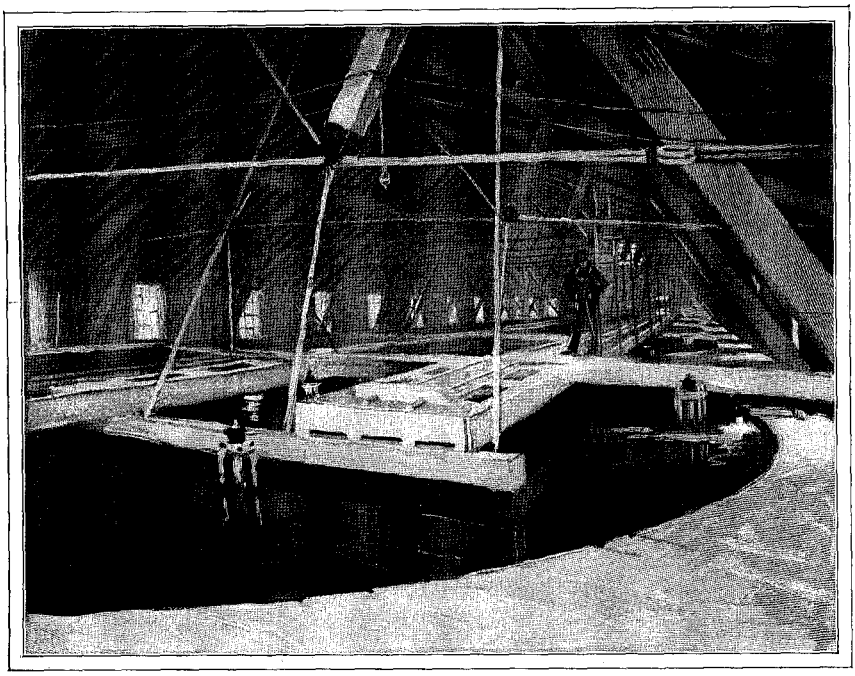

Elkton Mine.

incredible strikes; there was a labor war of unusual bitterness, followed by more rich discoveries and still richer development in the older mines. Stocks that languished at ten cents a share went to par between two days, and within the week were unpurchasable at any price; and from setting his own drills and tamping his own charges one day the mine owner became the president of a corporation with unlimited capital the next. Only in the beginning did they measure the ore values by the ton. While the "Blue Bell" was yet no more than a respectable "prospect" the fabulous discoveries on Gold and Raven Hills, and on Bull Mountain, had sent the ore values up from $43 a ton to $25 and $30 a pound; and after that they began to reckon the yearly output in tons avoirdupois and car-loads.

Any preliminary to a visit to the Cripple Creek region is sure to place the observer at the statistical point of view. In Denver and Colorado Springs one hears of nothing but new strikes and incredible outputs; of records broken or to be broken. To ventured queries upon other phases of the phenomenon the replies are always in terms reducible to dollars and cents. There is a thrilling story connected with the discovery of one of the principal mines, and I craved the details of one who knew them, or ought to have known them. His answer evaded the literary beseeching and went straight to the metallic fact.

"The story of it? I don't know: three fellows located a little garden-patch of a claim and had no end of a fight to hold it, I believe. But say; do you know what that stock paid last month? eleven-and-a-half per cent!"

So beats the pulse of utility in the cities of the plain. But once the cities are left behind the utilities are less insistent, and the imagination drags itself out of the dust-bin of stock-talk and mere money-making to breathe the revivifying air of the altitudes, than which there is no surer antidote for any drug of the market place. In the storming assault of Ute Pass the railway and its train are mere accessories, and by the time the high uplands are reached, great nature and the romantic realities have come to their own again.

The maps, notably the topographical ones, picture the transmontane region as

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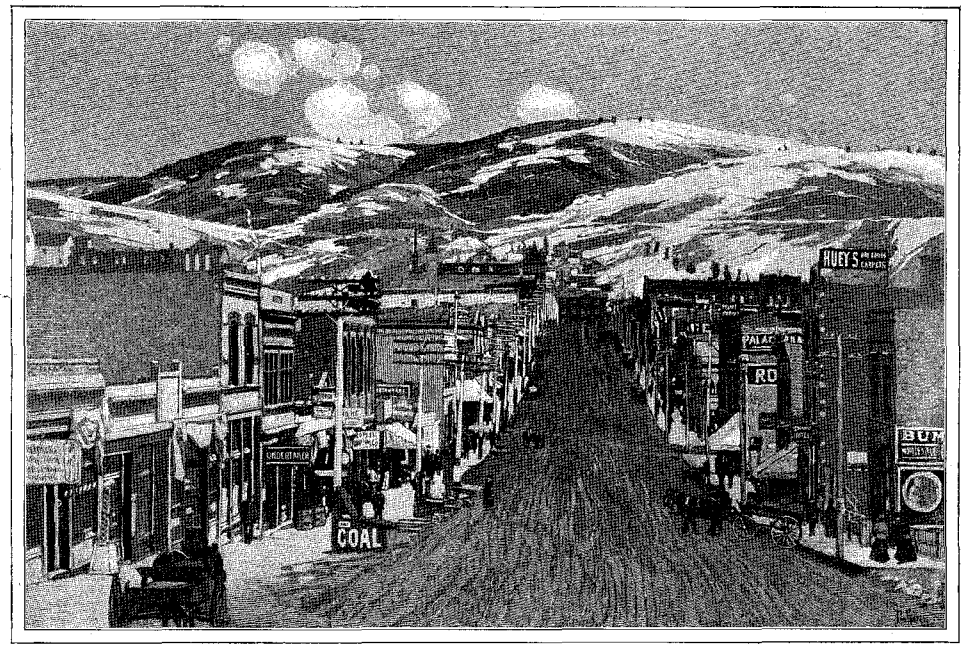

All very urban and well ordered."
(Bennett Avenue, Cripple Creek.)

broken and canyon-cleft, but at Divide the train emerges from the pass upon a billowy plateau with wide horizons. After the beetling cliffs and rugged steeps of the pass the open country comes with the shock of the unexpected; but one soon learns that things unhoped-for are the true transmontane commonplaces. Hence, when the train whisks southward between ploughed fields and practicable meadows, one forgets that the altitude is nearly ten thousand feet, and that nothing save jack-pine and sage-brush is supposed to grow on the non-irrigable heights.

The approach to the gold camps from the northward is over these cultivated highlands, across a low mountain spur running at right angles to the barrier range on the east, and so on into the region of gray hills and fallow-dun valleys. South of the low spur the horizons are still wide from the hill-tops, though the dips between the great mounds grow deeper. At every curve in the railway the vast bulk of Pike's Peak lifts the sky-line in the east. It is near at hand, so near that its foot-hills are the nearest of the rounded heights; and yet its mass is so huge that its relative position remains unchanged for all the mile-measurings of the train.

The town of Gillett (Gillett of the one American bull-fight) is the northern outpost of the gold realm, and here the Peak disappears and all sense of direction is lost in the circlings and doublings of the train around the shoulders of the great hills. At Grassy we are fairly in the enchanted land, and the world of tabulated statistics and stock-jobbing is no more than a tiresome memory. Here, at length, is the nation's true mint of coinage, where the gold, bearing the impress of nature's mighty dies, is as yet uncontaminated by the baser uses of the market place.

In any summary of the Cripple Creek region the factor of parallels must be cancelled at the outset. Unless the great camp in the Transvaal be its prototype, it has no fellow in the world; at all events, there is nothing like it in America. Nature set the pace in unheard-of phenomena in the rocks; and men—or rather the gnomes and kobolds—have taken their cue with instant adaptability. The man with a pick was only the discoverer, and when he passed, the ear-marks of the typical mining-camp went with him. His

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Drawn by Louise L. Heustis, after photograph.

Double-deck Cage—Victor Mine.

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temporary shack has been supplanted by solid brick and stone business blocks, and the aggressive energy which is the nay-word of the region would tolerate nothing so slow as his hand-swung pick and hammer-driven drill. What one finds is no mining-camp at all, as the word defines itself. Instead, there is a series of well-built towns flanking the railways; mines innumerable, with substantial housings and huge dumps cribbed mountain-high with timbers that cost a dollar a stick; electric power and light for all the labyrinthine underground workings brought thirty miles from the water-power plant on the Arkansas; modern science and invention everywhere, even to a comfortable trolley-car wherein the gnomes and kobolds ride to their work on the hills.

Some earnest of all these transformations is given in the pictures framed by the car-windows while the train worms its way among the mines and through the half-score of towns whose suburbs overlap each other along the railway. There is a humble philosopher in the seat ahead; a simple-hearted man from the valley, or perhaps from some farther valley in the agricultural middle-lands. It is evidently his first plunge into the unfamiliar, and he is pretty deeply submerged; none the less, he rises promptly to a cast of the query-fly.

"What do I think of it? I gosh! I don't know. Seems to me the word out here is just 'Let 'er go, Gallagher, and ding the expense!' Ain't that about it?"

Recalling it afterward, one finds the rough-hewn epigram fitting in at every turn. Many things there are to set Cripple Creek apart as a mining district *sui generis;* but, next to the aggressive energy which balks at nothing, this apparently reckless uncounting of the cost appeals most forcibly to the new-comer. The question asked is not, "What will it cost?" but "How long will it take?" And if it be worth the doing it is done with incredible celerity, for there is neither night nor day, holiday nor Sunday, in the Cripple Creek calendar.

Strolling down Bennett Avenue in the afternoon of a pleasant day, it is hard to realize that the oldest child born in the district has not yet parted with its milk teeth. Conceive, if you please, a section cut out of the busiest street of a thriving industrial city of the East or Middle West; clear it of some of the vehicles (the wheel traffic of the camps is done chiefly by steam and electricity); replace nine-tenths of the women on the sidewalks with men; weed out the halt, the lame, the mendicant and the ill-clad; and there will be sufficient verisimilitude. The familiar hum of the trolley-car is in the air; and in front of the hotel workmen are relaying a water-main. On the corner above, the carpenters are finishing the interior of a stone and brick office-building; and from

Working a Mine with a Steam-drill.

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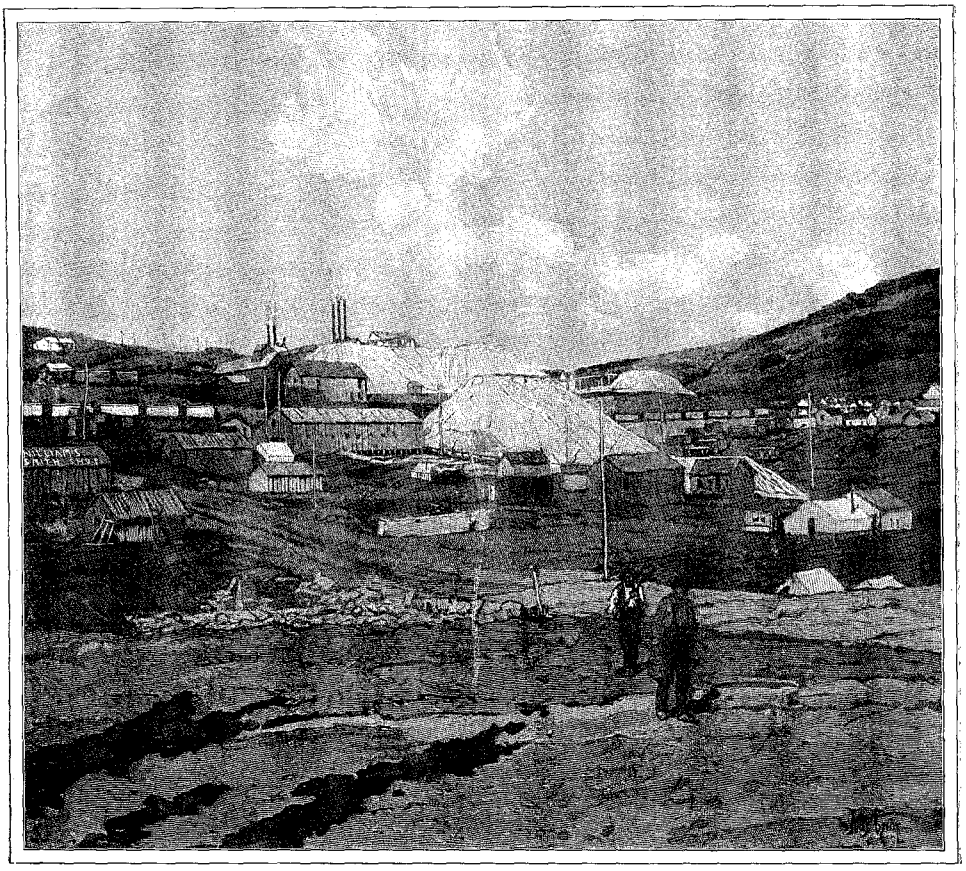

The Great Dumps of the Independence.

a sign at the arched entrance one learns that the rooms will presently be ready for occupancy, and that the rental will include steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, elevator and janitor service. Midway of the hill-half of the avenue a fire-station gives upon the sidewalk. The horses, three fine Percheron crosses, have been out for exercise, and the man on duty at the doorway unhooks the barrier-chain to admit them. As the chain falls, a gong clangs sharply, the horses wheel to their places like so many parts of a self-assembling machine, there is a creditable ten-seconds' hitch, and the heavy hose-wagon is out and away on its errand of salvage. It is all very urban and well-ordered, and one has to look away to the hills with their dottings of shaft-houses and gray dumps to be reinstated in time and place.

The pace at which things move in the industrial part of the gold quest is not apparent on the avenue; indeed, it is not obtrusively apparent anywhere. Ceaseless and pitiless activity is in the very air of the region, but no one hurries, or seems to hurry. The true secret of the onrush is in the systematic stoking of the industrial fires. They are fed to burn at white heat and continuously; and it is an unwritten law of the stokers not to stop firing until the furnace is full. In other words, if there be room to work the tenth man, the tenth man is employed, though his wage, union-fixed, shall be four large dollars for an eight-hour day.

And as it is with labor, so is it with machinery. The best is none too good, and the biggest air-drill cannot eat its way into the granite fast enough to keep the pace. Comparisons are perilously near the statistical abyss, but in this item of air-driven drills one gets an epitomizing

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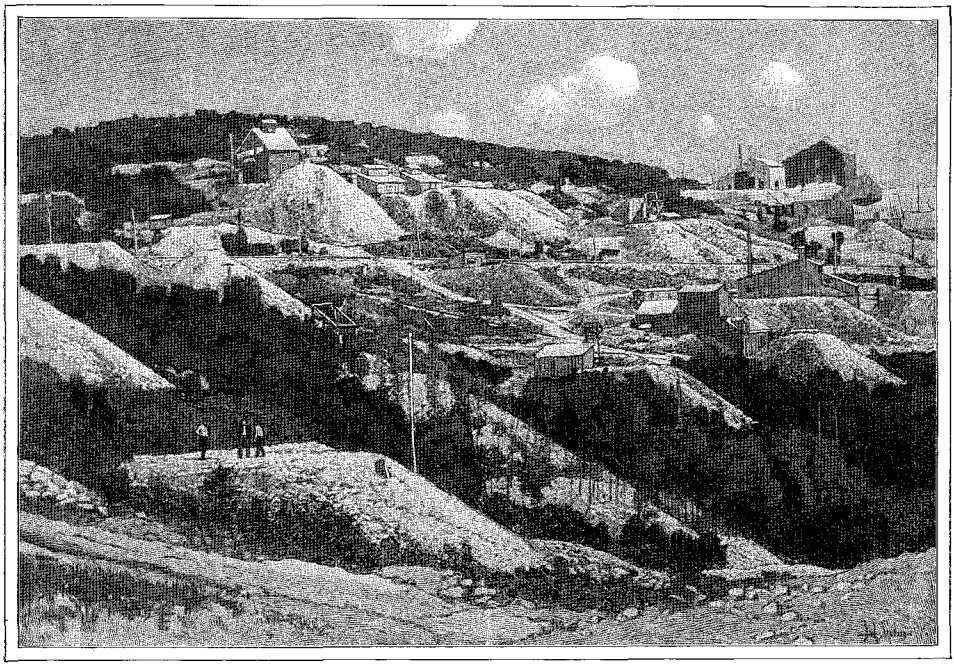

Mines innumerable with substantial housings.
(Dumps on Gold Hill.)

glimpse of the gnome-and-kobold method. Ten years ago, men with hammers or a single light drill was the equipment for tunnelling, and progress at the rate of twelve feet a day was considered rapid. Just below the town of Cripple Creek there is a tunnel, already over a mile deep under the hills, piercing the hardest of fine-grained granite throughout its length. In the face of this tunnel, hammering away day and night, are two "slugger" drills of mammoth size; and the great bore, which is large enough to contain a double-track narrow-gauge railway, grows by forty-foot accretions every twenty-four hours.

This mile-long tunnel affords a good example of the ebullient confidence and indifference to first cost summed up in the rough-hewn epigram of my fellow-traveller. It is not a mine; it is what its projectors call a "transportation and drainage proposition." Three or four miles beyond its present ending there are rich mines high up on the hills whose drainage and ore-lifting problems grow more complicated with every added hundred feet of depth. It is to "unwater" these mines from below, and to provide a cheap exit for their ore in the trains of its pneumatic railway, that the tunnel is projected. Four or five miles of granite-burrowing, and an expenditure of as many millions of dollars, are as naught to these dauntless ones; and so single-eyed are they that they are daily leaving, unworked to the rear, cross-cut veins of gold-bearing rock which would pay handsomely.

The superintendent gave me this outline, pointing it with an illustration. A year earlier a certain mine, which shall be nameless here, was in $25-a-pound ore, with its syndicate of foreign owners declaring monthly dividends of twelve per cent. One morning the workmen in the lower level tapped a vein of water and barely escaped with their lives. The next day the workings filled to the pit-mouth; and, after a fabulous expenditure for pumping machinery which failed to lower the water an inch, the mine was abandoned. It was nearly a year later that the president of the company made a visit to the mine to see if anything had happened. Something was happening. The water was going down of its own accord at the rate of a foot an hour. In two weeks the mine was dry, and work was resumed to the tune of the twelve per cent. monthly dividends.

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"What did it?" I asked, missing the object-lesson in the thrilling interest of the story.

"It was one of these under-running tunnels, like ours. If the projectors had taken advantage of the probabilities they could have had a million or two out of the owners of the drowned mine for drainage. Does that make our five-million venture look a little less crazy?"

It did; and before the day was ended I had an illustration of the effect on the individual of this atmosphere of things stupendous. On Bull Mountain there was a shaft sunk by some Eastern venturers whose confidence gave out at the end of an unproductive ninety feet or so. Three young Cripple Creekers of moderate means and unlimited courage sought and obtained a lease on this shaft and began to dig. When their total expenditure for "dead work" amounted to no more than $60.25 apiece they found the vein and began to take out pay-ore. I asked one of the lessees what this munificent investment might be expected to bring in the way of returns, and his reply was to the effect that he would be disappointed if there were not $300,000 to divide at the expiration of the lease.

Now, I had known this level-eyed young man at a time when the prospect of clearing one-third of $300,000 within the year would have been subversive of nonchalance, if not of sanity; so I said:

"Doesn't it unsettle you a bit?—the suddenness of it? I should think you'd find it hard to keep your feet down to the level of the sidewalks."

"Oh, no," was the reflective rejoinder. "I suppose that would be the effect under other circumstances, but here there are so many bigger things happening every day that one little 'strike' more or less doesn't count. You soon fall into the way of measuring things relatively, you know."

But it is difficult to measure things relatively when there is no standard of comparison. It is as if a dweller in flat countries were suddenly brought face to face with Pike's Peak and asked to estimate its height and bulk. Mere figures become meaningless after they pass certain familiar milestones, and yet it is only by the help of figures that the largeness of Cripple Creek can be grasped. A regiment of a thousand men is a human unit familiar enough in war-time; there are seven full regiments of men continuously at work underground in this small district. In the day of twenty-four hours these seven thousand men quarry, raise, and deliver to ore-bin and dump from eight to ten thousand tons of ore and waste. If this river of quarried rock and earth should flow through an ordinary city street, the stream would be bank full, six feet deep, and the intersecting street-crossings would mark the day's work. To keep this inert stream in constant motion requires an investment of over $25,000,000 of capital; and this prodigious expenditure of energy and money is repaid at the rate of $82,000 a day, or $2,500,000 a month.

While the figure of capitalization is far more than $25,000,000—probably nearer $200,000,000—the amount of capital *invested* is comparatively small. For instance: A stock company will be formed with a charter capitalization of, say, $5,000,000. But when a sufficient amount of stock is sold to provide a working fund, production begins, and after that the mine furnishes its own capital. In such cases the sale of "treasury" or company stock is usually discontinued, and the sales which we see recorded from day to day are merely transfers from hand to hand of the original issue of shares. Thus we have a mine capitalized at $5,000,000 when the money actually invested may not be a tenth of that sum—is often very much less than a tenth.

The estimate of $25,000,000 actually invested is a careful guess made by a number of gentlemen on the ground, whose facilities were of the best. It seems small, but it was pointed out that the richness of the ore was so great as to entirely destroy the ordinary relation of income to capital. The two are so greatly out of proportion that in many cases the entire capital has been returned by the ore in less than a year. A number of the great producers pay ten per cent. and upward a month, not on the money actually invested, but on the fictitious figure of the capital stock.

Taking all these things into consideration, I am inclined to think that the guess of $25,000,000—in the nature of things it can be only a guess—is not far beside the mark. Certainly this sum does not represent a tithe of the money which has been

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spent in development, but I think it will contain all the foreign or primary capital carried into the district.

If these totals give an approximate summary of the expenditure in brawn and capital, they make no account of the machinery employed; and, after all, it is to the mechanical appliances used that the largest figures of the result must be credited. As has been said, the discovery and development of the Cripple Creek district marked the beginning of a new era in mining machinery. A few years ago two men striking with sledge-hammers might drill and discharge a three-foot hole of small size in two or three hours. But in the mines at Cripple Creek with the great "slugger" pneumatic drills a drill-crew can drive four hundred and twenty feet of two and a half inch hole and discharge the same in twenty-four hours. And the size and capability of the plant do not pause with the excavating machinery. The hoists are as roomy and much more powerful than the largest elevator in a "sky-scraper" building; the pumping-plants at some of the larger mines would dwarf the water system of a city of the fifth class. The transmission of power by electricity simplifies the machinery at the pit-mouths, but this is merely a transferrence of the great engines and whirring fly-wheels to the huge electric plants in the valleys. They grind incessantly, these mills of the dynamo, and their grist for the year last past was thirty-odd tons of solid gold.

In the nature of things there are not so many of the ups and downs of the miner's barometer in the Cripple Creek of to-day as there were in the past. That phase of life in the gold fields belongs to the period of individual owners. Here and there on the fringe of the district one hears the pathetic story of some hard-working prospector who has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; but not seldom in his case the sympathy bestowed is sympathy wasted. The prospector belongs to a class whose chief peculiarity has escaped the analyst of human weaknesses. Acquisitiveness, as a money-getting world defines it, is left out of his make-up. His ambition is not to own mines; it is to find them. And having found one he is very apt to sell it, open-eyed, to the first comer, so that he may the more speedily go and search for another.

Now and then, however, one hears of a prospector, or an individual miner, who is not of this class; and then there is like to be pathos a-plenty and to spare. One such story I heard, and the hero and heroine of it—for the twain were one—deserve a larger canvas than this to their picturing. They were both old when they came to Cripple Creek from some farm neighborhood in Nebraska, this man and his wife, and their backing was some small gathering of neighborhood capital. The man was a post-graduate prospector of an earlier day; and when he had chosen a location on one of the gray-green hillsides the story began.

It was the old story of neighborhood syndicates with one man in the field. In a short time the money was exhausted, and the neighborhood purse shut with the click of finality. Tears and prayers, post-carried, were of no avail. If the old man chose to go on digging in barren granite at his own charges, well and good; but as for the syndicate, it had washed its hands of the matter, once for all.

The old man did go on digging, he and his old wife, with sublime faith and enthusiasm undaunted, while the scanty larder grew barer and famine beckoned. Two able-bodied men are the scantiest quota for shaft-sinking at moderate depths, and the aged couple had not between them the strength of one. Their toilings were infinite. The man would go down the ladder, drill the holes by hand and fix the charges; firing the latter with long fuses so that he might have time to climb to the surface before the explosions. Then he would clamber back into the stifling pit to load the bucket with the broken rock, and when this was done he must reascend to help his wife at the windlass.

One day the struggle with the granite ended and the shaft went down into a "dike" of bluish material unfamiliar to the old man. He knew little of nature's freaks in this newest of the gold fields, and his dump was well covered with the "dike" rock when a stranger rode up from the trail one morning to ask "What luck?" Whereupon one may fancy the old man pointing with pardonable pride

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to the work of four weak hands, and making courageous rejoinder.

"Oh, it's there, and we'll find it if we ever make out to get down through this 'lime horse' streak that we've struck. But it does seem as if there's no end to that plagued stuff!"

The stranger was sympathetic, as who should not be, and inquired if tests had been made of the "dike." And when the old man scoffed at the idea of assaying "blue limestone" for gold, the horseman pocketed a handful of the rock and went his way.

Later in the day he came back laughing. The two old ones were toiling at the windlass, and the visitor dismounted to lend a hand. When the bucket was safely landed he took from his pocket the handful of fragments. They were no longer flinty and bluish-gray; they were brown and friable, and thickly studded with tiny buttons of gold.

"That's some of your 'blue limestone,'" he said, laughing again at the growing joy-panic in the two old faces. "I thought it looked pretty rich, so I took a handful of it down to camp and roasted it on a shovel. I guess you two old folks needn't dig any more by your lonesome. You've got enough on the dump to last you from now on if you never take out any more."

They did not die of joy, these two brave old ones. They are happily alive to this day. But there is doubtless much gnashing of teeth in a certain rural neighborhood in wind-swept Nebraska.

With all the juggler-growths and magical buddings and burgeonings in this latest forcing-house of fortune one looks confidently for some typical effect in humanity. It is inevitable that an environment so strikingly original should stamp its impress upon the indweller, and the result is a type peculiar to the gold field; a type in which the brain-courage of the schools and of the battle-ground of the market-place is fairly crossed with the body-fitness of the pioneer. In the gnome-masters, and in their masters, the men of affairs, the type is well defined. You recognize it in passing, and instinctively lift your hat. For it is the apotheosis of all that is strongest and most undaunted, and perhaps, all that is least malleable and most self-assertive, in our composite nationality. If it be not a survival of the fittest, it is at least an ingathering of the best-equipped. At a dinner given by the alumni of one of the older universities a short time since there were sixty covers laid, and no empty chairs. If the alumni of all the colleges represented in the six-mile by ten district could have been guests at this dinner it is conceivable that not all the inn-tables of the town could have seated them.

On the heels of such forth-showings as these the attempt to measure the social side of Cripple Creek by any standard of the ordinary mining-camp fails at the outset. There can be no comparison, because the atmosphere of large things is nowhere else so apparent. One does not look for the exclusiveness of the hereditary East; and yet there is exclusiveness here, though not of heredity or riches. Some open sesame one must have, but it is neither of ancestry nor of wealth, nor of both conjoined. It is rather of ability in some one or another of its Protean forms; one's class is not so curiously questioned, but one must be a senior wrangler in it. As one society woman phrased it in my hearing:

"It isn't one's havings; it is one's potentiality. When you can break through the conventional crust and come to the heart of things, the verb 'to be' is always secondary to the verb 'to do.' It's the same everywhere, though the crust may be a little thinner here."

It is on the last of the days, when the lesson of the undaunted energy and resistless onsweep of the gold quest has been thoroughly conned, that one takes the trolley-car to flee to the hills. By that time wonder is slain and the marvellous has become matter-of-fact. There is no heart-throb left for the unnerving grade up which the great electric machine rolls like a child's toy, nor for the audacity of the engineer who planned it. Onward and ever upward the car climbs, singing the song of the snared lightning as it mounts; and on the summit of the highest of the rounded hills the flight ends. A moment later the droning car has gone on its way to Victor, and the fugitive is alone with the everlasting hills and their horizons.

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Then, and not till then, may he realize the paradoxical narrowness and infinite breadth of the chasm which separates the things that are made from the things which have been from the beginning; a rift so narrow that it may be crossed at a single stride, and at the same time an abyss so broad and deep that all the works of man since the creation are but as a handful of dust thrown in to bridge it. A few minutes ago one stood at the converging point of human activity at its whitest heat, and the clanging anvil chorus of steel upon stone dinned on the senses. But here on the heights the silence of the illimitable holds sway. On the nearer hill-sides the great dumps of the mines have become gray earth-burrowings so trivial as to scarcely mar the symmetry of the slopes; and far below in the valley the town has dwindled to a toy-city—a blur of brick-red and burnt sienna on the fallow-dun.

But nature's immensities have grown immeasurably with the step across the dividing chasm. In the nearby west the forest-crowned cone of Pisgah stands shoulder high above the hills, and to the southward, range upon range, rise the mightier mountains to a sky-line uplifted by the eternal snows of the Sangre de Cristo. The evening breeze pouring from the shrugged shoulder of Pike's Peak stirs the leaves in the thickets of quaking-asp, and the glory of a mountain sunset is beginning to crimson the snow on the sentinel peaks beyond the abysses. One gazes spell-bound, and the heart swells and the eyes grow dim. For, after all, these things, and not any earth-burrowings of the gold-seekers, are the realities of the American Randt.

ON SEEING VEDDER'S "PLEIADES"

By Edwin Markham

I HEAR a burst of music on the night!
  Look at the white whirl of their bodies, see
  The sweep of arms seraphical and free,
And over their heads a rush of circling light,
That draws them on with mystery and might:
  But O the wild dance and the deathless song,
  And O the lifted faces glad and strong—
Eternal passion burning still and white.

But she that glances downward, who is she,
  Her face stilled with the shadow of a pain?
  The one who let all go for that mad chance?
And does some sudden gust of memory,
  Bringing the earth, sweep back into the brain?
  But O the wild white whirl of the wild dance!

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BALZAC

By George McLean Harper

THE acts of a human being are memorable in so far as they benefit mankind. Some of these are acts of conscious devotion, and they are the noblest. Others are performed for the pleasure of doing things well. In all cases, usefulness to the world is the standard by which the world judges. Works of art are no exception. Indeed, works of art are simply the most notable examples of disinterested effort to be useful. Art for the world's sake is the only art the world cherishes. The self-pleasing fancies of the dilettante are short-lived. The esoteric distinctions of cliques and schools make us say of a book or a picture that it is provincial or pedantic or affected. What unfailingly marks the highest products of great artists is the quality of being permanently serviceable. Very little poetry that still passes for such was written with any other inspiration. But it is a question whether equal disinterestedness has presided over the writing of more than a small number of novels. Immediate personal profit, in the shape of reputation or money, has not often been attainable by writing poetry, and poets have generally looked rather toward fame, which is the reward for priceless and imperishable service only. On the other hand, fortunes have been made by novelists, and against the eighteen pounds paid for "Paradise Lost" and the salt-savored bread which Dante ate, we have the $80,000 earned by Victor Hugo with "Les Misérables," and the $120,000 earned by Benjamin Disraeli with "Endymion" and "Lothair."

Balzac is the greatest French novelist. One-third or one-half of the best French novels are his; and from him dates nearly all that is excellent in the theory and practice of his successors. Since his day the men who have done most for the art of fiction in France, the men who have developed it and kept it vital, have been his disciples. He expressly formulated, and on many a page he illustrated, an unimpeachable doctrine of realism. Fidelity to the truth as derived by actual observation, or capable of being tested by observation—this, Balzac taught, is an indispensable quality in a novelist. He is the greatest French novelist, but wrote some of the most inartistic books in all French literature. He was the father of the realists; yet, for many of his works his sons are tempted to disown him. Moreover, he conceived and carried out, to an astonishing extent, the idea of representing in fiction the life of his time in France, so that no essential feature should be lacking; and he did all this in such wise that the picture, though complete in almost every feature—complete beyond praise and beyond parallel in literature or any other art—is a mere distortion of the truth!

There are two keys to this enigma. One is a certain imperfection in the man. The other is a certain peculiarity of the times in which he lived. In the man two incompatible natures struggled for mastery. He was one of those composite characters in whom the conflict of opposite tendencies does not produce a resultant of forces, but each operates alternately. By virtue of his better nature, he was a great genius, original, courageous, industrious, disinterested, and possessed also of those secondary charms and graces which often accompany the noblest gifts. When this nature prevailed, there was no meanness in the man, and especially no weakness; he was generous, buoyant, clear-sighted, a thorough artist, felicitous in thought and word. But when the noble part of him was in abeyance, when desire for quick recognition and great wealth was uppermost, Balzac presented but the vulgar type of a man living selfishly.

When the artist-nature, weary with the day's work, or despairing of perfection, laid down the pen to recuperate, this coarser spirit would often take it up and write abominably, to make money. The money-maker, being the less scrupulous writer, was less easily tired, and filled many pages in these stolen intervals; his

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hand was heavy, his wit coarse; he had no taste. Hard, unenlightened, rationalistic, declamatory, a Parisian shopkeeper *en dimanche*, the commercial Balzac was responsible for the want of distinction which has been so often remarked in the great master. And for whatever want of fidelity to truth has been remarked in him, for this also the commercial Balzac was in large measure responsible. What did the commercial nature care for theory? What does "business" ever care for theory? In theory Balzac was a realist, and most of his greatness comes from his being, in the main, nobly faithful to his theory. Where he departs from the truth as capable of being tested by observation, he occasionally startles us with a strange exhibition of spiritual insight, but more frequently falls miserably below his own level of interest and style. Laying aside the figure of a dual-nature in Balzac, we may say that he was a man who saw the truth and wrote the truth like a sublime artist, except when he yielded to a temptation to which he was peculiarly liable, and set the love of money before the love of serving the world, or the love of doing great things well.

Leaving out of account the anecdotes, probably in large part legendary, which his biographers have seen fit to record in place of much-desired fact, and making what use we can of his sister's brief and charmingly indulgent sketch, and of his published letters, and his various portraits, we may gather some idea of Balzac as he was in early manhood, and again twenty years later. The former is the critical point with him. Here, for the last time, we may perceive his original disposition, and with this in mind we may estimate the influence over him which external things came to exert.

In 1819 the young Balzac, aged twenty, and enjoying for the first time the pleasures of independence, wrote home from his attic in Paris, in this gay strain: "Ah, sister, what torments does the love of glory not inflict! Hurrah, then, for the grocers, for they sell goods all day, count their gains at night, finding relaxation from time to time in a dreadful melodrama—and are happy. Yes, but they spend their lives amid cheese and soap. So let us rather cry, Hurrah for men of letters! Well, but they are poor of purse and rich only in pride. So come, then, leave both alone, and Hurrah for everybody!"

And again the same brave whistling a few weeks later: "I have bad news to tell you about my housekeeping; my work is a foe to cleanliness. This rascal Myself" (a cheerful figment of his imagination, who attended to all the menial service) "is getting more and more negligent. He doesn't go down-stairs to buy provisions more than once in three or four days, and then patronizes the nearest and worst-stocked shops; the others are too far off and the fellow saves his steps; so your brother (destined to be so celebrated!) is already nourished exactly like a great man; that is to say, he is starving." And a little later: "I feel to-day that wealth does not bring happiness, and that the time I am spending here will be for me a source of pleasant memories. Living as I please, working to suit my own taste and in my own way, doing nothing if I wish, dreaming on into the future, which I paint in rosy colors, thinking of you folks at home and knowing you happy, having Rousseau's Julie for my mistress, La Fontaine and Molière for friends, Racine for master, and the cemetery of Père-Lachaise for my walking-ground—Oh, if this could only last forever!"

The boy whose spirits overflowed in these refreshing outbursts had been taught to appreciate freedom by a childhood of unusual repression. He was born in Tours, May 16, 1799, and christened Honoré. He died at Paris, in 1850. His parents were in easy circumstances, and had him brought up by a peasant nurse in the country till he was four years old, and at seven sent him away again, to a boarding-school at Vendôme. Here he passed seven years without a vacation, and, being a great reader and not a diligent scholar, and withal very unhappy, was accounted a dull boy. His health breaking down, which is not surprising, he was taken out of school, and lived at home in Tours until the family, in 1814, removed to Paris. Here he attended private schools for about two years, and later heard lectures at the Sorbonne and the Collége de France. In his eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth years he read law and spent a twelvemonth each in the offices of a solicitor and

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a notary. His father saw a good opening for him in the legal profession and insisted on his practising, but the young man rebelled. M. Balzac the elder, as one may gather, was a selfish, obstinate old man, with an *idée fixe*, that of preserving his health and living as long as possible. Honoré persisted in his refusal, and at last wrung from his father permission to live alone in the city and try for a certain time the experiment of a literary occupation. He was provided with a small allowance, and ordered to assume a false name and avoid being recognized. Meanwhile the family had removed to a suburban town. When Honoré wrote the exuberant letters quoted above, he had therefore only one care in the world—to write something which should justify his course and secure his independence. His tone is natural, high-spirited, courageous. His ideal is pure, his heart uncorrupted. "My only grief," he exclaims, "is the small amount of talent I discover in myself. . . . All the toil in the world cannot produce a spark of genius. . . . And mediocrity be hanged!" The product of several months of ecstatic labor was a drama, "Cromwell," which failed to satisfy the family tribunal, and young Balzac spent most of the next seven or eight years under the parental roof and authority. But he won meanwhile a limited toleration by writing stories which were paid for. He looked back, however, with bitterness, to a lonely childhood and a repressed youth, and in 1828 he said: "From the harsh restraint in which I have lived I have acquired at least a wild sort of energy and a horror of the yoke, of which you can form no idea." The stories by writing which he partly emancipated himself were published under various pseudonyms up to 1829. There were forty volumes of them! He perfectly well realized that they were valueless except in two respects: they brought him a little money and they enabled him to learn how not to write.

In 1822, in the midst of this trying apprenticeship, he so far lost confidence in his genius, or was so led astray by belief in his business capacity, that he began to speculate, and presently found himself the unfortunate possessor of a printing-office, a type-foundry, a publishing-house, all bought on credit, and a quantity of unsalable books, popular editions he had made of Molière and La Fontaine. From this time on, the commercial Balzac, to resume our figure, was an indispensable companion of Balzac the artist, and took advantage of the situation to thrust himself ever forward. The necessity of paying off debts gave undue importance to the trading instinct, which may have existed before in Balzac, but which till now had not been prominent. The scorn with which the trading-classes in France have always been regarded by the classes who are supposed to be above them, is not so difficult to understand as a similar feeling in America would be. The lower French bourgeoisie, with exceptions, of course, are hard, methodical, avaricious, inhospitable to ideas. They do not travel, they do not read, their interests do not extend beyond gain and physical comfort, and their sympathies are limited to their own families. All the bigotry of business is theirs. An unenlightened patriotism completes rather than modifies the selfishness of the men, and the women, for almost their sole impersonal interest, have recourse to a treadmill round of formal religious observance. It has been said, with much apparent truth, that French men of letters and painters and sculptors speak disdainfully of the bourgeoisie because it is from the bourgeoisie they themselves have escaped. Unhappily the artist in Balzac never escaped the uncongenial yoke-fellow. Judging from his letters, the commercial aspects of novel-writing filled his mind almost to the exclusion of every other interest, except when he was actually engaged in composition. He knew no leisure. The harshness of his character, the crudity of his thought, are consequences of a raging activity which allowed no time for reflection. The man and his work lack relief, harmony, ripeness. He had no time for retrospection, for friendship, for enjoying literature. His life, from the turning-point in or about 1822, was one continual debauch of labor. Grinding toil subdued his manhood. A large part of his work is the production of a weary mind and lacks spontaneity.

One characteristic citation from Balzac's later correspondence will suffice to show what a change came over him in twenty years, and how he was then strug-

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gling. In a letter to his sister, dated 1839, he writes: "I hope this week to have completed the famous payment, and even to have enough money to settle the most pressing smaller claims, leaving only about 10,000 francs unpaid. All is going well, and I shall have something to tell you Friday or Saturday. The Renaissance Theatre capitulates and offers me 15,000 francs in advance. I have finally brought them to these terms. . . . Last week I wrote fifty-five printed folios. I must do as much this week. I have slept only forty-five hours in ten days, but not without risk." There is little else in his letters of this period than such discourse as this, only it is often more feverish and more acrimonious. And the 10,000 francs that stand between him and freedom have a way of suddenly increasing. With every smile of fortune he blossomed forth in fresh extravagances, bought more furniture, committed more follies, borrowed more money, engaged himself more deeply with publishers. One who has recourse to Balzac's letters in the hope of learning the secrets of the novelist's art, or of breathing an atmosphere of noble thought, will be disappointed, but may acquire much information about notes of hand, compound interest, discounting, renewals of bills, contracts, and litigation.

But what! we might say; shall we blame a man for trying, by every power with which he is endowed, to pay his debts? Is it not esteemed honorable in Scott that he spent himself to be free from pecuniary obligation? There are two kinds of difference, however, between Scott's attitude and Balzac's, in this matter, and at any rate, it is not so much the right or wrong we are considering as the cause of certain imperfections in Balzac's works. In the first place, Balzac differs from Scott in that he relished the excitement of business. We cannot altogether believe what he says on this subject. He protests again and again that business is killing him, while apparently it is half his life, and half his pleasure. He was a speculator by instinct, and no sooner got his head above water than he plunged in again. Another difference is that Balzac's flashy tastes and luxurious habits were often responsible for his financial embarrassment. He was notorious for his extravagance, and for the barbaric splendor of his living. In these things Scott was a gentleman, and Balzac neither better nor worse than a French business man of the class whom French gentlemen despise or affect to despise.

The time and place in which Balzac came to maturity have also much to do with his defects. From his sixteenth year he lived in an atmosphere of speculation, when large fortunes were being made, owing to the rise in French government bonds, and the general revival of business, coincident with the Restoration. In spite of the monarchical character of the restored government, many results of the Revolution were not seriously impaired, and the era was in reality democratic, or rather plutocratic. Thousands of families from the lower orders of society, having had the prudence to invest their money in national funds between 1814 and 1820, realized enormous profits, and so came into sudden prominence during the next decade, when securities were high. It was an era of peace, the first peace of considerable length that France had known for a generation. It was also an era of invention and discovery all over the world, an era of great industrial development; and the shrewd, frugal peasantry and bourgeoisie were able to employ their savings to advantage, for the rate of interest was high. Moreover, to a man of business instincts, to a novelist singularly curious about money dealings, it was, of all times, the best for observing the careers of dishonest people. There had been frightful peculation during the recent wars. The confiscation of Church property and of the estates of émigrés, the contract system of supplying vast armies, and finally the abuses of royal favor in behalf of the restored nobility, had left a deep and mixed deposit of fraud on every side. It was not unreasonable to suspect a dishonest origin for almost every fortune, great or small, in France. An observer might be excused for becoming cynical. A richer field for the social geologist never existed. Not only in this matter of wealth, but in regard to social elevation, marriage, titles of nobility, public offices, legitimacy of birth, sincerity of moral, religious, and political professions—all, in fine, that goes to make up the inner tissue and the out-

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ward show of security and success—men felt they were walking on hollow ground.

It is evident that to a mind like Balzac's, in which the noble interest of an artist was inextricably complicated with vulgar curiosity and personal greed, this mixture of the social strata must have proved inviting. He was attracted by the singular problems which the times presented, and also, unfortunately, by the opportunity he saw for enriching himself. Heretofore, although Voltaire had made large sums by his writings, and Beaumarchais had made money his chief concern, it is doubtful if any great French man of letters had seriously set about to gain a fortune by literature. The encyclopædists were content to live, if necessary, in extreme privation, rather than turn their eyes from what seemed to them a sacred task. And the great writers of an earlier day, as well as many of Balzac's contemporaries, were of the noble caste or imbued with its traditions, which discountenanced trade. Of nobility, in the sense of rank, Balzac had none, notwithstanding the particle *de* which he had the presumption to assume.

Balzac was the man to accept the challenge of these circumstances and cope with these temptations. In bodily presence he might at first pass for insignificant. He was only five feet tall and was decidedly fat. His countenance lacked grace, benevolence, and dignity. But power resided there, extraordinary, indubitable power. The broad, knotted forehead, the heavy eyebrows converging violently downward over the root of the nose, the flaming brown eyes, the pouting lips which rose at the corners, the small, well-moulded chin, spoke him a determined, self-confident man, and capable of profound concentration. It is a face from which humility is entirely absent, but one would hesitate to pronounce it irreverent. Curiosity sits at the window in his vivacious eyes. Toil has bruised and swollen the space about them and drawn creases downward from his nostrils to his chin. Cheerful energy, not so much godlike as diabolical, smiles out from the lips. On those who knew him, his character made an impression in keeping with his face. They thought him strong, but not fine; jovial, but not witty; terribly in earnest, but not noble. They tell us, with more or less innuendo or apology, that he was sensual, gross, vain, fatuous, and obstreperous; that his tastes were crude; that money was his idol. But they tell us too, and the world knows it without their testimony, that he cherished a high theory of the novelist's art; that before all things else he loved reality; that he worked unremittingly, as no other man of letters ever worked, harder than ordinary human flesh and soul can endure or should be expected to endure.

This powerful but defectively organized being set for himself an extraordinary task, from which a more refined nature might have shrunk with apprehension of its difficulty or a keener sense of human weakness. It was no less than to reproduce, in a series of novels and stories, the totality of contemporary French life. Human society, he said, contained several thousand types. Just as the different species that constitute the animal world may be represented by typical specimens, so these human types resume in themselves the varieties of mankind. "French society," he declared, "was to be the historian; I was to be only the secretary. In drawing up an inventory of the vices and virtues of society, collecting the principal facts about its passions, painting its characters, choosing its chief events, and composing types by uniting the features of several homogeneous characters, perhaps I could succeed in writing the history which has been neglected by so many historians, the history of manners and morals. With much patience and courage I should produce for nineteenth century France that book which we all wish we possessed, and which Rome, Athens, Tyre, Memphis, Persia, India have unfortunately not bequeathed to us in regard to their civilizations." He continues in the same confused style, embodying a kind of mysticism in terms drawn from the vocabulary of natural science, and with not a touch of humor or real humility, to say that the crown of his work shall be its philosophy. He will explain the universe. "By adhering to this strict reproduction, a writer might become a more or less faithful, more or less successful, patient, or courageous painter of the human types, might narrate dramas of the inner life, might be the archæologist of social furniture, the no-

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menclator of the professions, the registrar of good and evil; but if I would merit the praise to which every artist should aspire must I not study the reasons, or the reason, of these social effects, catch the meaning hidden in this immense concourse of figures, passions, and events? Finally, after having sought, I will not say found, this reason, this social motive force, should I not be bound to meditate on the principles of nature and see in what respect societies conform to, or depart from, the eternal rule, the true, the beautiful?"

Here was a programme which only a Frenchman could have formed. It is too complex, too systematic, too audacious, to have sprung from any other people. In its odd jargon of science, the Prospectus of the "Human Comedy," of which these words are the gist, is thoroughly characteristic of the second quarter of the nineteenth century. What is Balzacian about it is that the promise was fulfilled! At least it was fulfilled far more completely than any other man could have fulfilled it, and abundantly enough indeed so far as quantity goes. And in such an undertaking, of course, quantity is as important, almost, as quality. The Prospectus was written in 1842, and referred not only to works then as yet unwritten, but to the best of what Balzac had previously published, since 1828. The ninety-two novels and shorter stories, and the five dramas, which constitute the vast work to which it stands as preface, are the "Human Comedy." Only about one-half or two-fifths of Balzac's published writings come under this head. Yet the "Human Comedy" comprises no less than ten thousand closely printed pages, in which more than two thousand persons figure. All these characters have life. All have individuality. Many of them are intricate and subtle, being counted among the most complicated men and women in fiction. And a large number appear in two or more of the books, without, in any instance, losing consistency. The story-telling, or fabulation, is almost equally rich, though of less remarkable quality, as compared with what other novelists have done. But in a third respect—with regard to the amount of intellectual food incidentally supplied in the shape of descriptions, reflections, and the like—the "Human Comedy" is wonderfully abundant. Even Scott and Tolstoi are thinly provided in comparison. The question may arise whether the individual narratives do not suffer rather than gain by this wealth of substance. Certainly, however, it is important as a contribution toward the object of the "Human Comedy," which was to make and explain an imaginary cross-section of French life in Balzac's day.

Broadly considered, then, the "Human Comedy" comes marvellously near being what Balzac aimed to make it. It is the most astounding feat in literary history. The title suggests comparison with the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, and notwithstanding that the one is divine and the other flatly and unmistakably human, notwithstanding that the one is pure art and the other is art mixed with plain day-labor, there is some equality between the two in the mass and variety of life represented. Of course we must not expect to find the heady promise of the Prospectus fulfilled absolutely. There is a limit even to titanic powers, and we shall see that it is doubtful if, in the highest sense, it was fulfilled at all. For what though the details are abundant and in the main correct, if the total impression be spoiled by over-emphasis of the beautiful or the ugly, the good or the bad? And in this matter of emphasis, of a just balance between effects, of a broad experience of life truthfully expressed, the question of an artist's personality is everything. Let us not begin at the wrong end, and say that, because Balzac is known to have been a coarse, money-loving man, therefore his view of French life is false. What we know of his character is after all not very much. But it is reasonable to accept this little as an explanation, in part, of the generally acknowledged inadequacy of his work, in its total aspect. The specific defects have been noted by almost every reader who has published his observations. In fine, it is agreed that the moral color of the picture is too dark. Or, to test Balzac by his own standard, he has chosen a larger proportion of evil types than life really warrants. The temptation is usually of the contrary sort, and Balzac is said to have been particularly severe, in his conversation, toward writers who had, as he expressed it, *l' hypocrisie du beau*. He certainly did not err in that

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direction himself. Merely in numerical excess, let alone his manifest partiality for them, his rascals and charlatans, his complex intriguers, his vicious and selfish women, have an unnatural advantage over the honest people. And this is not all, for it frequently happens that when he tries hardest to make a hero he makes a dandy, or a cad for a gentleman, or a person of very soiled and dubious virtue for a lady. His balance is unfair, for he was a pessimist; his tone is low, for he was unacquainted with the high levels of life, with real gentility, with simple, uncompromising morality, with heart-felt religion. We are reduced to the paradoxical conclusion that the "Human Comedy," while a feat of almost superhuman difficulty and marvellously performed, is a failure as a picture of reality, although its strength lies in its realism. Critics of Balzac's own day were, with the exception of George Sand, not as much overcome by his power or convinced of his sagacity as most readers of our time are. Perhaps this is because we have seen so much genius, so much devoted talent, in his successors, produce results that have never equalled the results he produced. Undoubtedly, too, we are less capable than the men of 1850 of appreciating the difference between life as it actually was in the first half of the century and life as Balzac depicted it.

Happily, it is not necessary to read the whole of the "Human Comedy" in order to enjoy Balzac, though only by reading all of that huge work can we fully appreciate his enormous power and awful industry. Few of its component parts lose anything by being read separately. Many of them are superbly well executed; at least an equal number are among the dreariest, or the unloveliest, or the most profoundly immoral books in the French language. Taine, in his remarkable essay on Balzac, acknowledges that a great part of the "Human Comedy" is not such reading as a man of culture, accustomed to good society, and scrupulous as to whom he admits to intimacy, would relish. But he makes the claim in Balzac's behalf that the reading habit has spread downward into the uncultivated and undiscriminating levels of society, and that Balzac is none too vulgar for the modern world. Conversation that would make the habitués of an eighteenth century salon raise their eyebrows may be welcome enough, Taine says, in a men's club of the nineteenth century. This is a singular defence of Balzac's defects, for literature is not quite the same thing as social converse. We look to literature, even the least delicately nurtured of us, for something more interesting, nay, for something more elevated, than common events and common talk. Precisely here is the value of books, that they enable us to choose more refined or more remarkable or more lively company than life generally offers to anyone of us. In his best books, Balzac has amply proved that novels which do this can nevertheless be written in strict conformity to every essential rule of realism. Moreover, those of his books that are likeliest to please a club-room of commercial travellers, or other specimens of *l'homme sensuel moyen*, violate outrageously the realistic principle of verisimilitude.

The mob of fashionable libertines, police spies, sentimentally debauched duchesses and countesses, rich and marvellously beautiful actresses and courtesans, of shady bankers, picturesque usurers, bohemian actors, idle and diabolically clever journalists—all this gaudy riff-raff which whirls perpetually before us in the "Human Comedy," spoiling half its novels, all these so-called Parisian types of the demi-monde and "high life"—Rastignac, Maxime de Trailles, Lousteau, la Palférine, Lucien de Rubempré, Ronquerolles, de Marsay, du Tillet, Félix de Vandenesse, Léon de Lora, des Lupeaulx, Nucingen, Magus, Gobseck, Nathan, Vautrin, Corentin, Peyrade, Florine, Florentine, Coralie, la duchesse de Maufrigneuse, la vicomtesse de Beauséant—these and a score of others like them are as improbable as they are depressing, not to say degrading. To contemplate their vices cannot refresh the spirits and improve the character even of Taine's imaginary clubman. But, indeed, they seem mere caricatures of reality, and we are forced to suppose that even the great Balzac had his head turned by the glamour which, in the eyes of nearly all Frenchmen, emanates from people who are in reality the silliest part of the population. Some of his novels must be accounted entire failures,

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because in them these figures, whom he dotes on, predominate. "Le Lys dans la Vallée," of which he had a high opinion, is the most falsely sentimental book in the world, the most glaring example of what manners and morals an ill-mannered and immoral author considers noble and elegant. "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtesanes" is a phantasmagoria of impossible infamies, a stupid melodrama played under the dreary glare of lime-light. These two long novels, the three tales known collectively as "L'Histoire des Treize," and several shorter pieces, among them "La Femme abandonnée," "Une Fille d'Eve," and "Les Secrets de la Princesse de Cadignan," are so false in almost every particular, and, moreover, so needlessly disagreeable, that the world of art would lose nothing by their annihilation. "Beatrix," opening with a masterly piece of description, which is not too long for those who love perfection of detail, and with an interior scene worthy of an old Dutch painter, falls off presently into Balzac's worst manner, in endless, dull pages of sophistical meddling with questions of adultery.

Other books—for instance, "Le Contrat de Mariage"—are merely slow and painful. Another, "Ursule Mirovët," a favorite with some readers, is, perhaps, the best example of how Balzac's personal deficiencies have betrayed him. It is a study, evidently intended to be gently modulated and charming, of a young girl brought up in maidenly innocence by a wise, dignified old physician, her uncle, in whom Balzac plainly tries to create a type of a gentleman. The attempt in both cases is clumsy. Balzac is never so hopelessly at sea, never puffs and splashes so wildly, as when, in this novel, and also in "Modeste Mignon," he strives to produce these two indispensable types. The man knew no reserve himself, and how should he paint modesty and dignity? His books are a mountain of evidence against the French system of bringing up and marrying girls, their hothouse education being represented as weakening their moral tone and leaving them an easy prey for designing men; yet when he would depict a girl less trammelled than her sisters by the absurd conventions of French society, he makes her pay for the gain by a loss of charm. In not a few of his other and less defective works there are passages untrue or meretricious, where Balzac, the man of affairs, secured temporary possession of the pen, and either showed his own bad taste or wrote to please people of bad taste, in order to make money. Such excellent books as "La Rabouilleuse" and "Le Père Goriot" and "Le Colonel Chabert" are not easily spoiled, but they have grave defects, every one of which a man of taste, who did not entertain exaggerated ideas about money, would have avoided. Money, with ignoble ways of earning, hoarding, and spending money, is the very substance of Balzac's books, as it seems to have been of his personal life. And there is nothing so inimical to gentility, nothing so foreign to art, as a constant preoccupation with profit and loss.

What remains that is solid and perfect in Balzac? Much remains. And he appears more wonderful when we consider how great the best part of him is, after so many deductions have been made. In the first place, he has described more things and done it, on the whole, more excellently, than any other French novelist. It is often without grace or lightness of touch, to be sure; he spares us no details; he inventories and classifies even the unessential; and for some readers his introductory chapters are a sort of purgatory or quarantine. But the true Balzacian relishes these passages. They are done with such perfect mastery! They bear witness to so much observation, by a mind endowed with rare intellectual curiosity, to which no human interest was foreign! They are unsurpassed examples of the power possessed by keen senses, a strong imagination, and an exact appreciation of words, to evoke not mere fleeting phenomena, but intricate and substantial masses of reality. Balzac does not catch at life's fluttering skirts as she hastens on, but arrests her bravely, holds her fast, and looks her narrowly in the face. Not only do these great descriptive passages give us knowledge, surer than what guide-books impart, more minute than our own untrained eyes and ears would furnish, of French towns, and streets, houses, rooms, furniture, clothes, figures, faces, speech, and gestures, but they draw from us cries and tears of pure æsthetic satis-

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faction, they are so perfectly performed. A fugue of Bach, a rondo of Haydn, are not more beautiful in workmanship. And the same virtuosity which gives us the opening chapters of "Eugénie Grandet," "Le Père Goriot," "Le Curé de Tours," "La Recherche de l'Absolu," "Béatrix," and "La Femme de Trente Ans," ennobles a thousand minor passages with bars of exquisite precision.

Then, the consistency of his characters! We may not believe that he proportions goodness and wickedness, beauty and ugliness, as they exist in nature; we may think he takes delight in evil and allows it to predominate; we may observe that he blunders and seems unfamiliar and ill at ease with the persons whom he would fain make generous and simple-hearted and well-bred. But in spite of all this, his characters are true to themselves; they hang together, they breathe and move and live. There are some exceptions, which have been mentioned, but we have two thousand cases in proof! This is where genius plays its part. This is where Balzac again stands foremost among French novelists.

Apart from the conventional types already noted, his characters are almost all not only firmly conceived, but lifelike. The unusual distinctness of his minor persons, particularly servants, has often been remarked. He has made few attempts to describe children; but his old people are as individual and as really old as Rembrandt's wrinkled money-changers. Youth, maturity, age, both sexes, and all ranks, professions, trades, employments, and all temperaments, all shades of guilt and innocence, of ignorance and wisdom, are portrayed as if Balzac had himself possessed a dozen lives. But where wonder seizes us is when he concentrates his terrible analytic gaze upon some intricate, strange, or passionate soul joined to a body inscribed fourfold, like a palimpsest, with a long life's indelible effects. Baron Hulot, père Grandet, Balthazar Claës, Philippe Bridau, were no easy knots to untie. And Balzac not only made them, but took them apart again. A less laborious, but a perfect and very delightful figure, is the Chevalier de Valois, in "La Vieille Fille." In a small number of his works Balzac attempts a task perhaps the most difficult of all—to analyze abnormal or diseased natures and still keep touch with earthly reality while attributing their peculiarities not only to natural, but to supernatural causes. It is a question whether the adventure was not unfortunate. Balzac himself was satisfied, and many excellent judges relish, for example, "La Peau de Chagrin."

In the third place, and it is a point scarcely less essential than his achievement in description and in character creation, there is much discourse in Balzac that might have found place in essays or dissertations on history, civil government, social economy, agriculture, education, religion, and other high topics, but which, being more than all else a novelist, he embodied in his stories. It has been said quite frequently that these excursions injure the fictions in which they occur. But the true Balzacian, again, delights in them and finds them profitable. An astonishing wealth of information is here cast at our feet, the very thing which, in the Prospectus, Balzac said he aspired to do. Superficial readers may be repelled, and indeed Balzac is never easy reading, but there is much matter in him which is of great value now and will be priceless for the future historian of French life. They might be described as philosophical passages were it not for the ill use Balzac makes of the word philosophy. He fell an easy victim to every pseudo-science and every pretentious system of thought emerging half-formed from speculative minds, and veiling insufficiency with jargon. All the great mystifications which at that time were so rife in Europe found in him a curious, if not a self-surrendering, disciple—phrenology, telepathy, mesmerism, Swedenborgianism. Had the Mormons been able to catch his ear, be sure they would have struck his fancy. If by philosophy we mean large speculation about the common affairs of men, or a gift of analysis, Balzac was no insignificant philosopher. But of philosophy in any more definite and scholastic sense, he had but a slight tincture, for all his vast claims. It is hard to think he was a deliberate impostor in this matter; he was only an unconscious charlatan. But the result of his high opinion of his own metaphysical genius is that for hard-headed peo-

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ple "Louis Lambert" and "Séraphita" are impossible reading, and "La Peau de Chagrin" little short of impossible. "La Peau de Chagrin," moreover, suffers from the faults that ruin "Splendeurs et Misères." The psychological interest of "La Recherche de l'Absolu" is of a high order. The mind of Balthazar Claës is in a pathological, perhaps an unnatural, condition, and his pertinacity in delusion wearies us, but we may be thankful that the allegory does not protrude excessively, as it does in "La Peau de Chagrin." Symbolism, which is so effective in a very short story, as in "Jésus-Christ en Flandre," one of the noblest short stories in the world, is unendurable in a long work. It is worth observing that good fables are always brief. There is philosophy, however, of the practical sort, an attempt to express and coordinate general views of life, in many of Balzac's novels, and notably in "Le Médecin de Campagne," "Le Curé de Village," and "Les Paysans." The chief of these opinions—and it will be observed that they support each other and form a system—are in advocacy of constitutional monarchy, a nobility kept from decay by laws of primogeniture, development of French commerce by government, and finally Roman Catholicism recognized as the state religion. At the present day this may seem a very much discredited or at least reactionary programme, but somehow Balzac contrived to give it a wonderful appearance of vitality. The first half of "Les Paysans" is an extreme example of how far a novel may not be a novel at all, and yet be interesting. Indeed, it is safe to say that whoever enjoys the deeply speculative first part will be comparatively indifferent to the second part, in which the story proper at last begins to stir.

But the novels considered thus far are all imperfect works. The perfect works have been reserved for the last word. Whoever wishes to read something of Balzac and cares little about toiling through the long valley of the shadow which the whole "Human Comedy," despite its cheerful name, really is, whoever wishes to enjoy Balzac, will do well to begin where we shall end, with the indubitable, the illustrious successes of the great master. They are numerous enough. No other French writer, perhaps no two or three of them together, can offer so long a list of splendid novels: "Eugénie Grandet," "César Birotteau," "Le Curé de Tours," "Le Père Goriot," "La Femme de Trente Ans," "Un Début dans la Vie," "La Rabouilleuse," "Le Colonel Chabert," "L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine;" and of short stories: "Jésus-Christ en Flandre," "Un Episode sous la Terreur," "Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu," "La Messe de l'Athée," "L'Auberge rouge," "Le Réquisitionnaire," "El Verdugo," "Un Drame au bord de la Mer." This list might easily be lengthened, but to shorten it were an ungracious task. It contains more vigorous intellectual substance than all the rest of French fiction put together. In these pages live two or three score men and women endowed with distinct individuality and at the same time standing as types of the race. Things visible are represented here so that we seem to see them. The human mind and conscience are here analyzed as if they were visible things. Here we have few lapses of the artist into a mere seeker of selfish interests. Here are few traces of venality either of purpose or temperament. A high earnestness here prevails, and we feel that the truth is being told about life. A sense of awe overcomes us, as in the presence of an irresistible power, for through all these books quivers the mighty will of their creator, in painful effort, in exalted earnestness, compelling where it cannot charm.

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THE PRINCESS ROYAL

By William Maynadier Browne

THE gift to describe feminine apparel, except when it comprises personal peculiarity, has been spared me; so I may only say of Mrs. Fennessey that with me her clothing left no recollection save that of generous niceness. As to herself, her eyes were large and blue, their lashes and brows black, plentiful and fine; her mouth was wide and beautiful in its flexible wholesomeness. Her teeth had, I knew at a glance, never given her so much as a thought. Her smile knew no limit. Her brow bore no furrow. I doubt if the question as to whether or not she were beautiful had ever entered her shapely head. No, I must unsay that. She was a woman thoroughly and with all a woman's perception. Therefore she must have discovered for herself what I have tried to depict to you. Grant that she had done so, and remember that yet she made no sign. This, perhaps, will comprise all I have tried to say by way of description of her beauty.

Her bow upon entering the office included me as frankly and generously as it did Mr. Cutting. Such a bow is of no easy accomplishment—unless grace come to one from nature.

The thought popped into my head, "What queenly simplicity!" Then it occurred to me that Mrs. Fennessey, born Mollie O'Connor, was, indeed, the daughter of our royally descended client, Michael, of that name, whose domain was "jist widin tree do-oors av the ind av the wharf, and forninst the lamp-post." So I knew the reason for her bearing and her right to it.

Mr. Cutting and I rose simultaneously. Mrs. Fennessey, with royal generosity, did not wait for us to cross to her. In a few lithe steps she reached Mr. Cutting, and had clasped his hand warmly in her own generous and shapely one. Then she turned and offered me the same honor. As she did so, she said, with a flutter of mischief in her eyes:

"It's not a matther of age before beauty, Mr. Parker, for I have always regarded Mr. Cutting as a very handsome man."

Mr. Cutting threw back his fine white head and laughed. "What can I do for you, Mollie?" he asked. He was again holding her hand, which she had, after having turned from me to him, voluntarily extended a second time. "I beg your pardon," he added, hastily, "unless I may still call you 'Mollie,' as I have for so long thought of you."

"If you don't then, I won't answer," said Mrs. Fennessey, gayly; "and shure I came here to have a talk with you." I had moved a chair nearer for her. "Please sit in, Mr. Parker," she added, seating herself and adjusting her skirts as she did so as easily and inconspicuously as if she had assumed her throne. "I wish to consult the entire firm." Then she laughed, and added, with quick gravity and without a trace of brogue, "Unless you are really busy on an important matter." At this Mr. Cutting leaned forward, patted her gently, and said:

"Go on, dear."

"Oh-h!" and her hand fell upon his. He had once nursed her, himself, through diphtheria, at a time years ago when her father was his gardener. "Listen. Father has the rheumatism, Mr. Cutting, and so is unable to come himself. He sent me to see you and explain matters. But first, lemme ask you. Haven't you something to do with the Joy estate?"

"I am one of the trustees," said Mr. Cutting, as he bowed.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Fennessey, nodding her head slowly.

"And I am also guardian of the children," he added, sighing briefly.

"I knew that," said Mollie.

I am not going to call her Mrs. Fennessey any more. It delays my story. "Do you mind telling me what your price for the East End Flats is? You know—the low land over beyond the bridge."

"There is no price on the property," replied Mr. Cutting, gravely. "I intend to

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redeem the land out of the income of the estate. It will result in great benefit to the children some day. But why do you ask?" My senior and I were interested.

"Do you know two young men, one called Wade, and the other Baxter?" asked Mollie.

"I do not," said Mr. Cutting, with no shade of hesitation—and again he added the inevitable "Why?"

Mollie mused. Then began to draw on her gloves which she had removed slowly during the earlier conversation, thinking, perhaps, it might be of longer duration than now seemed likely; possibly, too, to afford her an opportunity to move her rings around her white fingers. As she buttoned the first glove, I saw her mouth become set with gentle grimness. While she was deftly adjusting the second on her hand, she answered:

"Because, if you don't, you needn't bother further with the case. Mr. Parker can do the rest." I flushed; but she had already turned to me, a queer little uplift at the corner of her mouth and apology in her eyes. "Don't mind me, Mr. Parker. All I mean is this. What Mr. Cutting has told me is just what I expected; and all I want now is for you to do us a little favor. You have done us many before. Father wants to see you. Will you walk back with me? Can you spare him, Mr. Cutting?" There was real concern in the last question, and my pride revived like grass in an irrigated desert.

"*I* have no use for him," said Mr. Cutting, for a moment, I really believe, a little nettled at my having been selected. But immediately his merriment returned. "If I were twenty years younger, though, he couldn't have the case."

"And it's yourself, then, would be wheeling me down State Street in a baby-carriage." Mollie's laughter rang out full and sweet, while Mr. Cutting wheezed and coughed, and I giggled into my overcoat.

Mr. Cutting held the door for us as we left the office. But during our exit I heard, over my shoulder—Mrs. Fennessey had turned after passing out before me—

"Father sent his best respects, Mr. Cutting." Then—

"Give him my best love, Mollie."

"It will be welcome."

I held the elevator, for I knew the boy. While I waited I saw a real hand-shake and a genuine courtesy. Then, together, the Princess and I descended to the street-floor—duly announced. I refer to the floor.

Though cold and crisp, the day was delightful, and Mollie, in her long seal-skin sacque, was a charmingly fitting companion. As we walked briskly down the cold street the nearness of her furs, the color in her cheeks, the light in her eyes and a faint, sweet odor of violets all combined to warm me, and when she quietly, fast as we walked, said to me, "Is college good for a man?" my heart went aglow.

"Without a doubt," I answered, feeling the truth of my words and recalling much. Then, weakly, though we were stepping out well, I borrowed from my senior and asked "Why?"

"I was thinking—about—my boy's education," she replied, not out of breath. Her cheeks were red. From this on I let myself loose; and if young Fennessey, the "little felly" does not some day go to my Alma Mater, it will be through no fault of mine. My dissertation lasted out our walk to the royal domain, and was interrupted only by an occasional "Yes?" or an interested "I understand."

And, having done all the talking myself, or for some reason, I knew I had had a charming walk. We arrived at the side-gate of the palace.

"If you don't mind we'll go straight up and talk to father," said my royal guide. Then, with the sweetest hesitation, born of thoughtfulness, she added, "Unless——"

I understood, and replied:

"I'll wait 'till it's over. Then, if all goes well, I'll have a long one."

"And, if not, a longer?" asked Mollie, with a laugh—ah! so genuine a laugh. "Come on."

Together we mounted the narrow stairway (the hall smelled of bar-soap), reached the portal and entered the star chamber. Dear old O'Connor! stiff and sore, rose in ungraceful, eager welcome from the arm-chair. I hurried to him, to save him steps, and, too, because I was so glad to see him again. My first thought was for his affliction.

"I'm very sorry—" I began—he had grasped my hand, his other and disengaged one still clasping the arm of the chair.

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"'Tis nuthin' more than shtiffness," were his first words. Then, "Thank you, Mollie, dear. I will explain to him. Go on now, you, darlin'."

Mollie nodded back to me as she left the room—a nod that conveyed absolute confidence in me and in my ability to cope with the coming situation. It was a compliment to my poor self I shall never forget.

Before Mr. O'Connor had had time to make apologies, I was seated beside him, and he was back in his chair.

"Whishper!" he said to me, his work-worn hand upon my arm. "Mollie told ye?"

"Yes," I said.

"An' Mr. Cuttin' knows nuttin' about them, at all, at all?"

"You mean about Wade and Baxter?"

"Yes."

"No."

"'Twas what I t'ought. Now listen, you. Thim two has been here, about me bar, constant ivery day, for most t'ree weeks, d'ye moind. Yis'day afthernoon dthey kem to me, an' the little wan—phwat's this his name is?"

"Wade," I suggested at random, if that be possible in a chance 'twixt two.

"No, that's the big felly."

"Oh! Baxter," I said.

"That's him. He kem to me an' sez, 'We have a chanct to make your fortun',' he sez. 'How?' I asted. 'Well, sor, the sum an' substince av their talk was that they had—phwat's this they calls it?—an opshin—an opshin on the East End Flats, by which they could buy thim widin wan week for, what was it, now? Two hunder' an' fifty tousand dollars. Thin it was a long story they told me about their having exhausted all their money in their good efforts to form a Land Company, which they said was already good as formed, d'ye moind, and it would be a grand success, and make all concerned rich men, av ye plaze. Well, what wid dthis and wid dthat they kem finilly to the kernil av the nut; and if I would loan them five hunder dollars, they would make me a prisint of five hunder' shares in the new company; wort' at least fifteen hunder' dollars, d'ye understhand." Here he paused long enough to change his position in the chair. I could see he was trying to move away from his rheumatism, and I asked:

"Are you in much pain, Mr. O'Connor?"

"No, no, no," he replied. "The pain is but little. 'Tis the perpetchillness av it. 'So-o,' I sez to thim, 'Tis five hunder' dollars you need,' I sez. 'Will,' I sez, 'I want no shares, but if ye have told me the trut' and are so near success,' I sez, 'I'll not see ye fail,' I sez. 'So come roun' to-morrow at two o'clock.' They'll be here at that toime—or so I think," the old man concluded grimly. "An' the toime is now, sor, av you plaze?"

I looked at my watch and answered,

"Six minutes to two."

"Will you kindly shtep to the door, sor, me bein' so shtiff, an' call 'Ma-agee.'"

I did so with alacrity, even to the extent of unconsciously reproducing his own pronunciation. I was answered immediately from the floor above, by a single word in a high-pitched voice.

"'ll ri—ight."

Then I heard the clatter of hurrying high heels on an uncarpeted stairway and before I knew it, a red-haired girl of say seventeen was inside the room. She had on a very shabby black velvet waist, without a collar; her skirts being of some dark material. They had been caught up at one side in some mysterious manner unknown to me. She said no word, but stood before O'Connor, her eyes fixed upon him, her chin moving rhythmically. She was chewing gum with great earnestness and precision.

"Ma-a-gee," said O'Connor, "shtep roun' the cornder, like a good gurrul, and tell Mr. Fennessey—at the thruckin' stand, you know—that I say 'tis ahl arranged and to come immeejit. An' as you go-o, tell Chimmie, behind the bar, the same, and that Mike from the junk-shop can tind."

"'ll ri-i-ght," said Maggie, and in an instant the door slammed loudly behind her. But I soon caught the sound of her heels on the lower stairway. She was evidently making even better time than she made in her first descent.

Up to this point I had learned nothing about the need of my presence. But at last the information came.

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"I wanted your services, sor," O'Connor began, gravely, "because I intind to take the law into me own hands, and need a riputable witness of phwat will occur."

Before I had time to make reply, there came a single, sharp knock on the door and at O'Connor's bidding, James, the bartender, entered. He was as immaculate as ever. Upon seeing me, he came forward with the swaying easy gait of a leisurely pacing horse, his elbows out, remarked "Shake," and took me by the hand sharply for a second. Then he executed two or three steps of a shuffling dance with infinite neatness and little noise; apparently, too, with no effort, spat once minutely and nicely, and turning to O'Connor said, not in the least disrespectfully, "Well, boss, I'm here, see? Where's his nibs? Is he comin' or is he a quitter?"

There was eager anticipation in every line of his smoothly shaven face and his blue eyes were alight with the glitter of impatience.

"Sit down now, you, Chimmie, and obey me insthructions," came sharply, as the command of royalty.

"All right, boss," said Jimmie, contentedly. He crossed to a chair, but on the way managed to mingle with his steps a repetition of the shuffle. Then he sat down and assumed a look of charming innocence and sweetness.

At this moment a second knocking at the door was heard; gentle, even timid. It might have come from the hand of a trained nurse.

"That's Tim," said O'Connor, to me. "Come in."

The door opened noiselessly, but quickly; was as quickly and as noiselessly closed again. I had met Tim Fennessey but once before—at the time of his courtship. He was still as bashful as ever, as big and as loose-jointed. He caught sight of me and bowed in the way a boy might to his Sunday-school teacher. Then, with what his father-in-law had once described to me as a "morchill tendher tread," he walked to the old man and shook his hand limply.

"And this, then," I said to myself, "is the lord and master of the glorious Princess Royal," and I wondered.

"How is the little felly the day?" asked O'Connor. I cannot tell you with what interest I awaited Fennessey's reply.

The "little felly" was the "heir apparent" to the throne. The reply endeared Tim Fennessey to me forever. It was given with a grin of quiet vastness.

"He walked as far as that yisterday." His long arms were outstretched by way of illustration. "And I think from what he says he will walk over to call on you later in the day."

Dear old O'Connor laughed until, with but little breath left, he said, as he pushed his big son-in-law, playfully on the shoulder:

"Go over there, now, you, and take yoor cornder—next to Chimmie." Then he sighed, happily, while he dried his kindly, faded-blue eyes. I recognized the large red handkerchief, having seen it, or its fellow, before. "Oh-h-h! my!" he said to me. "But, Tim is a good man!" Tim was now seated next to, and in earnest conversation with James, the bartender. For the third time the sound of a knock on the door reached our ears.

"'Tis thim," said the old man to me in a whisper, and added, aloud:

"Come in."

Then entered two young men, one tall and slant shouldered, the other short and thick-set. Each was well dressed, by which I mean that each was clothed in accordance with the prevailing style. I have a creed of my own as regards dress, and their *tout-ensemble* did not coincide with it. Their clothes lacked personality, though very well made.

They were no sooner well within than I had occasion to observe two things, viz.: how quickly stirring of the blood will, if for the moment only, eradicate rheumatism; and the staying quality of the blood royal.

Before the "young min" had reached O'Connor, Tim Fennessey was standing with his broad back against the door. He had acquired this position with a step or two, tender as those previously employed, but far less deliberate. James had quietly removed his coat.

"Will?" said the King, with portentous quietness.

"You told us to come," said the tall man.

"Yis," said the King, rising. "I told ye to come if ye had told me the trut'. Ye lied to me. You may dishcuss the matther

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furdther wid me frinds in eidther cornder, or ye may be arrested if dthat be more to yoor taste." It was indeed a royal edict.

The larger man hung his head. The smaller paled, but tried to brave it out.

"Why do you think we lied to you?" he asked, with a show of indignation.

"This gintleman," replied O'Connor, indicating me with a broad thumb, "is Mr. Cutting's partner." Then, turning to me, he asked, "Have these men anay opshin on the East End Flats, sor?"

"No," I was forced to reply. "Nobody has."

"Have they iver tried to get wan, sor?"

"Not to my knowledge," I answered.

"Thin take your-r chyce," exclaimed the King, rising. Smouldering fire was in his eye.

There was a moment's hesitation, during which the small man measured Jimmie in a glance.

Then he walked directly to him, his hand extended. Jimmie's respect for his adversary increased, I could see. Being a true sportsman, he appreciated the etiquette of the ring. He grasped the extended hand sharply, and the next moment the two were entirely occupied with one another.

The larger man made no preparation. With a look of resignation he faced Tim Fennessey, who was smiling bountifully. The battle was on.

To watch two bouts at once is even more bewildering than is a three-ring circus. Moreover, were I to describe minutely all that took place, my English, or, rather my choice of words, would surely be criticized by many far better fitted than I for such description. Still, to show I am no ignoramus, I will casually mention that "Chimmie countered neatly on the kisser," and that Tim "landed a left hook on the jaw."

But what immediately engaged my attention was two forms, prostrate on the floor of one of the most peaceful rooms I had ever been allowed to enter. These were the forms of the two visitors. My eye next caught the figure of the King, with a hand on each of his bended knees. He was standing in the middle of the room, his eyes ablaze.

At this moment the door burst open, and, with a swish of feminine habiliment, Mollie was at her father's side, and her fine, white hand was upon the royal shoulder.

"Father!" she said.

"Aw-h-! Go away!" growled the King, his royal nature aroused, and for the moment overpowering his spirit of courtesy.

"Remember your promise," came in a steady, sweet contralto voice. Tim was leaning leisurely against the wall; James was standing, a statuette of eager expectation. The two visitors were slowly rising to their feet.

"Shtop!" roared the King, not without a cadence of sadness. "'Tis enough."

Mollie hastened to her husband, and with her hand on his shoulder, asked,

"You didn't hurt him, Tim, did ye?" Tim grinned, or rather extended the grin he had already with him, and, holding out his great left hand, palm upward, said:

"Shure I never closed it, dear."

Ah! now I knew why the Princess loved him. He, too, was of the blood royal, collaterally descended. With his wife he left the room after an obeisance to His Majesty. Of course their departure might be described with more regard to formality, but I think this will record enough of history to preserve it in truth. Mollie smiled a "good-by" to me as she went.

Now remained His Majesty, the visitors, the Minister of Revenue (Chimmie) and myself. The visitors, having adjusted their apparel, were about to leave, when O'Connor said:

"Yoong min!"

They paused and turned.

"If ye are in need, come roun' to-morrah at the same time. Thin, if ye tell me the trut' I'll see phwat I can do for yese."

Then they opened the door and went out, closing it behind them. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jimmie quietly getting toward the exit. So did His Majesty out of the corner of his.

"You shtay here," said the voice of royalty, in a tone not to be mistaken, nor lightly disregarded.

The look of mingled reproach and disgust which overspread "Chimmie's" face, if reproduced in marble, would live forever.

"Whin I tell you to go-o, you go shtraight to the bar, Chames, and attind shtrictly to business. If ye do as I tell

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ye, I will raise yoor pay wan dollar a week from this day."

Jimmie considered, while gazing at one foot, which he was unconsciously shuffling. Finally, his eyes met those of his employer, and he said,

"It's a go, boss."

"Go on, me boy," said O'Connor, and I found myself alone in the royal audience.

"Well, sor, have I broke the law?"

"Not in my opinion," I answered. "I think you have administered it wisely."

The old man's eye twinkled.

"An' how much do I owe you for your services, sor?" he asked, with ludicrous gravity, because it was so manifestly assumed.

"The cost of my services is offset by the price of admission," I answered.

"Ye divvil!" he gasped, and together we laughed for a full minute, or so it seemed to me. I was still laughing when I reached the bar, on my way out. There I saw a very, very sad face—"Chimmie's." I paused to condole, if possible, console, and, also, to get refreshment for my inner man.

While drawing my beer Jimmie looked at me sadly, looked away, repeated the two looks, and as he handed me the foaming glass, exclaimed:

"Say! wouldn't it break your heart? on the level?"

I tried to shorten the conversation by the laconic phrase, "You're dead right," but, no! This merely added fuel to Jimmie's pent-up flame. Then he burst out in conflagration, telling me eagerly and with what I still believe to be the utmost sincerity, all that he would have done "if de boss hadn't broke over de ropes."

At last I was able to break away. I beg you to forgive the expression which, gentle reader, means that I left O'Connor and hurried up the street to my office. But, "on de level," I had left my heart "wid Chimmie."

When I told Mr. Cutting all about it, he said to me, dryly, "Well, I have a wonder and a wish. I wonder what we should do without O'Connor as a client, and I wish I could have been my own junior partner."

Then he closed his desk and we left the office together.

THE FIRST WOOD-THRUSHES

By J. Russell Taylor

Was it a richer robin? The cherry's snow
Waved signal: wandering with enchanted feet
In columbine-bells and violets dewy-sweet
I walked into the springs of long ago.
No robin: for the dim ravine below
Echoed with voices in a golden trance,
Welled with the pure deliberate jubilance
Of flutes that none but wood-thrushes could blow.
So, they shall rise up at the voice of a bird,
The buried years, the immemorial years:
All hope, all love, all memory long-deferred
Flooded my heart and eyes with happy tears:
The golden-throated thrushes in the May!
Spring, the sweet spring, and my love far away!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE rules of grammar are accepted as the shibboleth of intellect by too many. We all know persons who seem always, when listening to informal conversation, to be eavesdropping for solecisms, which they register, when found, more or less brutally, and store up to retail as malicious gossip later. These spies and informers of every-day life seem to assume that a breach of grammar is a breach of the peace, that a slipshod syntactician is a public nuisance, and that a double negative is complete damnation. Yet we all know certain absolute asses whose impeccable grammar only emphasizes the emptiness of their thoughts, whose brains are as free from the possibility of inspiration as any Chinese laundryman's adding machine. And we all know certain men whose thought takes magnificent strides and covers a noble parish without check from the barbed-wire fences and "no thoroughfare" signs of grammar. These unshackled souls are rather above than beneath the jurisdiction of justices-of-the-Peace like Lindley Murray.

The Grammar of the Great.

But, if grammar is upheld as the *sine qua non* of respectable speech, by so much the more is it demanded of the written word. A reviewer who has caught a young author in flagrant errors in syntax feels quite justified in holding a wake over him without further ado. But this, I aver, is not justified even by precedent or that consuetude which Quinctilian called *certissima loquendi magistra*. For the most loftily renowned of writers have made slips—slips that cannot be palmed off or licensed as constructions which the high authority of their authors legalizes—slips, indeed, which can be forgiven, but not justified.

The grammar of our earliest masters was, of course, as crude as the drawing of the mighty Cimabue or the gracious Giotto. Not only was the double negative once sanctioned in our language (as it still is in the foolish French tongue), but the agreement of noun with verb in number was not always considered, as in Marlowe's "Edward II." (II. 4),

> How comes it that the King and he is parted;

and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca" (I., i.),

> The honor of their actions sit in triumph,

and often in Shakespeare.

Forms such as "had spoke," for which a schoolboy would be birched nowadays, had once complete dignity; they persist still in certain stilted poetry, and, in prose, at least as late as Sterne, who wrote to Foley,

> Now, believe me, I had never wrote you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you, and it was merely in the vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt.

This quotation includes also that use of the subjunctive for which the eighteenth century was notorious, and which carried over into Thackeray. Some assert that the subjunctive mood is moribund; but it is surely necessary for expressing a contrary-to-fact proposition, and it is enough to curdle the most liberal mind to read in Harry Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" such a line as

> It would be unnecessary if I was able, which indeed I am not.

Those two shifty and luckless fellows "shall" and "will" have suffered mixture at the hands of the most highly recommended nurses of the language. Shakespeare, for instance, must have been wrong in one of these two sentences from the first part of "Henry IV.":

> When we need your use and counsel, we shall send for you—
> On Thursday, we ourselves will march.

There's one construction which, somehow, no splendor or cumulation of authority can ever suit to my taste; and that is the use of "but" as a conjunction in places where it is far more natural to regard it as a preposition like "except." Still it has been used by some of the best writers from the beginning of grammar to our own day, and it must be imputed to me as a mere prejudice, I suppose,

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that I screw up a wry face at such a phrase as this from "Pericles and Aspasia" (cxcix.):

"There is no God but he, the framer, the preserver of the world, the pure Intelligence."

But aside from questions of whim, there is much to be found in the great writers that cannot be explained away, and must be accepted as downright nodding.

Thus Shakespeare makes *Viola* say, "Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife;" and Fletcher in his "Humorous Lieutenant" writes, "I am thinking who we shall take of 'em." *Hamlet* accuses the *Ghost* of "making night hideous, and we fools of nature so horridly to shake." In the "Taming of the Shrew" (IV., i.), he says "she eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat," a use of "eat" counted illiterate in America, though still in frequent colloquial use in England, appearing in Sterne and Dickens.

This inaccuracy of dear John Fletcher's in "Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife" (III., i.),

Madam, the Duke of Medina, with some captains, will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine, and their best services,

is not his only one. In "The Faithful Shepherdess" he slips into "'Tis her I so admire," a frequent error in all our literature. In two of his collaborations with Beaumont he missed that nicety we have all been so hardly taught in school; and you read in "The Scornful Lady" (I., i.), and "The Maid's Tragedy" (IV. 2), "I would look freshly," and "It sounds incredibly."

The learned Ben Jonson does not often stray, but there is certainly a superfluous word in this from his very tall "Timber,"

A tedious person is one a man would leap a steeple from, gallop down any steep hill to avoid him.

This is curiously duplicated in Walter Pater's "Gaston," where he speaks of

the beautiful faces of the past which are not here for us to see and unaffectedly love them.

One finds that other monster of exactitude, Dr. Johnson, tripping up when he permits the inhumanly correct Rasselas to say

Both conditions may be bad, but they cannot both be worst.

An error one is not so much surprised to find in Jane Austen, whose "Sense and Sensibility" is as full of bad grammar as it is of the very attar of charm. In Chapter XIX. she speaks of Elinor as not

laying awake the whole night in meditation;"

and these others appear *passim*:

these kind (38)
not a subject on which either of them were fond of dwelling (38)
the disappointed hopes of her dairy-maid, by hens forsaking their nests (42)
the nicest observer of the two (42)
the fatigue of having set up (43)
each found their reward (46)

The misuse of "lay" for "lie" is seen also in "Tristram Shandy" (III. 33), "Never, O never, may I lay down in their tents." The nice consistencies of "each" and "every" have caused endless trouble. Thus Thackeray writes in "Vanity Fair" (II., 22),

Everybody went away having any pretensions to politeness, and with them—

Thackeray's colloquialism was constantly entangling him. He almost always says "try and" for "try to" (so does George Eliot); he mixes his "not only's" as in "Lovel the Widower":

I had not only been kind to him, but he was grateful,

and he could run into this ludicrousness ("The Newcomes," XI.),

Miss Cann, who was from Bayhams, having been a governess to the young lady who is dead and who now makes such a livelihood as she can best raise, by going out as a daily teacher.

No bogey is more odious to me than a relative without antecedent—like this in "Kenilworth,"

They stood now in an avenue overshadowed by such old trees as we have described, and which had been bordered, etc.;

or this description condensed from "Trilby,"

in well-worn slippers without heels; but which her feet had ennobled,

unless it be that bogey so eminently respectable in England seen, among thousands of other places, in Lytton's "Pompeii,"

Scarcely had she gone than Clodius and several of his gay companions broke in.

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The cleft infinitive has cloven a wide swathe among theorists, but it is used not only by so loose a writer as Du Maurier, but by the careful Pater and by Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy, by the way, misuses both a member of the "shall and will" tribe and the interrogation mark when he writes in "Tess" (XLI.),

> Her first thought was how would she be able to face her parents?

He repeats the slip on the next page. In his "Madding Crowd" he says the opposite of what he means to say when describing the great fire he misplaces a clause as follows:

> The groups of villagers were still occupied in doing all they could to keep down the conflagration, which was not much.

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" is frequent with error, thus:

> Like all people who have known rough times light-heartedness seemed to her too irrational (XIV.).
>
> Suddenly, after a rumbling of wheels, there were added to this steady light, a fantastic series of circling irradiations (XXIV.).
>
> Elizabeth . . . knew . . . that marriage was as a rule no dancing matter (XLIV.).

Stevenson in his "Open Letter to Father Damien," wrote

> he who was so much better than either you or me.

Mr. Hall Caine in his "Manxman" (IV.) speaks of expletives punctuated with a thwack "between every word." Mr. Barrie writes in "The Little Minister" (22),

> I am a timid man who long ago lost the glory of my life by it.

Mr. Meredith in "Lord Ormont" says "She insisted to have him present."

As to the poets, who would hold a poet down to grammar, perhaps the most intellectual of them all, Browning, laid himself open to the cynic remark quoted anonymously in Birrell's "Obiter Dicta,"

> "It is a pity that the talented author allowed himself to remain under the delusion that he had not only buried the grammarian, but his grammar also."

If after quoting out of a large catalogue this few (which is already too many), I shall have earned a little more mercy to the frailties of the weak by betraying the frailties of the strong, it is well with my soul.

The Affectation of Simplicity.

TO be natural, is the most unnatural thing in all art. It is the most desirable, perhaps; but it is certainly the most difficult. Many a tyro suffers the pain and indignity of ridicule for affectation of manner, when in reality it is his very inexperience, his very ingenuousness, that gives him this false place in the minds of his undiscerning critics.

The proof of this is visible in the rant of cheap actors; in the mouthing extravagance of gawky schoolboys; even more, in the very efforts of young children to show off their attainments. "High-school oratory" and commencement-day bathos are familiar types of the intolerable affectations of beings generally free of guile and most sedately earnest. The informal *bonhomie* of after-dinner oratory is the last art of elocution.

In music, this thesis finds especial justification. One hears much of the beauty of the "uncultivated" voice, of the girl who sings "as Nature taught her" and who "lacks the affectations of the schools." But surely to everybody with an ear of any real culture, the usual example of home singing is absolute torment. The daughter of the house (whose voice does not need any outside assistance, according to the parental dictum) is coaxed to the piano only after a torment of unwilling eagerness; she seats herself with grimaces and contortions, plays with much gyration of the head and much curvilinear motion of the hands, and sings with a sweetish squawk in which every note bears evidence of effort and strain. If, however, fate decrees that she shall be taken in hand by a competent teacher, at the end of, say, five years of hard labor and self-criticism she will accept an invitation to sing without recalcitrance, seat herself without fuss, play her accompaniment without frills, and sing with apparent regard only for the sentiment of her music; her voice will well through a relaxed throat, from lungs supported and coerced by a rigid diaphragm; and her tones will have a roundness, a purity, and above all a seeming of sincerity. This simplicity, this directness, this ostensible lack of self-consciousness, is actually the result of a complicated fabric of affectations woven by years and years of self-study.

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The Autocrat had something to say *à propos:*

> I have often seen piano-forte players and singers make such strange motions over their instruments or song-books that I wanted to laugh at them. "Where did our friends pick up all these fine ecstatic airs?" I would say to myself, . . . and amuse myself, with thinking how affectation was the same thing in Hogarth's time and in our own. But one day I bought me a canary-bird, and . . . by and by he began to pipe his little tunes; and there he was, sure enough, swimming and waving about, with all the droopings and liftings and languishing note-turnings of the head that I had laughed at. And now I should like to ask, Who taught him all this?

In the drama it is the same: the last thing a playwright acquires is the art of exposition through life-like dialogue and characterization. One first writes bloodthirsty dramas in which all the *personæ* talk and walk on stilts and slay each other in a manner to stagger even the chromest of journalists.

In acting, it is the same; the young actor's one ambition is to play *Hamlet*, or that much-abused creature whom Artemas called "Dick Three Eye." By the time he is older, he is proud to be known as a light and graceful player of character rôles noteworthy for their naturalness. Set a policeman to playing himself on the stage, or a safe-cracker a safe-cracker; or put a sword in a super's hands, and behold an impersonation that inhabits the Ultima Thule of unnaturalness. The absolute simplicity of a Mrs. John Drew or a Joseph Jefferson places such an actor in a niche peculiar even among players accounted most artistic.

Literature carries out the principle in every field. The young penman loves the heavy line and the elaborate curlicue; the new poet hunts the blatant emotion and the hifalutin word. Complex syntax comes into his earliest essays and circumlocution is the natural path for him. Pegasus is hamstrung as a colt.

Many writers never overcome this primitive tendency, and the mixed constructions of a Browning or a Meredith are, I positively believe, due in no sense to affectation, but rather to a determined naïveté. To be simple and, in the usual acceptance, "natural," requires a long and constant exercise of literary calisthenics, a training in keeping to the chalk-line. There's Horace, one of the most easy and human of all lyrists: he records as his ideal of art that manner which is so plain that it will delude anyone to thinking he can match it—though much will be sweat (*sudet multum*) before he can labor it out.

Simplicity, then, is the most affected of arts; it is the highest, too, in the Horatian canon, because it conceals its own presence. It demands the ability to withdraw from one's self, and standing apart criticise and curb and correct the primeval apery of mannerisms descended from ancestors who swung upside down from a fifth member—long lost to us in fact but still curling about and swaying our instincts.

[Even as I have written this, my pen has not been able to stay itself from circumambulation, from chasing the most showy butterflies in my vocabulary; the first word captured has generally been the *précieux*, and there has not always remained courage to cross it out.]

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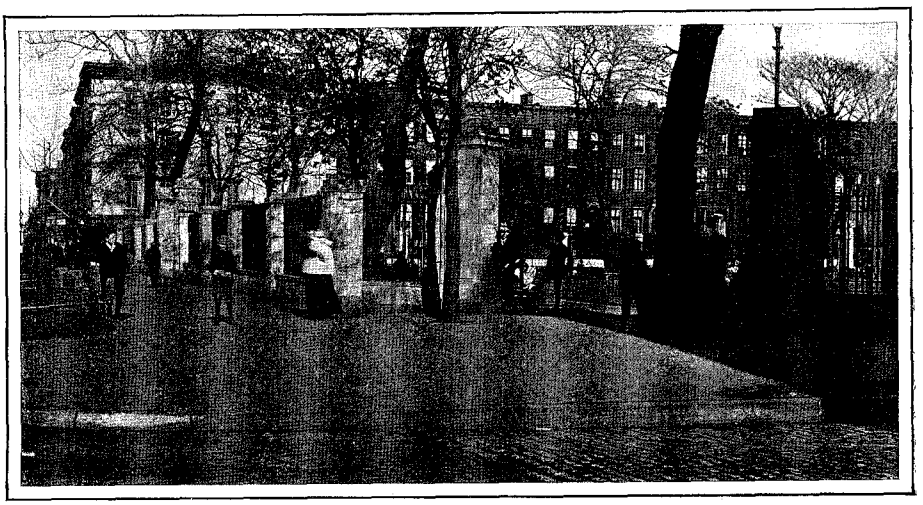
THE FIELD OF ART



Hudson Park, the Fence and One of the Main Entrances.

"FORMAL GARDENS" AND SMALL PARKS

IT was not to be expected that the architects who have come back to their native shores, if not in all cases exactly steeped in the traditions of the Paris School of Fine Art, yet in all cases coated with a more or less superficial film of them, would rest content with their achievements in the field of architecture alone. Of late there have been exhibited on their part some aspirations in the direction of landscape gardening. The "formal garden" has been celebrated in the magazines and some actual examples of it have been adjoined to some country houses. This is quite logical. Granted the formal architecture and you must grant the formal gardening as its corollary. To use an illustration within everybody's recollection, it would have been as absurd to establish the palaces of the Court of Honor at Chicago on the borders of the lagoon as to frame the irregular and romantic architecture of the lagoon in the symmetrical and rectilinear surroundings of the court Doubtless the formal garden is entirely in place as the forecourt of a great public building, where it may become a "plaza," or as an appendage of a town mansion whose owner can afford himself the costly luxury of much more ground than his house actually occupies. It is in place also in the "home grounds" of a large and formal country seat. Here it has a charm of its own, all the greater in a wild and rugged country, as giving the illusion of an "urbs in rure." It is in place also in some part of a great public park, where also it has the charm of contrast; and this effect is admirably attained, with the others, in the design of Central Park in New York, with its central mall. (By the way, how unfailingly good and fit is all Mr. Olmsted's park nomenclature.) Bacon's ideal formal garden of thirty acres was much too formal for modern "Anglo-Saxon" taste, but it did not fail to allow for the romantic element. In fact, the plan of it is much the same as the general plan of Central Park. "A green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst," corresponding to the South Meadow, the Ramble, and the Mall of the modern instance.

But, in a small city park, where there is not room for this contrast, we have arrived at an agreement upon the general treatment which is distinctly challenged and contradicted by the design of a small park lately executed in New York. It is an agreement more distinct than we have attained upon almost

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any other form of art. It has prevailed since the days of Andrew Jackson Downing:—that is to say, for two generations, or ever since park-making began to be in this country. It is the same that prevails in England, and has prevailed since the beginning of the romantic revival in poetry. Essentially it is the same that prevails in the gardening of Japan. It is, so to speak, a convention of unconventionality. It is the creation of a "rus in urbe." The purpose is to give the illusion of rural scenery and the physical and moral benefits that come from it, especially the sense of repose that it brings to one who has been

> Long in populous city pent
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air;—

and in a small park it is impossible to give this illusion without surrendering the whole space to an irregular, picturesque, romantic treatment, with all the space that can be had for grass and trees, with winding bosky walks, and thereby as complete a dissembling as may be of the too restricted dimensions of the place. The art is to conceal the art. Such picturesqueness as can be attained shall seem to have come about of itself, and be attained by judicious planting and judicious letting alone, with such structures as may be practically required as inconspicuous as may be.

The new park which is the occasion of these remarks so flouts this convention of the small city park that to many observers it has the air of an attempt to expel nature with a fork. Hudson Park is a rectangle of something less than two acres, 350 feet by 200, in an old and crowded quarter of New York, which has accrued as a resting-place for the living by being abandoned as a resting-place for the dead. Within this rectangle is inscribed another, a square of one hundred and twenty-five feet or so, from which the ground slopes inward and downward on all four sides, to an oblong pool, perhaps a dozen feet below the surface of the ground. Access to the pool, or rather an approach to it, is gained by a flight of steps at one end, while the other is occupied by a pompous architectural composition, consisting of a central music stand or belvedere, a semicircle of banded columns in stone, flanked by heavy stone balustrades with stanchions of massive pedestals and vases. The diminutive dimensions of the central edifice are in queer contrast with a massiveness of treatment that borders on clumsiness. The colonnade stands on a heavy and elaborate rusticated base, girdled with the flights of curving steps which at this end give the descent to the pool, and decorated with lions' heads spouting water into the basin below. In itself this is an impressive piece of architecture, or would be but for the defects of the detail—is, indeed, in spite of these defects. Certainly none of the detail can be called happy, and some of it, notably the stalagmites in cut stone with which the columns are banded, is little more than childish.

This feature surely ought to be effective, for it is scarcely too much to say that the park consists of it, and is sacrificed to it, and that to make a vista down which it may be conspicuously and effectively seen is the object of the dispositions which are assumed to be worth all the ordinary and conventional attractions of a small city park that are foregone to attain it. It is in fact "the end of the view" from the opposite end, from which it may be seen across a stretch of one hundred and fifty feet, of which the greater part is itself sunk out of view. But equally it draws the eye from any of the rectilinear walks, bordering the sunken quadrangle, to which the public is confined. There are other walks bordering the inner quadrangle at the bottom of the slope, but the purpose of these also is to command a view, it is true of the oblong pool they enclose, but mainly of the architectural feature at the end of it. These walks are furnished with massive settles, which seem to be of masonry and are of forms proper to masonry but which are in fact too evidently of wood, and which are consequently impressive or merely comic according to the point of view. The central feature is at least monumental and solid, and an attempt to assist its monumental effect by examples of the stage carpenter's art is of questionable expediency.

There is another feature which does not belong to stage carpentry at all, being evidently genuine and costly, which is of equally questionable expediency on other grounds. The whole park is surrounded by a massive iron fence eight feet high, on a granite base and with massive stone posts at frequent intervals, rising to some twelve or fourteen feet where they flank the entrances. Evidently a thousand feet of fencing like this costs money. But, like the continuation of the heavy balus-

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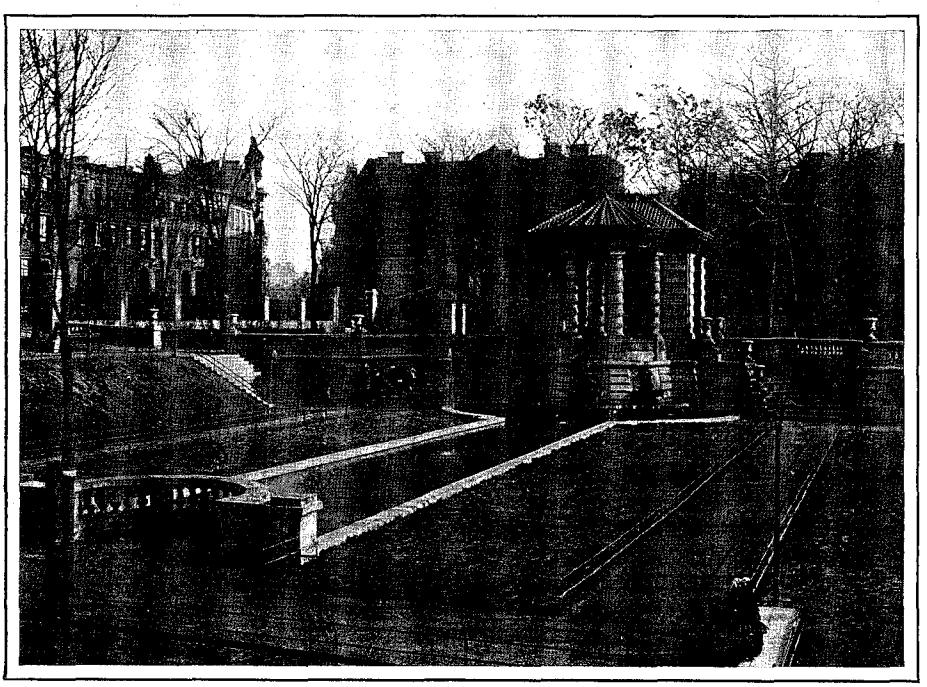
traded railing of the central feature beyond the walks which interrupt it and form its natural boundaries, the fence serves no other purpose than to impress the observer with its costliness, and thus promote the sense of a pompous and monumental performance. But the fence does this by contradicting the expression proper to the place as a public park. A fence so inordinately beyond the dimensions of a mere protective railing denotes that the space it encloses is reserved from the public, and expresses an exclusion ;—

> Procul O, procul este, profani,
> Conclamat saepes, totoque absistite luco,

and of course this is precisely what the fence of a public park does not "wish to say." In fact, this fence does not succeed in saying it, for there occur in it seven ample entrances, entirely open, and not furnished, nor apparently meant to be furnished, with gates, whereby the public is invited to evade the impregnable boundary. The openings contradict the fence as the fence contradicts the park, and thus leave the fence without meaning or function, except to show that it has cost, and one is bound to admit, wasted a considerable sum of public money.

Wasted, that is to say, for any other purpose than promoting the expression of pretentiousness and formality which is aimed at and attained by all the dispositions and all the details, and which is a challenge and defiance to all our acquired or inherited notions of what a "breathing space" ought to be. Nothing could be less of a "rus in urbe," nothing smack less of naturalness and more of artifice. Whatever the defects of the execution of the scheme, they are not sufficient to obscure it: and Hudson Park poses the question plainly whether the formal garden is a more eligible ideal for a two-acre city park than the ideal with which we are so much more familiar; whether the sportive child or the tired visitor of riper years will be apt to find in it more of the rest and refreshment for which they respectively repair to a neighboring park than in the stretches of sward and the tangles of shrubbery which would ordinarily be aimed at by the designer of such a park. Here the visitor is expected to derive his satisfaction from the perception that the place is as "regularly laid out" as the streets, more regularly laid out, indeed, than the streets in this region, that all is axial, all rectilinear, all symmetrical, that he will not suffer the pain of encountering a structural object without another object exactly corre-



The Pool and Belvedere.

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sponding to it, that formality is substituted for free growth and art for nature.

And yet this ideal cannot be fully attained. Of the formal gardener it is to be said, as Bagehot said of some writer, that "nature puts him out," and that his effort to put nature out is therefore a matter of self-defence. Mr. Brownell, in his "French Traits," says of the aspect of Paris that the only thing about it that is not artificial is the sky that covers it, and he seems to intimate that it is a grievance to the Parisian artificers that they cannot get at that. To that extent Nature gets her revenge, even in Paris, And she gets her revenge in the formal garden also. Whatever we may think of Bacon's "lay-out," one of his propositions nobody of any "school" of landscape-gardening can deny, and that is that "nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn." The banks of the canal in Hudson Park were meant to afford this pleasure, but the grass has refused to grow and the slopes have a ragged and moth-eaten aspect quite destructive of the artist's intention, and more than ever concentrating the spectator's attention on the architecture of the belvedere for want of anything else to look at. To be sure, there is the pool, which is equally architectural, with three jets rising from its surface and pleasantly falling back, besides the lions' heads spouting at the end; and, to quote Bacon again, "For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment." But there is scarcely enough to occupy the visitor's capacity for "refreshment" in the belvedere, the pool, the fence, and the balustrades, and that is all that, with the refusal of the grass to grow on the slopes, there is to occupy it.

There are the trees, indeed, though there is little or none as yet in evidence of the shrubbery upon which the designers of small parks chiefly rely for boscage. And the trees, the incorrigible trees, must give the designer pain. Nature takes her revenge upon him both by "recurring" and by refusing to recur. The trees will grow crooked, and the grass will not, at the most critical points, grow at all. Indeed, the projectors of Marly and Versailles were wise in their generation when they assumed that natural tree-growth would not go with architectonic gardening, and must be made to conform to the other artificialities. The clipped hedge, the trimmed and conventionalized trees, belong to the scheme, except in the cases where Nature, as in the Lombardy poplar, has taken a freak of doing her own conventionalization. The contrast is instructive and suggestive of this with some other recent small parks laid out upon more conventional, which is to say more unconventional, lines. Corlear's Hook Park, one of the latest, in which the intended effects of the plantation have not yet had time to appear, cannot be compared with the formal garden more immediately in question, having been designed for the sake of the river view which it commands, and being some three times the area of Hudson. But there is a trapezoid near the foot of Manhattan Island. Coenties Slip Park by name, which is of less than half the extent of Hudson Park, and consists of an oval lawn, surrounded by a walk and a wall of greenery, and which, to many observers, will seem to give more of "the true pleasure of a garden." And when one comes to the practical consideration that, leaving out the cost of the land in each case, you may have half a dozen parks like Coenties Slip for one like Hudson, it is not likely that the innovation will establish itself in the minds of legislators and administrators intrusted with the provision of the people's playgrounds.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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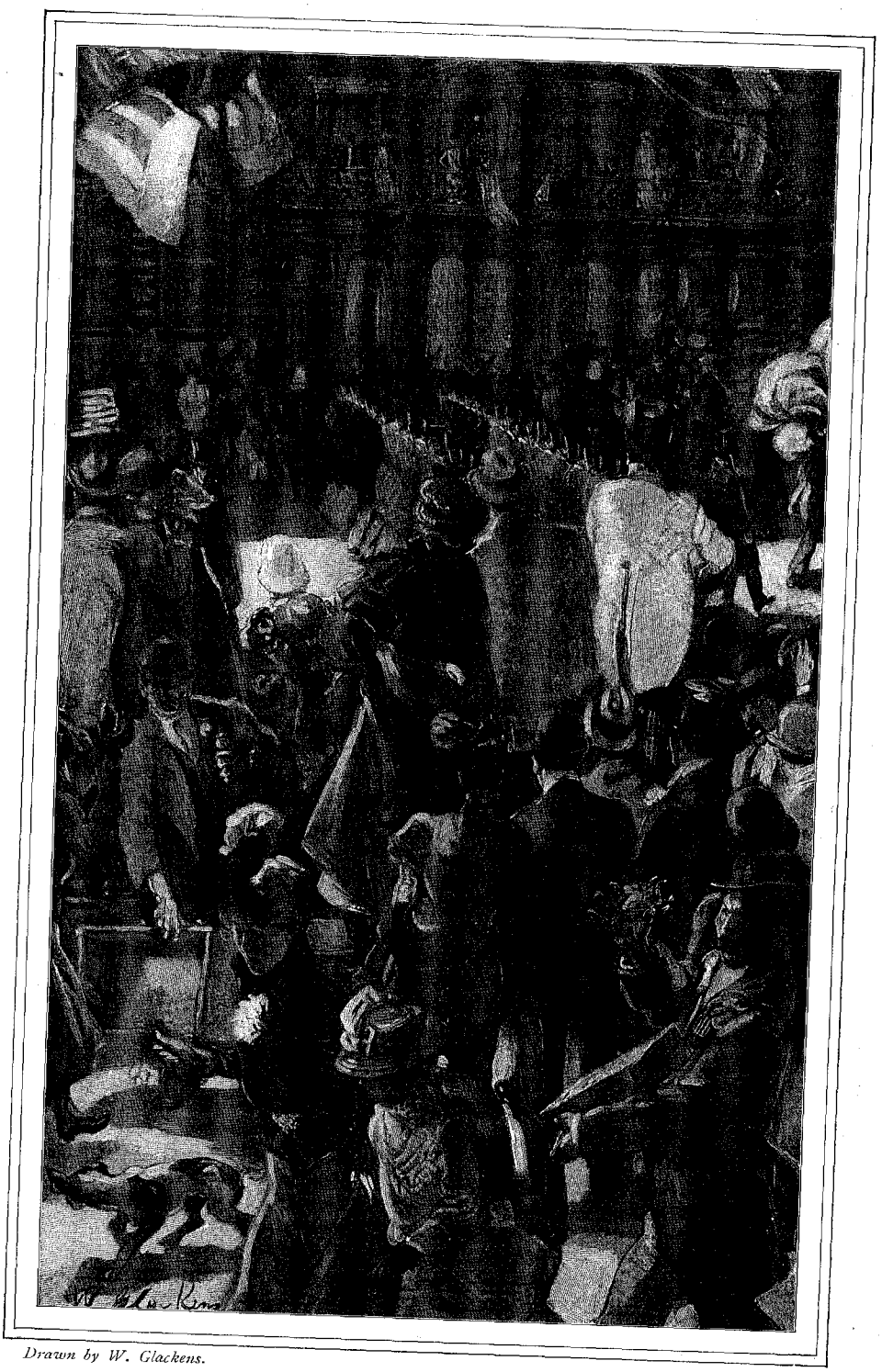

Drawn by W. Glackens.

THE ARRIVAL OF A DELEGATION.—Page 652.

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